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MAXIM

AUGUST 2004

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TRANNY, GET YOUR GUN!

The cross-dressing
gangsta who gave
Brooklyn a beating

FINALLY!

EARTH'S HOTTEST
GIRL GOES WAY
OVER THE LINE p. 96

ANNA KOURNIKOVA!

⊕ PLUS 100 HOMETOWN HOTTIES INSIDE! YOU PICK THE WINNER! P. 112

SPORTS SPECIAL!

John McEnroe,
sports injuries, and
our couch potato
Olympic guide

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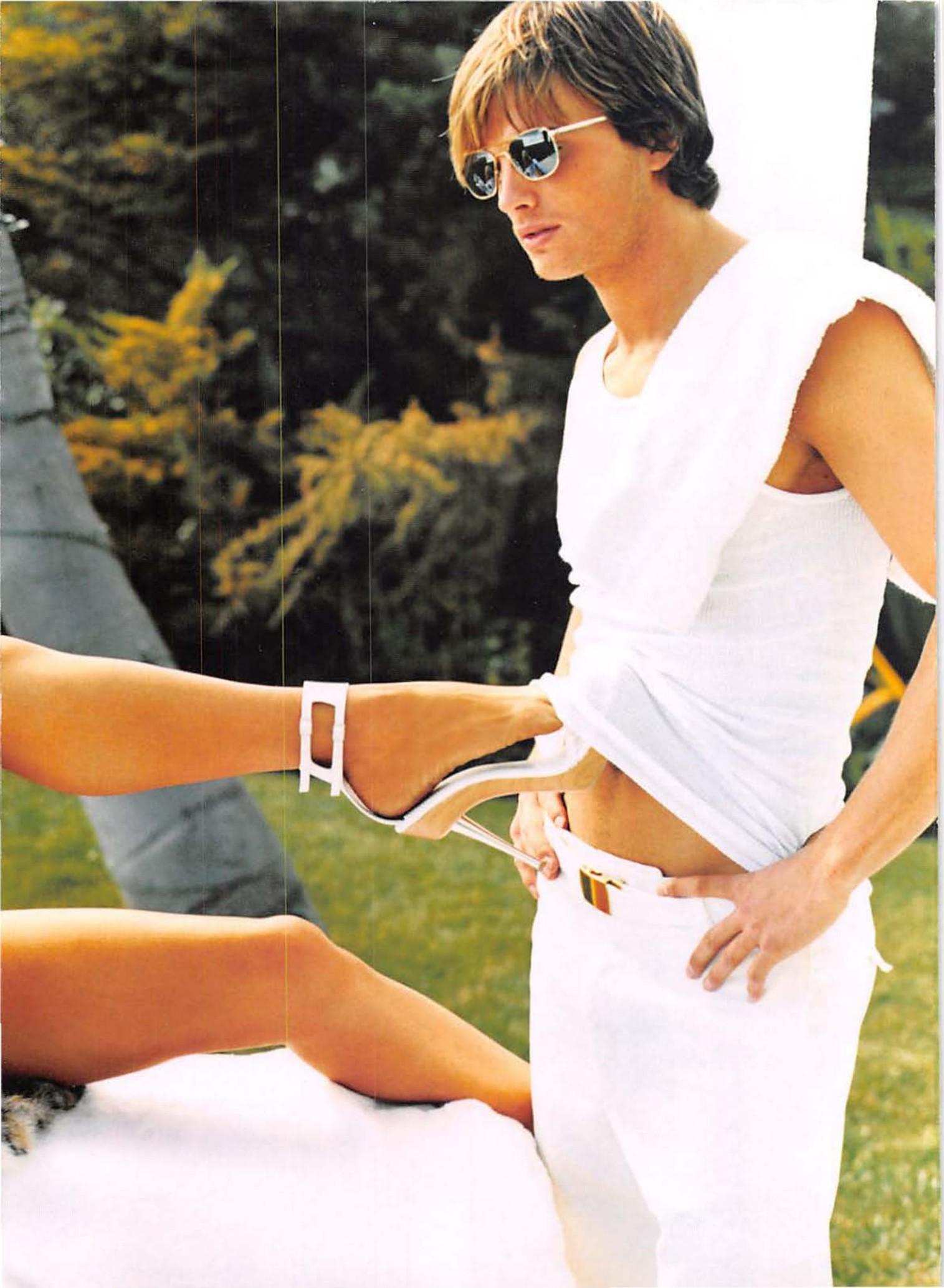
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GUESS
BY MARCIANO

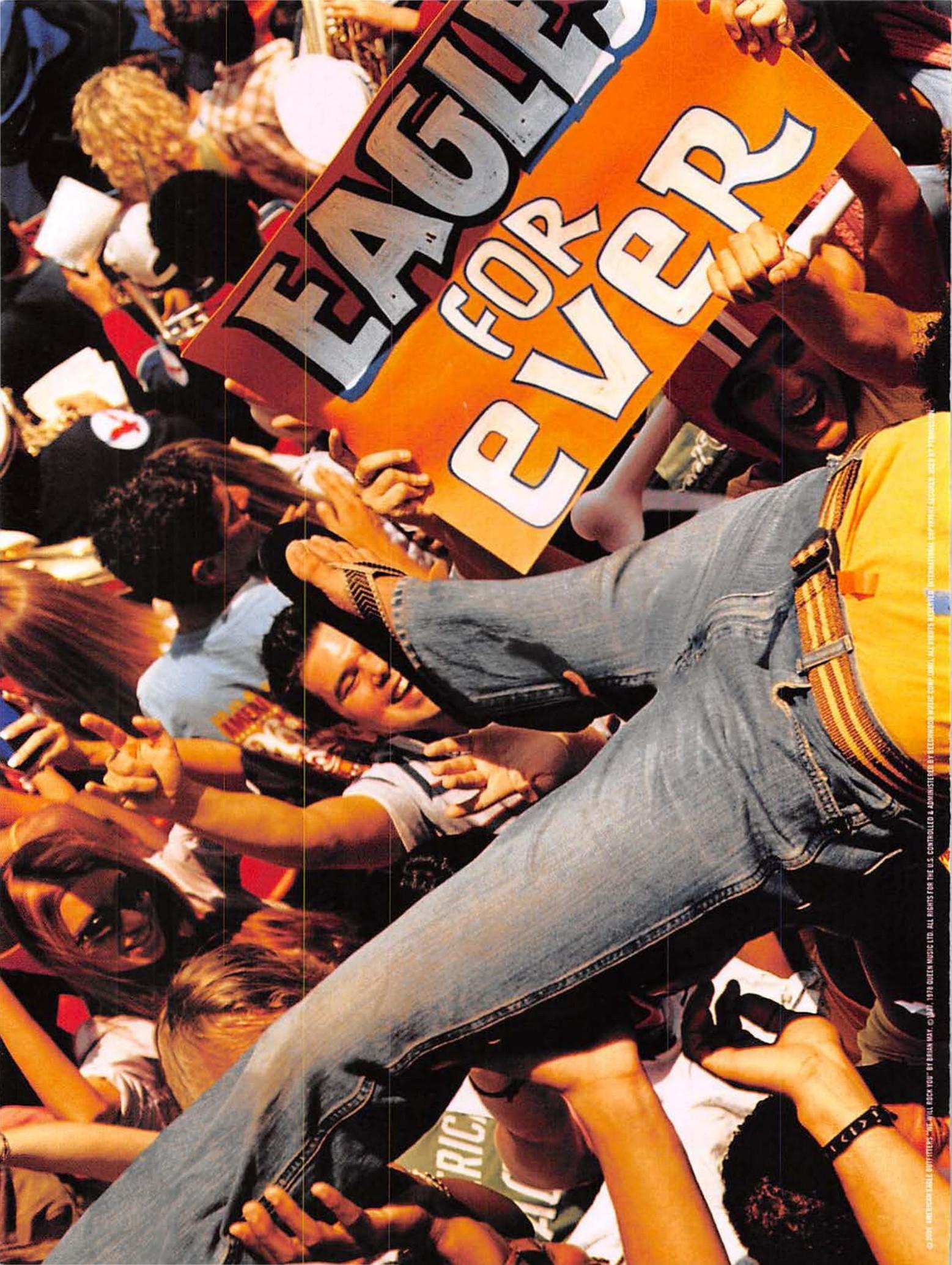


Stars from The WB's SUMMERLAND wear the new Athletech collection. This page: Merrin Dungey in cropped dazzle jacket \$17. Opposite from left: Jesse McCartney in mesh short sleeve jersey \$13, and track pant \$20. Ryan Kwanten in sleeveless jersey \$13, and track pant \$20. See them Tuesdays at 9/8c, only on The WB. See the new Athletech, only at Kmart.



A color photograph of two young men against a grey background. The man on the left has blonde hair and is wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt with white shoulder stripes and a black elbow patch containing the number '14'. He is also wearing black pants with red and white stripes down the sides. The man on the right has dark hair and is wearing a blue sleeveless tank top with a large black swoosh logo on the chest, paired with black pants. He is also wearing a maroon knit beanie. The brand name 'TKO' is printed in a bold, sans-serif font between them.

TKO



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Sincerely,

Miller

The Miller logo is a stylized, handwritten-style signature of the word "Miller". It is written in a dark red or black ink on a white background. The letters are fluid and somewhat slanted, giving it a personal and iconic appearance.

P.S. The fate of the beer world hangs in the balance.
Choose wisely. Thx.

★ ★ ★ CHOOSE ★ ★ ★

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AUGUST 2004

MAXIM

Features

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COVER GIRL
ANNA KOURNIKOVA

Maxim spends a weekend on a Caribbean island with Anna Kournikova in a swimsuit. Send all Pulitzers to the address on page 18.



WE WANT ANSWERS!

94 JOHN MCENROE

America's most even-tempered pro athlete discusses his new career as a talk show host, you *idiot*!

GOING FOR THE GOLD!

106 OFFICE OLYMPICS

Record-breaking first-quarter sales are for schmucks. Real men have these idiotic workplace competitions.

OLYMPIC GUIDE '04

110 BORED OF THE RINGS?

We highlight the 'roid-raging, T&A action.



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A GANG OF NEW YORK

114 JOKER'S WILDBUNCH

Dirty cops, jewelry heists, drug dealer robberies, and 10 years of metro-area mayhem.

KELLY CARLSON

124 BODY OF WORK

In 2002 she won our hearts—and votes—on *American Idol*. What? Wrong girl? Sorry. Meet the star of *Nip/Tuck*.

POOR SPORTS

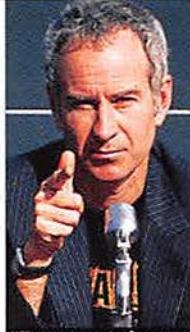
134 HELL HOLES

Golfing isn't for the rich douches—it's for the damned!

SPORTING BODIES

136 ACTION FIGURES

Superathletes take off their uniforms...What else would you expect from the world's fastest women?



"I'm gonna poke your damn eye out," p.94



Maxim creative director David Hilton (seated) on a bachelor party holiday, p.134



That Ralphie, he's such a card! p.114

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HOMETOWN
HOTTIES
**WHO IS
AMERICA'S
SEXIEST
GIRL NEXT
DOOR?**

One hundred girls vie for a top spot in our annual contest—but first you pick the top 10. And no stalking this time, please.



WHO IS
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Hometown Hotties 2004
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Scion tC by Simon, Narcissist

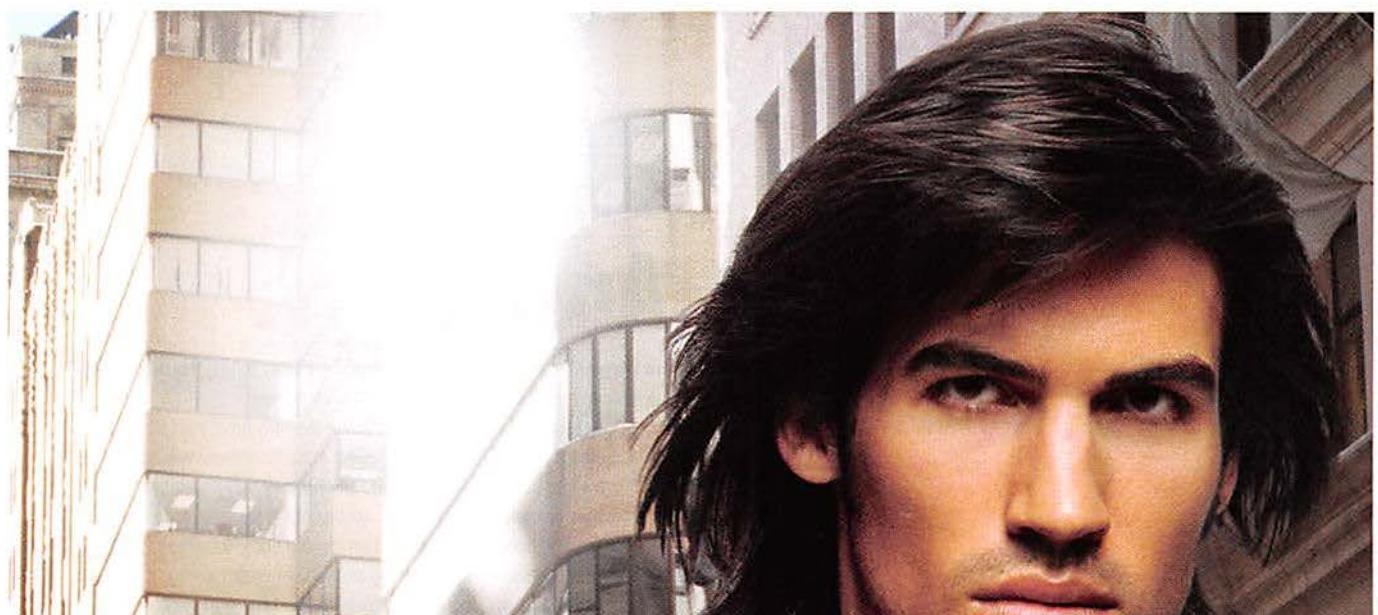


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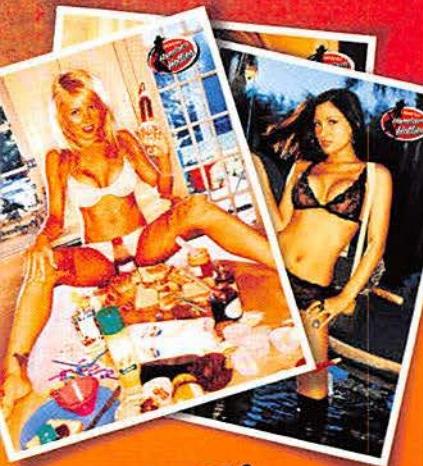
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EDITOR'S LETTER



Mmm...Anna.

▼ "Anna, seriously! I'm your doubles partner, Chastity."

Quick...name three Marilyn Monroe movies. Two Billie Holiday songs? How about just one great Farrah Fawcett moment from the original *Charlie's Angels*?

Don't strain yourself...my point is that the truly great ones transcend the medium of their ascendancy. I believe Anna Kournikova will be the next inductee into the Sex Symbol Hall of Fame. Britney may be a bigger earner, Janet may be more unpredictable, Christina may ooze more pure heat. But 60 years from now, when you're at that nursing home drooling peanuts into your Depends, Anna will be the one you remember.

Anna is fabulous kinetic art, some of the best the world's ever produced, a profound argument for human cloning. Imagine a strip club staffed by 20 or 30 Annas...with a couple of sullen Carson Dalys making cheeseburgers for you in the back.

Her win/loss record is immaterial—would you ask Van Gogh what his paintings sold for? To get a sense of her power, breathe her magical name at any water cooler anywhere in America and listen as the guys give the same low, guttural moan of appreciation: "Mmm...Anna."

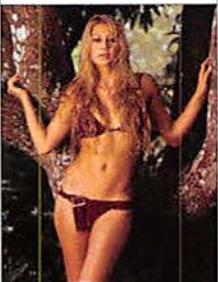
She's that rarest of treasures: a pure athlete bounded by impossibly soft curves. Her blonde tresses are the very ebb and flow of life; her blue eyes the steely beacon of reason. The dreams and aspirations of all mankind can be read in her taut kuzunas, straining her overmatched sports bra as she reaches for the tennis ball puckering out the waistband of her underwear like an unspeakably sexy goiter.

She is woman, and I...I need to stand up and walk around a little.

More than anything else, Anna is one of the finest bikini racks ever built...Come on over and enjoy the show, starting on p.96. Be sure to write us and tell us what you think, as soon as the blood flow returns to your hands.

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to road-test cold showers.

Keith Barlow



ON THE COVER:
ANNA KOURNIKOVA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
Bill Ling

STYLING BY
Karen Shapiro

HAIR & MAKEUP BY
Nicky Tavilla at Terrie Tanaka Management

CLOTHING BY
Bikini available at Body Hints, N.Y.C.

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.



| | |
|--|---------|
| Demands made by Sammy Sosa to be on this month's cover | 4 |
| Times Anna Kournikova had a drooling staffer exiled from her presence | 10 |
| Cans of Tab mistakenly delivered to office instead of Pabst | 96 |
| Weight, in pounds, of executive editor Charles Coxe's new baby boy | 9.5 |
| ...after being circumcised | 8.2 |
| Art department designers who auditioned for <i>The Bachelor</i> 3 | 1 |
| Percent chance Todd Detwiler will get laid once people know it was him | .7 |
| "Found Porn" food submissions dutifully eaten by intern Will Phung | 9 |
| Cubicles "accidentally" toppled by editor/scooter pilot Greg Williams | 1 |
| References to <i>ALF</i> in this issue, including this one | 3 |
| Odds that next issue contains at least two references to Webster | 13:1 |
| Gallons of beer served at American Royal BBQ tourney (p.60) | 250,000 |



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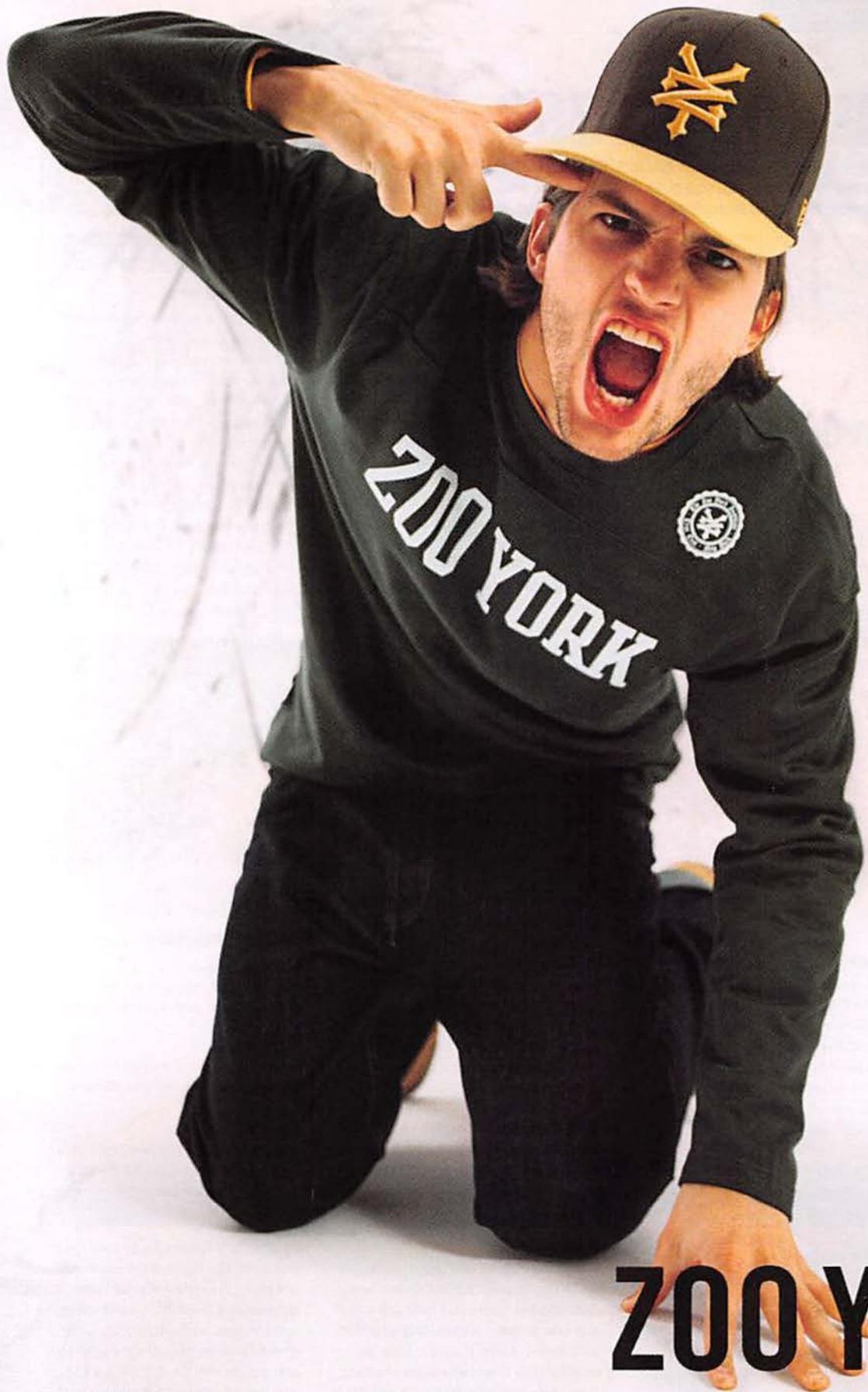


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READERS' LETTERS

YOU TALKIN' TO US?

Tired of people writing obscenities on your back with sunblock? Then find a shady spot to enjoy these letters about hemorrhoids, Demi Moore, and a Vegas stalker. Wanna fit in? Send all crack-fueled diatribes to the address on the right.



Sing a Song of Sex Pants

Thanks for putting voluptuous Jessica Simpson on your June cover ["America's #1 Ball and Chain"]. She makes me wish I were in a boy band. Oh, and to even compare her to Marge Simpson is a crime. A hottie pop singer vs. a cartoon housewife? Jessica outdoes 'em all.

Jonathan Dawes
Chicago, IL

Thanks for your letter, Jon-Jon. We were in

May we borrow
your towel?



a boy band once, but it broke up when LeRoy got paroled.

Inhumane Resources

So I lost the "Win This Job" contest [Readers' Letters, June]. I wasn't one of the 10 finalists, and I probably wasn't even in the top 500. Truth be told, I'd utterly humiliate myself to get a job at *Maxim*. Forget sleeping at a flophouse and getting up early—I'd drop whatever I was doing, board a red-eye in a chicken suit, and fly to N.Y.C. just for the opportunity to interview with you guys.

S.G. Woods
Athens, GA

Zip it up and waddle on over, big guy. Executive editor James "give me your tired, your poor" Heidenry says he's happy to take you home for a test drive. Hey, it worked for Hiroki!

A-Girl-a-Phobia

I share an apartment with two other guys. It used to be great; now one of them has a girlfriend who's always here. He complains when we stay up late and yells at us for being loud. Plus, her shit is everywhere. I can't walk across the floor without getting strands of her hair stuck between my toes. Worst of all, we have chick mags next to our beloved *Maxims*! Help!

Mitch
Via e-mail

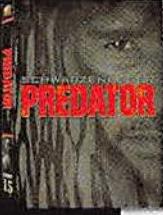
First, those creatures with breasts are called women, and they're a good thing. Next time one enters the room, instead of yelling "Cooties!" and cowering behind the armoire, try asking her if she has any friends. If she says yes, send 'em our way.

Bye, Curious

My girlfriend says a part of her wants to be with another woman. I say great, but

IT PAYS TO WRITE!

If we used your letter this month, we'll send you the *Predator* Collector's Edition DVD. To play, e-mail editors@maximmag.com or write to Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., New York, NY 10018.



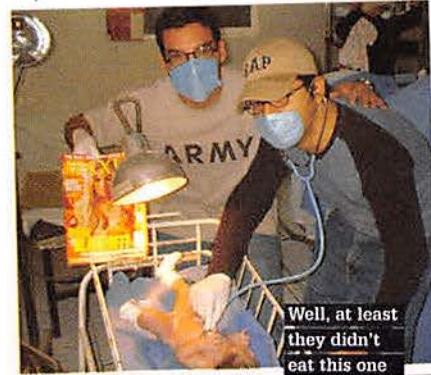
PUT ME IN MAXIM

Mission: Immoral

We're working as medics in some of the poorer communities of Mexico, where the majority of our patients are from the local indigenous tribes. As part of our service to these communities, we educate these people about the finer things in life, such as your magazine. As you can see, no one's too young to start reading. Keep up the quality work!

Hiram Munoz & Francisco Patino
Via e-mail

What's Spanish for, "Thank you for the magazine, Gringo. Can we have some friggin' medicine now?"



I want to be there, too. She doesn't like that idea and says another girl won't, either. Do you guys have any advice?

Ryan S.
Via e-mail

Here's some advice: Your girlfriend wants to bang a woman. Not you. Move on.

Punk'n Head

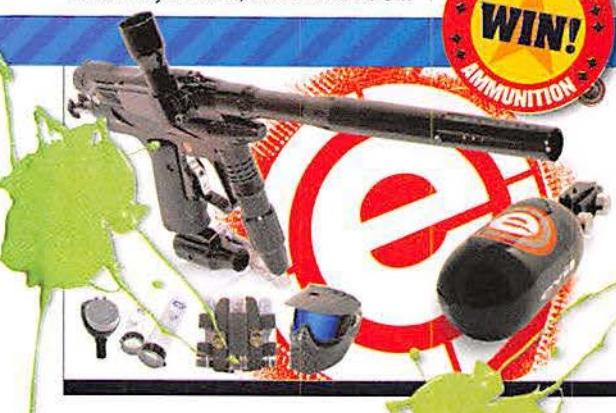
After reading "Be Her Boy Toy" [Says Her] in your June issue, I feel I may

YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Paint Maul

If Jackson Pollock had gone postal, he would have used this Evil Omen Semi-Auto Marker gun—and now you can win one. Besides pummeling your dad with pellets faster than a regular ol' manual gun, this street-legal modern torture device is loaded with high-tech features such as an electronic trigger, rechargeable battery, and an adjustable regulator. Your little friend is powered

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READERS' LETTERS



OUTSMART MAXIM

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Ever think you could dream up better captions than we do? Prove it. Take a look at the photo above and write your best one-liner. If your caption beats ours, we'll send you a putting green and cooler from Corona.

We'll also frame the winner and runners-up in an upcoming issue. So e-mail caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail Beat This Caption! Dept. 80 P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be ridiculed and ostracized until they cry.



JUNE'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER:

"I know what you're thinking: What's a mime doing with a watch?"
John McClure, Chicago, IL

RUNNERS-UP:

Photos from the French military's Iraqi prisons.
S. Gaenger, San Rafael, CA

"I'll never get why people

are scared of clowns."
Joe B., Glen Clove, NY

"Give me a pound of beef and a pound of that prime mime there."
Barbara Block, Seattle, WA

"They may take our livers, but they'll never take our filet mignon!"
Andy Lacerte, Pueblo, CO



actually have a chance to "Ashton" the older girl of my dreams. Thank you, *Maxim*, for making it cool to go after the more sophisticated babes. I'll let you know when I find my Demi.

Ryan Arns
Bloomington, IN

Sorry, but we got hung up on the part where you used "Ashton" as a verb. Does that mean you now wear trucker hats and pull really crazy stunts, like trying to "act"? Well, good luck with that!

Enriching Young Minds

I attend Southwest Missouri State University. Last year I was struggling with my Spanish minor, so I decided to look for guidance from your almighty magazine. I found out you published in other countries and ordered a subscription to *Maxim en Español*. Since then my grades have improved tremendously. ¡Gracias!

Paul Winters
Springfield, MO

Muy bueno! We actually made dean's list the semester we stopped eating paint chips, so try that tip if your grades still aren't quite as high as you want.

Double Trouble

I received two copies of your magazine today. Should I give one away, keep it, or send it back? I figure since I'm being honest, you'll send me something in return. No matter—keep on writing, partying, and doing whatever else you guys do there. My rowdy days are over because I broke my neck after falling 30 feet and am now paralyzed from the chest down. Thank God my hands and brain are functional. Otherwise, how would I be able to enjoy your mag?

Pavel K.
Omaha, NE

See? You do need a brain to enjoy *Maxim*. Take that, Noam Chomsky!

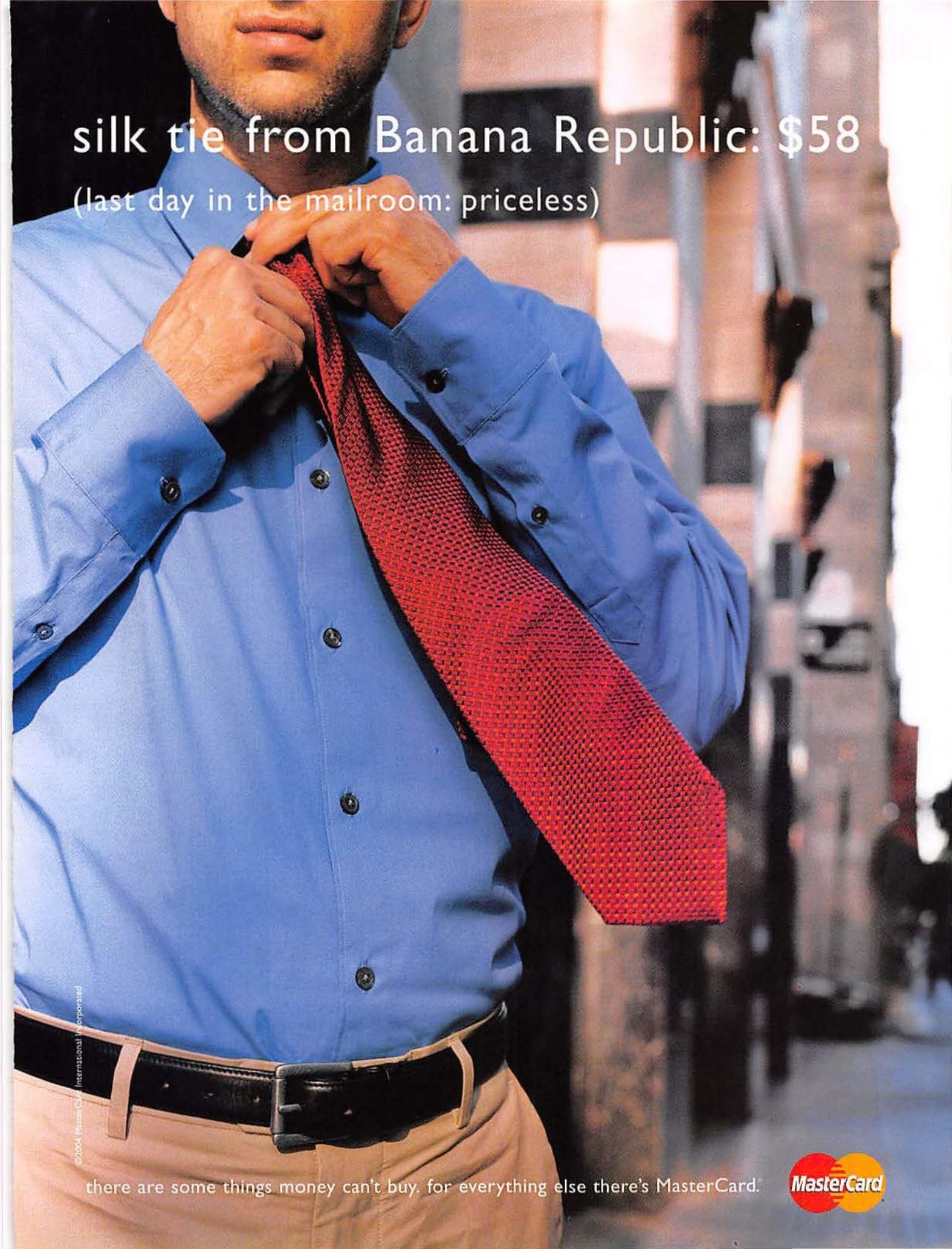
Focker Hooligan

In your Ben Stiller interview [We Want Answers!, June], he reveals there will be a sequel to *Meet the Parents*. I can't

EBAY ABUSE

RANDOM OBJECT SENT TO RANDOM PERSON

OBJECT:
Stadium Snack Bowl (\$26)
SENT TO:
Timothy Long, Chicago, IL

A close-up photograph of a man's torso and hands. He is wearing a light blue button-down shirt and a red, textured silk tie. He is adjusting the knot of the tie with both hands. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be an office or mailroom environment.

silk tie from Banana Republic: \$58

(last day in the mailroom: priceless)

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"LAUGH·OUT·LOUD FUNNY"

— Paul Clinton, CNN

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STARSKY & HUTCH

"This Year's Best Comedy! Laugh-Out-Loud Funny."
Paul Clinton, CNN

"I LAUGHED
AND LAUGHED
AND LAUGHED."

— Roger Ebert, "EBERT & ROEPEL"

"WE TOTALLY
DIG IT, BABY!"
— Thelma Adams, US WEEKLY

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A Riche-Ludwig/Weed Road/Red Hour Production A Todd Phillips Movie Ben Stiller Owen Wilson "Starcky & Hutch"

Vince Vaughn Juliette Lewis and Snoop Dogg Music by Theodore Shapiro Edited by Leslie Jones Production Designer Edward Verreaux Director of Photography Barry Peterson

Executive Producer Gilbert Adler Produced by William Blinn Stuart Cornfeld Akiva Goldsman Tony Ludwig Alan Riche Based on Characters Created by William Blinn Story by Stevie Long and John O'Brien

DIMENSION



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PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Drug Content, Sexual Situations, Partial
Nudity, Language and Some Violence
Bonus Material Not Rated or Closed-Captioned

Screenplay by John O'Brien and Todd Phillips & Scot Armstrong Directed by Todd Phillips

RATED PG-13
EXPLICIT LYRICS
EXPLICIT LANGUAGE

WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT
A Time Warner Entertainment Company

starskyandhutchmovie.com ROL Keyword: Starcky and Hutch warnervideo.com

**A Bruisin' in the Sun**

Recently, some friends asked me to join them for paintball. I picked up a cheap gun on the way, figuring it would be good enough for a little weekend competition. Then I found out all these guys had high-powered guns like the ones in your April issue ("Top Guns," *Circus Maximus*). Here's a picture of the results. Could you possibly send me one? Payback's a bitch.

John Nguyen

Via e-mail

Admit it, John. You were held down and rabbit-punched by Girl Scouts. Your little paintball lie is pretty transparent.



"And circle gets the square!"

wait to see Dustin Hoffman as the patriarch of the Fockers, but I'm nervous about Barbra Streisand as the mother. I trust their casting; I just hope this movie will help me forget about the pile that was *The Prince of Tides*.

Jeremy Myers

Somerville, MA

Little-known fact: The role of Ben Stiller's mom was originally offered to Yul Brynner. Unfortunately, he's still dead.



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OR CALL 386-447-6312

Nose Control

Living in New York City, I ride the subway every day. The best days of the month are the ones when I get to enjoy the new issue on my way to and from work. Unfortunately, everyone sitting and standing around me wants to take a look at the hotties inside. What do I tell the group that gathers around to read over my shoulder? Summer is here, and that's when people go from stinky to downright foul.

David Basner

New York City, NY

That's easy! Just put a sign on your back that reads CONVICTED SEX OFFENDER. It works for us on a daily basis.

Royal Flush

This past weekend I was in Vegas with some friends and randomly started small talk with this cute girl from New York. She told me she was in town for the World Series of Poker and that she works in the photo department at *Maxim*. I'm totally impressed! I figured I'd write to see how she made out.

Mike McDevitt

Via e-mail

Her name's Erin. She's 5'7", gorgeous, and she finished 207th out of 2,576. And she made out, all right—with her boyfriend.

Lip Service

I thought you guys would get a kick out of this: I'm in prison, and my neighbor has hemorrhoids. He ran out of hemorrhoid cream, so he started using Chap Stick. A few days later, he noticed it was gone, so he asked his cellmate if he'd seen it. The cellmate said yes, he'd taken it and was using it on his scaly lips. Isn't that awesome?

James H.

Hillsboro, OR

Ah, grade school.

Golden Gods

I live in Fresno, the armpit of California. My university is plagued with uptight students and boring nightlife. Because of this, I'm creating "The Maxim Corner": a wall dedicated to the hottest chicks and craziest pics. I have already begun construction, but even with my large supply of back issues, I need more photos. Please send me any pictures worthy of my shrine.

Jared Dugger

Fresno, CA

Sorry, but that's kind of a creepy request. Not to mention that we need all our spare copies for insulation. Winter's coming! M

SHOW US YOUR TIPS!**Bug Off**

To prevent swarms of insects from sticking to your bumper, apply cooking spray to the fender. It will act as a lubricant, leaving your car bug-free—and with a rich, buttery taste!

Scott Woodward, Philadelphia, PA

Twist and Shout

If you wrench an ankle during your morning jog, keep running. Unless the pain is unbearable, the best thing to do is keep your shoe on and just slow down. This holds down the swelling until you can get home and apply ice.

Frank Cason, San Diego, CA

Greener Pastures

To grow your grass greener, spray cola on problem spots. The pop works like a low-tech fertilizer. And since you're raiding your kitchen, pouring vinegar over weeds will kill them instantly.

Parker Rome, Pelham, NY

Nic Fix

Your smoker guests left behind a tar-and-soot aroma? Pour bowls of pine-scented cleaner and leave them around the room. If you're the culprit, filling ashtrays with cat litter will absorb cigarette smells immediately.

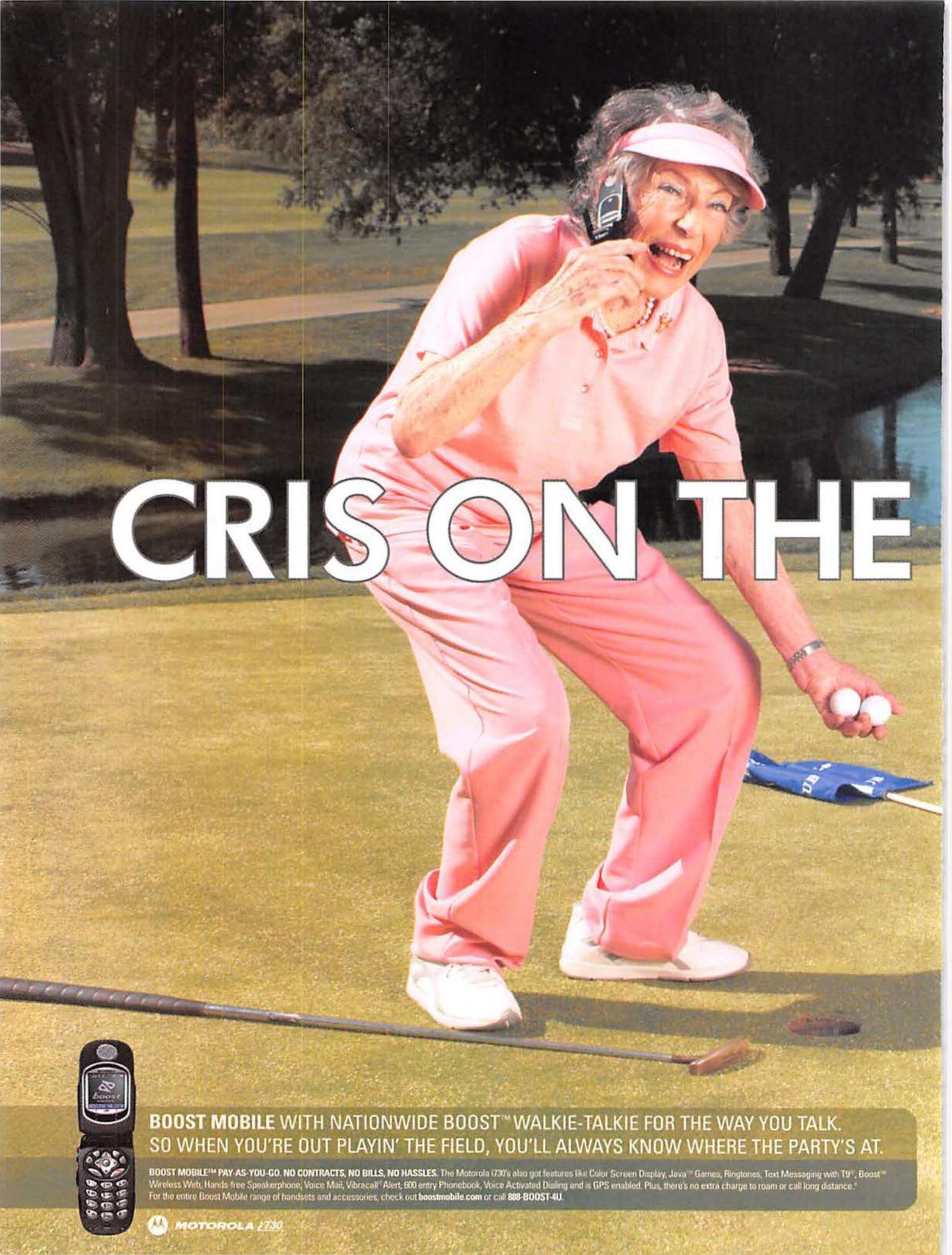
Lynn Dunford, Nashville, TN

**FEELIN' TIPSY**

We want tips, and we're willing to plead.

Send all tips to maximtips@maximmag.com, or snail-mail your entry to Show Us Your Tips! *Maxim* magazine, 1040 6th Ave., 16th floor, New York, NY 10018. If we graciously decide to print yours, we'll give you this unbelievable prize: your name printed in a future issue. What fun!

MAXIM SAVES LIVES



CRIS ON THE

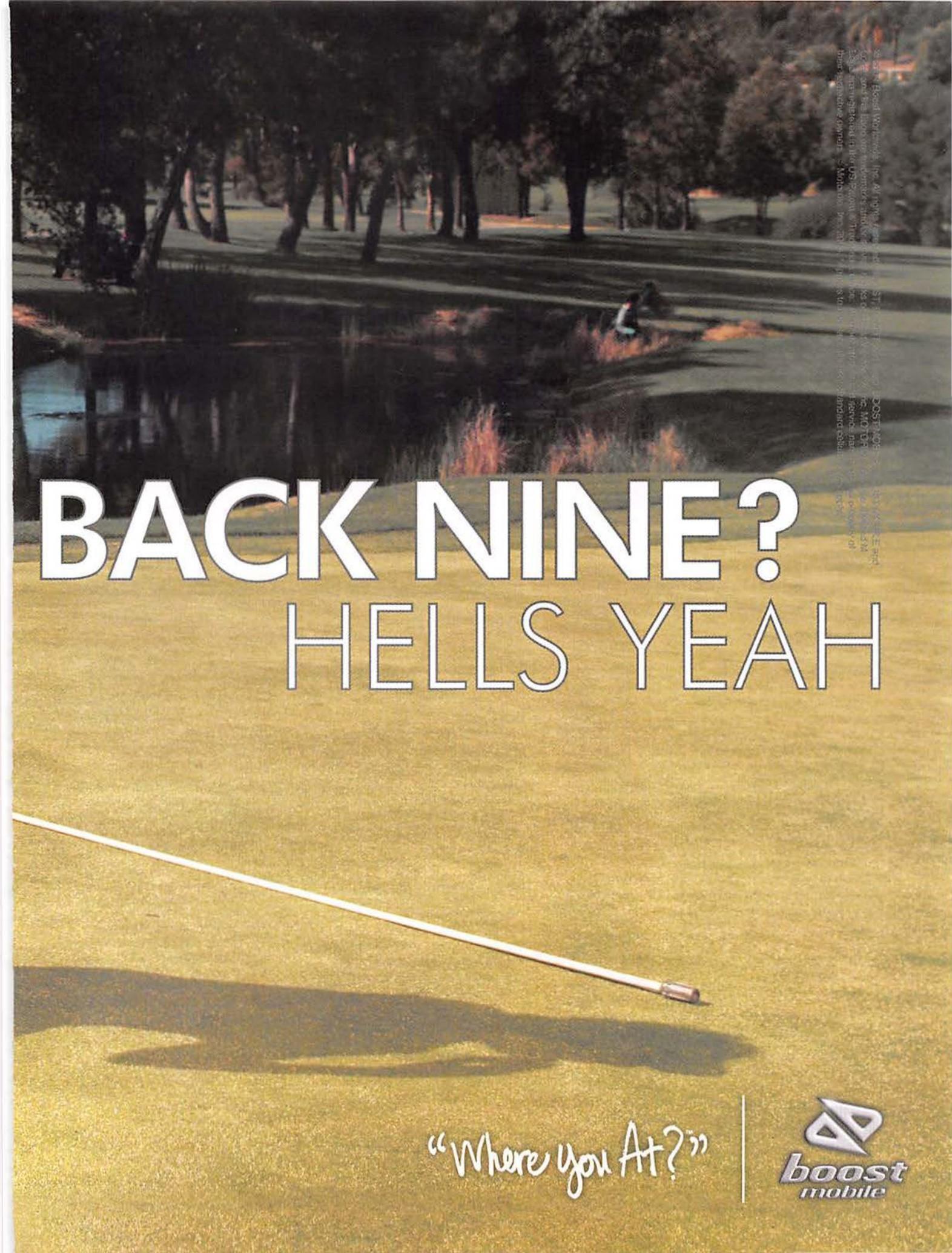


**BOOST MOBILE WITH NATIONWIDE BOOST™ WALKIE-TALKIE FOR THE WAY YOU TALK.
SO WHEN YOU'RE OUT PLAYIN' THE FIELD, YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHERE THE PARTY'S AT.**

BOOST MOBILE™ PAY AS-YOU-GO, NO CONTRACTS, NO BILLS, NO HASSLES. The Motorola i730's also got features like Color Screen Display, Java™ Games, Ringtones, Text Messaging with T9®, Boost™ Wireless Web, Hands-free Speakerphone, Voice Mail, Vibracall® Alert, 800 entry Phonebook, Voice Activated Dialing and is GPS enabled. Plus, there's no extra charge to roam or call long distance.*

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BACK NINE? HELLS YEAH

"Where You At?"

boost
mobile

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DIE LAUGHING

LAUGH, STUPID!

STAND-UP SPOTLIGHT

BILL BURR

If you can't get to sleep, you might as well learn something.

I have insomnia, so all I do is watch TV at night. Infomercials have got to be the funniest things—I love the whole sales style. Rather than good cop/bad cop, they have smart guy/really dumb guy. One guy knows all about the product, and the other guy doesn't get what the hell is going on. Then he's got to start asking questions like, "Hey, Joe, whatcha doin'?"

And the other guy says, "Ya know, I'm just fryin' an egg."

"Yeah? You putting butter in that pan?"

"No, I'm not putting any butter in the pan."

"Wait a minute! Let me get this straight—you're frying an egg, in a pan, and you're not using any butter? Won't it stick to the bottom?"

"Not with this pan."

"Hold on a minute. Let me make sure I've got all the information. You're going to fry an egg, in a pan, you're not going to use any butter, and it won't stick? Well, I gotta see this!"

What really annoys me is, this moron is supposed to be asking the questions I'll have at home. Like, "I don't get it. How does it work?" That guy's an idiot. You can tell him anything.

"You know what? It's a really strong pan. I'm going to demonstrate now by smashing you right in the face with it."

"Wait a minute. You're going to take that pan and smash me in the face with it?"

"Yeah, then I'm going to bend you over that stool and put it right up your ass."

"Well, won't the handle break off?"

"Not with this pan."

"So you're telling me you're going to take that pan, you're going to smash me in the face, you're going to bend me over that stool and put it up my ass, and the handle's not going to break off? This I gotta see!"

Bill's gonna hit the road this summer with Donnell Rawlings and Charlie Murphy from *Chappelle's Show*. Check billburr.com for dates.



Bill Burr: Cookware aficionado

Q: What do you call a blonde standing on her head?
A: A brunette with bad breath.



ROCK BOTTOM

DICK AND GEORGE'S JOKEBOOK

Our nation's leader and his pal Dubya get themselves a snack!

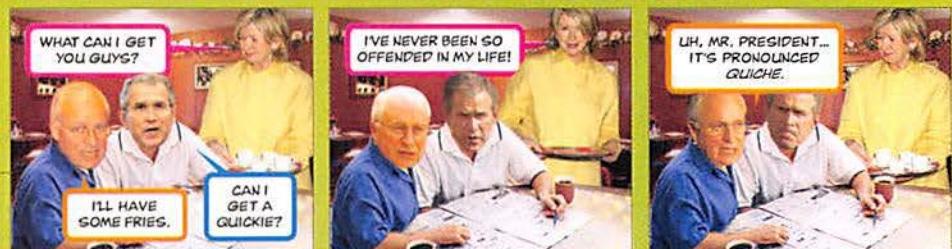
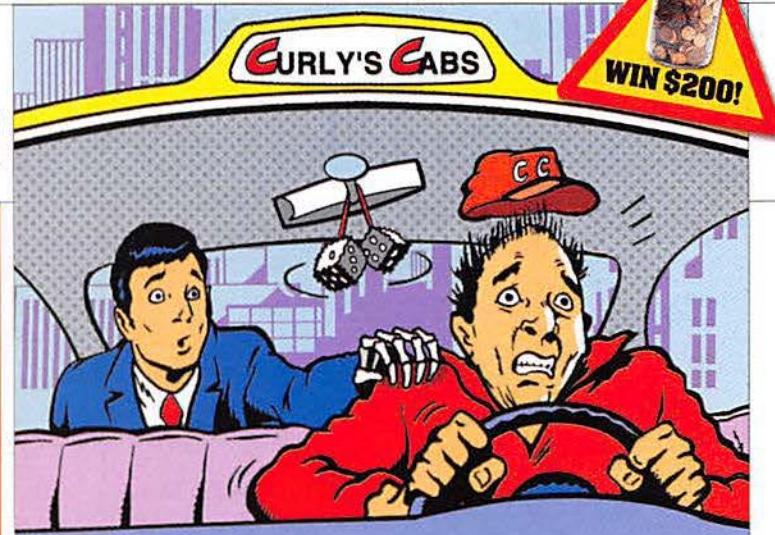


Illustration: John Richardson



THE \$200 JOKE!

Scared Stiff

A man in a taxi taps the driver on the shoulder to ask him a question. The driver screams bloody murder, loses control of the cab, and swerves onto the sidewalk before stopping just inches from a lamppost.

After checking to make sure the passenger is OK, the driver says, "I'm sorry,

but you scared the daylights out of me."

"Sorry, I didn't realize a simple tap on the shoulder would freak you out so much," the passenger says.

"It's not your fault," replies the cabbie. "Today is my first day on the job after 25 years of driving a hearse."

—Aaron Zamora, via e-mail

On the Lamb

Q: Did you hear about the Arkansas farmer who thought he had an STD?

A: It turns out that he was actually just allergic to wool.

Pop Speed

Three kids are in a schoolyard, bragging about how fast their fathers are.

"My father runs the fastest," says the first. "He can shoot an arrow, start to run, and he gets there before the arrow!"

"My dad has yours beat," says the second kid. "He can shoot his gun and get there before the bullet!"

"Sorry, but my pops is the fastest," says the third kid. "He's a civil servant. He gets off work at five and he's home by 3:45."

Cavity Creep

A man with a toothache goes to the dentist's office. After examining the man, the dentist says, "That tooth has to come out now. I'm going to give you a shot of novocaine to numb you."

"No way," says the man. "I'm completely terrified of needles."

"We'll have to use the gas, then."

"Absolutely not," replies the man. "It'll make me sick for days."

The dentist steps out of the office, then returns with a pill and a glass of water. "Here, take this Viagra," he says.

"That will kill the pain?" asks the guy.

"No," replies the dentist, "but it'll give you something to squeeze while I pull your tooth."

Holy Roller

A priest walks by a hooker, who shouts, "Hey, father, I'll give you a blow job for 10 bucks!"

The embarrassed priest then bumps into a nun from his church. "Perhaps you can help me, sister," he says. "What's a blow job?"

"Ten bucks," the nun replies. "Same as everywhere else."



Send jokes to Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018, or to jokes@maximmag.com!

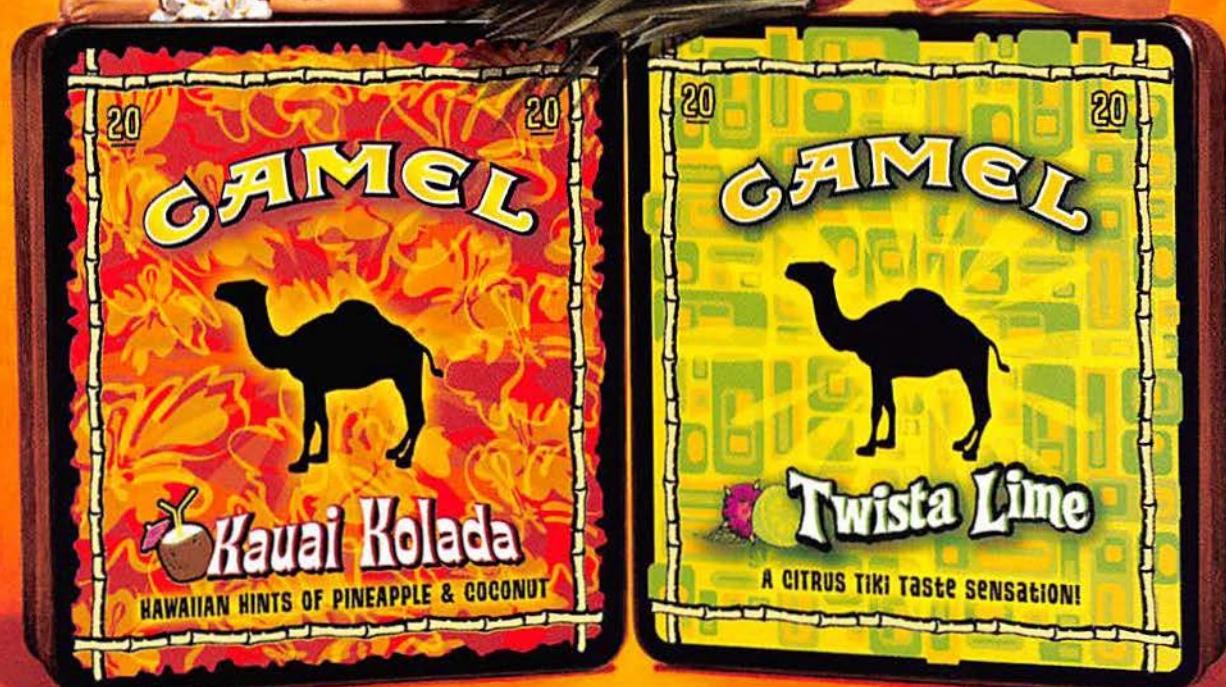


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CAMEL

PLEASURE
TO
BURN

The official blends of summer
—for a limited time only—



KAUAI KOLADA, TWISTA LIME: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method. For more product information, visit www.rjrt.com.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Section Q

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT 008

THEATRE SANITOR

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d. Send resumé/head sheet.
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t, MI 48098.

* MINER *

college grads! Try some-
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something in your field of
udy. Try mining in the dark,
mp coal mines of eastern
nsylvania. We provide the yel-
l mining helmet with the light
it and the \$13K salary; you
vide the healthy back and
ngs. Call 555-5674 for details.

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT 009

Renaissance
Festival Knight
is this summer!

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT 011

seeks
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Log-Go Loader

Do the exciting sights and sounds
of the airport tarmac sound
engaging to you? Call Prickly Run
Airport at 555-9009 today and
apply for one of the three luggage
loader positions currently available.

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT 012

Stay-At-Home
Graduate

Earn up to 25K! Empty nesters
seek college graduate to change
name to Bobby and stay with us
in our brick colonial home with
indoor pool, throughout the year.
Call 555-5686 for details.

EXTRAS WANTED

Unknown Hollywood film and
video studio seeks motivated
individuals to act as extras in an
upcoming independent video.
Interested applicants should be
willing to bathe in a vat full of
cheese and swallow elongated
balloon animals. Direct all inquiries
to: Glinski Brothers Pictures
Limited Liability Company, 87181
Wood Blvd., Hollywood,

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT 011

seeks
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RAT HANDLER

Special effects company seeks
someone with no prior animal
training experience to teach rats
to cuddle with human beings.
Call 555-9182 for details.

Runner Wanted

Accounting firm seeks gofer to
run remedial errands. Must be
willing to answer to the moniker
"go-getter." Tasks may include
coffee runs, getting the partners'
cars washed/waxed, basic filing,
prior to serving it to "his high-
ness, the taskmaster." Call 555-
2322 for details.

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT 102

CIVIL WAR
REENACTORS WANTED

Do you love the smell of can-
nonballs? The feel of an itchy
wool Union uniform against
your sweaty skin in the swel-
tering summer sun? Then
we've got the job for you.
Be a Civil War reenactor. To
find out how, call 555-3672
or send photo/resumé to
Appomattox Court House.

STRIPPER WANTED!!!

Young professional with at least
one year's experience as a stripper
Must enjoy manipulating wood
Must have little or no disdain for
the inhalation of lacquer and va-
rious shades of stain. Must be willing
to go with the grain, not aga-
it. Call Sandy 555-8249.

RODEO CLOWN

Small state fair seeks rodeo
to risk life and/or deep lacer-
at the horns of a 800 lb male
named Manson. No experience
necessary. Must be able to ride
in oversized shoes. Ability
Inquiries, call Montana
Fairgrounds at 555-7000.

friendly type
quick with towelettes
Willing to share your
fear of rodents
years of janitorial exp.
willing to work between
midnight and 6 a.m. Must use
own cleaning supplies. Please
include references with résumé.
Call 555-1481, and ask for
Mr. Dennis.

in desse-
form. Call Professo-
Shanahan at 555-4322.

AL EMPLOYMENT 106

FAST-FOOD
COUNTER HELP 
You know the pain.
Call 555-9639.

Handy Man

Widowed elderly woman seeks a
young, handsome apprentice
who is good with his hands. Call
555-6574 for details.

YOU'VE GOT
TO START
SOMEWHERE

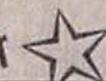


DODGE NEON

START WITH
A GREAT CAR.

GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS



Short Order 

103

107

GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS



DODGE

Renaissance
Festival Knight

Lose up to 30 lb this su
for a position as a j
in a s

CHIMNEY SWEEP
Looking for men and
women between 70 and
90 lb. Must not have dis-
ease, soot, dirt, black lung
small, confined spaces, and
broom a plus. Send résumé to
Dirty Gant's Chimney Service/
Gutter Cleaning, 741 Main St.

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT 114

Dog Handler

Looking for a dog lover, preferably
one with prosthetic arms, to walk,
bathe, train, and feed my pet pit
bull terrier, Precious. Call 555-
9046 for details/arrangements/
salary/insurance options.

PORT-O-JOHN
MAINTENANCE

Small waste management company
seeks motivated individuals to
clean construction site portable
restrooms. Applicants must provide
own toilet brush and rubber gloves.
Claustrophobics need not apply.
Call 555-9500.

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT 115

Matte Room Lackey

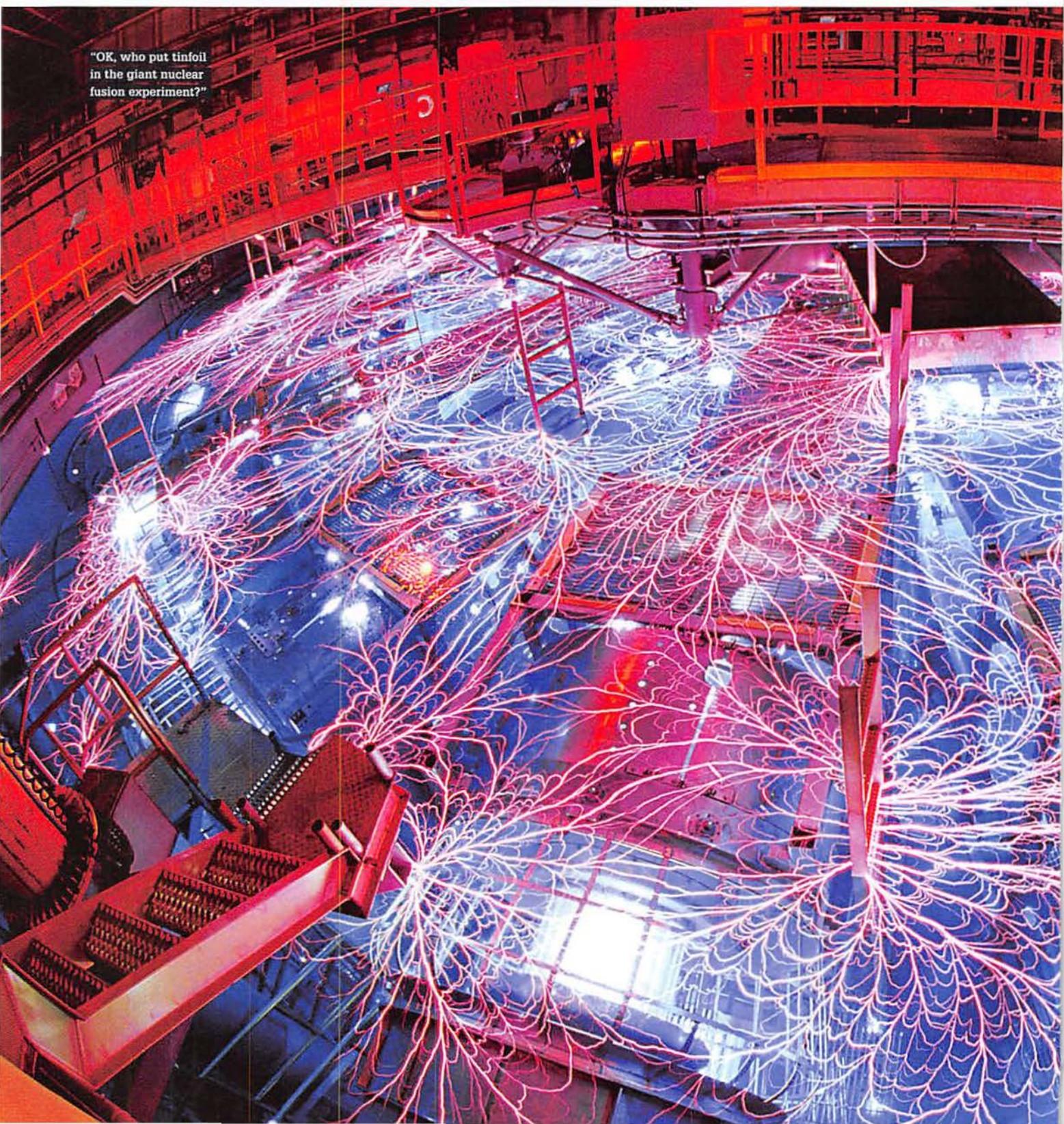
Giant advertising conglomerate
seeks motivated self-starter, who
doesn't know any better, to cut
mattes and piece together boards
for presentation to billion dollar
client. Must be willing to work
overtime/weekends. Must also
be willing to sacrifice integrity for
college credit. Call Watercooler
Advertising, 000 Sample Road,
Anywhere, USA 12345.

GENERAL EMPLOYMENT

A Maxim View of the World

CIRCUS M

"OK, who put tinfoil
in the giant nuclear
fusion experiment?"



MAXIMUS

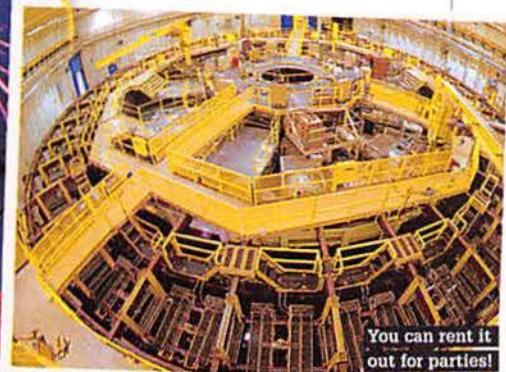


> THE BIG PICTURE

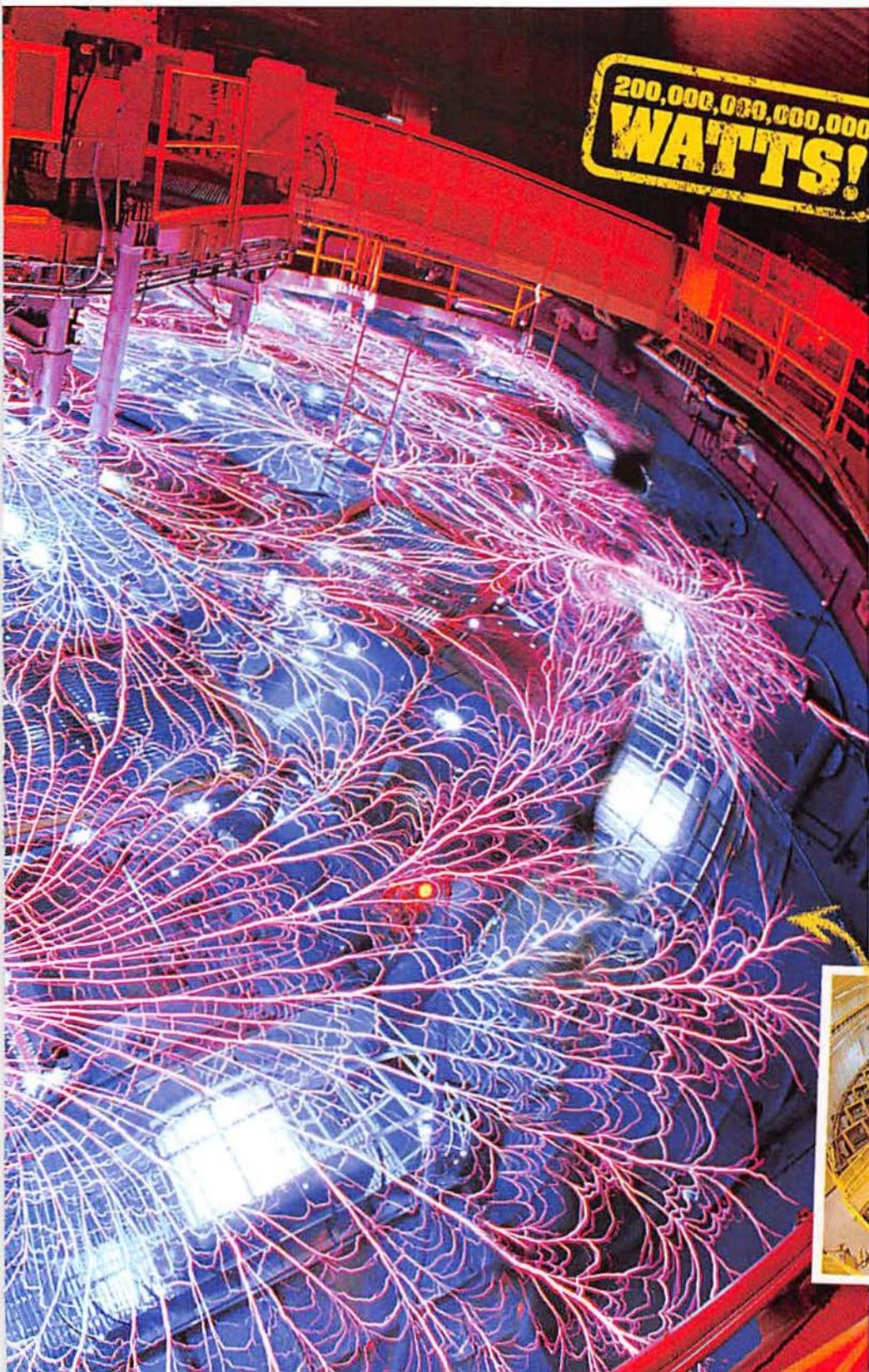
SHOCK AND AWE

$$E = mc | ai | Xai | \div a\sqrt{2^2 - 2^a + X^2 - a^2} \text{ Cool, right?}$$

Those dateless wonders known as physicists just might save our power-hungry asses if they develop nuclear fusion, the same process that fuels stars. A key tool in this crusade for cheap, endless energy is the Z machine, at Sandia National Laboratories in Albuquerque, the world's most powerful source of X-ray and electrical power. A veritable breeding ground for supervillains, the Z fires off more than 200 terawatts of X-ray power—that's 20 times the world's total electrical output at any given moment—and heats up to a balmy two million degrees. Not only can this beast's intense X-ray pulse simulate the partial effects of an atomic blast; it also implodes plasma to create fusion... momentarily. Like you, this awesome display is finished in a fraction of a second, and scientists don't think usable, self-sustaining fusion will be attainable for another 20 years. In the meantime, watch out for God's lightning, fornicator.



You can rent it out for parties!



PLanet. Maxim

We print the stories other publications are too responsible to report.

UNITED STATES

BUILDER NAILED ON THE JOB

After falling off the roof of a house, a California construction worker's luck really turned bad when he landed on a colleague holding a nail gun... who accidentally shot six nails into his head. The victim survived both the fall and the hexapierced brain. Surgeons removed the last nail from his skull five days later.



MEXICO

LUSH SLEEPS IT OFF

A drunk passed out between the rails of train tracks near San Nicolas de los Garza as a train ran over him—and he escaped unharmed. "I counted only six beers!" he later said.



INDIA

HOLY MAN SOILS SELF

A Hindu worshiper had himself buried neck-deep in the ground for 10 days in the village of Pathapur so he could meditate. The Indian David Blaine (who also fasted the whole time) was besieged by well-wishers offering him flowers—but, sadly, not scorpion repellent.



CAMBODIA

COWS USED FOR TARGET PRACTICE

Soldiers in the Cambodian national army are charging trigger-happy tourists \$400 to shoot live cows with rocket launchers. The troops also offer cheaper targets—like chickens—that can be waxed with cool weapons like grenades and antiaircraft guns. Plus, pantywaists who miss get a partial refund!



LA-LA LAND

THE HOLLYWOOD RAT

PSYCHIC POWERS!

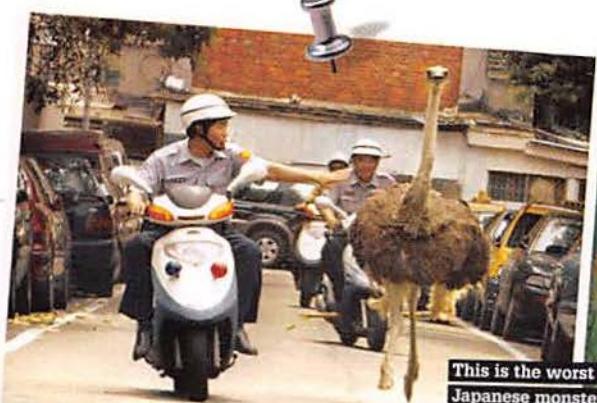
We humiliate celebs—for you!

WHAT'S ON THEIR MINDS?

Famous people talk in boring sound bites—but what are they thinking when their pictures are taken?



1. "I bet she's not wearing undies."
2. "I hope nobody recognizes me! OK, I do. Desperately."
3. "He shits everywhere! Dad, I mean."
4. "As their queen, I should have the biggest igloo, dammit."
5. "Matt, I know you're there. Pick up!"
6. "It's like I have a Muppet hand! Kermit is green! I'm hungry!"



This is the worst Japanese monster movie ever!

TAIWAN

FLIGHTLESS BIRD ELUDES COPS

A wily ostrich outsmarted its keepers and escaped a children's petting zoo, then led local police on a low-speed chase through the city. Amazingly, these scooter jockeys hot on the bird's tail managed to lose it not long after this photo was snapped. The beast was recovered a few hours later.

X GAMES X

IS COMING TO L.A.



WATCH AUGUST 5-7 LIVE AT 9 ET ESPN
AUGUST 8 LIVE AT 7 ET ABC



THINK
OUTSIDE
THE BOX

RIGHT
GUARD

adidas.com



T-Mobile

Jones
JONES
SKATEBOARDS

ESPN
COM

CIRCUS MAXIMUS



Why Maxim no longer advertises on billboards

HIROKI! IS DATING!

PAY 4 PLAY

Our Japanese art assistant has an online chat with an unlucky gal from ImaginaryGirlfriends.com.

Instant Message with Hiroki69

Karinna: hi, I just got out of the shower...
Hiroki69: I'm sweat under my arm
Karinna: oh don't...I am sweet and will be gentle...I'm Canadian! lol
Hiroki69: oh, have you had nice long japanese sushi sticks?
Karinna: yes...I love that!!! I don't doubt that yours is long.
Hiroki69: yeah, let's have a drive with beer and a long sushi. I'm ready to cook for you.
Karinna: mmm...sounds delicious
Hiroki69: do you like the BBQ?
Karinna: yes, very much...steaks!
Hiroki69: do you know HBI STEAKS?
Karinna: HBI?? no, what is that
Hiroki69: HOT BEEF INJECTION
Karinna: LOL...love it
Hiroki69: I want to sleep with over 45 years old woman, for me dreaming
Karinna: why so old?
Hiroki69: I love soggy tits, butts
Karinna: ok...
Hiroki69: 1st, I want to ban ban in um airplane in the small small bathroom
Karinna: Well that certainly sounds like fun...that's called the mile high club
Hiroki69: on air CANADA
Karinna: I bet! honey, I have to go.
Hiroki69: my name not honey, it's horny.
Karinna: well Hiroki, Honey, Horny...
Hiroki69: you idiot, spell wrong "HORNY"
Karinna: In Canada we spell it Horny
Hiroki: I LIKE SMART GIRL. I want to pee but boner. sweet dream of me. sayonara!

Block Warn Add Buddy Get Info Send



UNSOLVED MYSTERIES WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

Can you guess the real reason for the little fender bender above from the bogus stories we made up?

1

Rock and roll:
Bored Iowa teens dopey on corn whiskey began "car moshing," ramming each other's beaters with their stereos cranked to the same song. No one was hurt, but several kids were so grounded.

2

Brake the habit:
While hauling ass down Germany's Autobahn, an animal-loving motorist saw a bunny on the road and hit the brakes. The ensuing pileup killed three people—but the wabbit went unharmed!

3

Car pool: Heavy rain caused the river next to this Venezuelan highway to flash-flood, drenching the road and turning the commute into a slippery, chaotic demolition derby. Dazed drivers had no choice but to abandon ship.

GET IT RIGHT

GREAT QUOTES

Businessman Tony Montana makes a scene in a posh Miami restaurant.



FUN FACT!

Lumberjacks have the highest mortality rate of any job at 117.8 deaths per 100,000 people. The average is four in 100,000 Tim-m-m-ber!



"WHAT YOU LOOKIN' AT? YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF FUCKIN' ASSHOLES. YOU KNOW WHY? YOU DON'T HAVE THE GUTS TO BE WHAT YOU WANNA BE. YOU NEED PEOPLE LIKE ME. YOU NEED PEOPLE LIKE ME SO YOU CAN POINT YOUR FUCKIN' FINGERS AND SAY, 'THAT'S THE BAD GUY.' SO WHAT THAT MAKE YOU? GOOD? YOU'RE NOT GOOD. YOU JUST KNOW HOW TO HIDE, HOW TO LIE. ME, I DON'T HAVE THAT PROBLEM. ME, I ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH. EVEN WHEN I LIE."

Newport pleasure!



© Lorillard 2004

Lights Box: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; Medium Box: 12 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Box: 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Newport, Newport Medium, Newport (package design), Newport Lights
Menthol Box (package design), Newport Pleasure and Newport Spinnaker
TM Lorillard Licensing Company LLC Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



**Finest
Quality Menthol!**

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

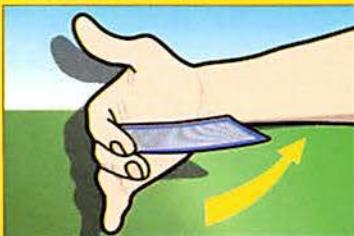


HOW TO

THROW CARDS



Go fish—for your mortal enemy's newly sliced-out eyeball!!



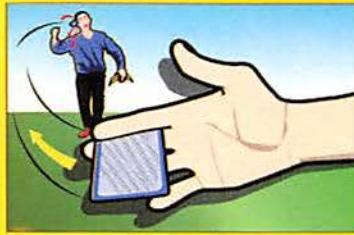
1. GET A GRIP

Choose a stationary target, like the high school kid passed out on your lawn, and square your body to it. Now pick a card, any card—so long as it's flat—and grasp one of its short edges between your index and middle fingers...of your *throwing* hand.



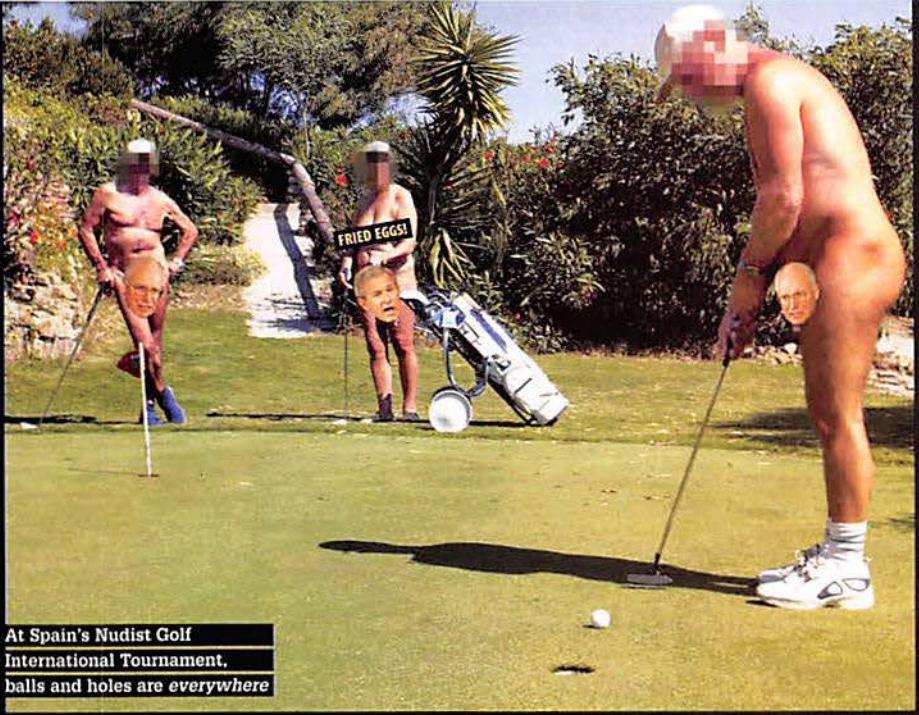
2. COCK AND LOAD

Bend your wrist like you're about to throw a Frisbee and curl your fingers toward your palm. Bend your elbow so your arm and the card—which you should now be holding directly in front of your man-bosoms—are parallel to the ground. Ooh, aren't you scary!



3. WHIP IT

A good toss has more spin than a campaign commercial. To throw, flick your wrist and release the card as you straighten your arm. Did it flutter to the floor like a snowflake? Try again, nancy. But if you can embed it in solid wood, you'll be king of the magic shop!



At Spain's Nudist Golf International Tournament, balls and holes are everywhere

► ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES

PUBLIC INDECENCY

Tubby hippies playing naked volleyball not weird enough for you? Then check out these freaky-deaky nudist hangouts.

Natura Nudist Christian Ministry

Following in the bunion-scarred footsteps of O.G. nudists Adam and Eve, this Florida outfit preaches that body shame is a tool of Satan. So these bare-assed Bible Belters worship J.C. by playing shuffleboard nekkid. Praise the Lord...and please pass the SPF 90.

The Bull & Whistle

No shirt? No pants? No problem! This complex on Key West's rowdy Duval Street offers clothing-optional fun. Hit on biker chicks at rooftop bar Garden of Eden, or attempt to keep your appetite amid the leathery throng at the Naked Lunch downstairs. (Avoid the soup.)

Camp White Tail

This Ivor, Virginia getaway invites kiddies between 11 and 18 to engage in pants-less activities like volleyball, hiking, and that ol' campfire favorite, pudding throwing. Organizers attempt to increase campers' self-esteem by teaching them to love their bodies. Yeah, but will the judge buy that?

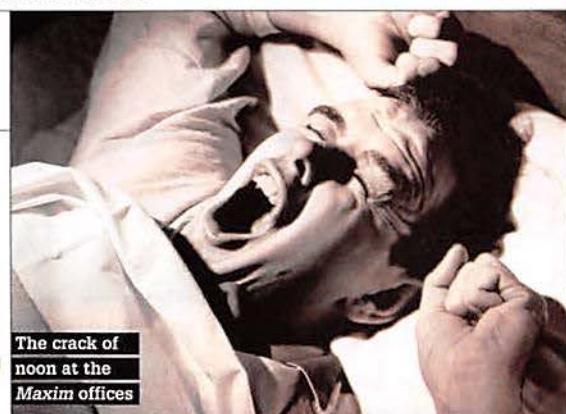
Gulf Coast Nudist Yacht Club

Wearing nothing but 10-gallon skipper hats, these Houston-based seafarers sail their love boats to cavort nakedly where Da Man can't bug 'em. A \$50 membership fee includes *The Bare Boater "nudess-letter"* and all the "dinghy" jokes you can handle.

► MENTAL CHALLENGES

DON'T YAWN!

Scientists have spent millions proving yawning is contagious. See if you can prove them wrong.



The crack of noon at the Maxim offices



Decide which hunks of beef make the grade and which are school lunch. www.ams.usda.gov/kidsweb/meatgradegame/meatgame.htm

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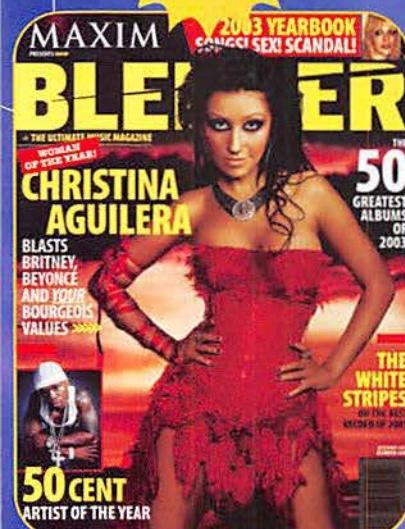
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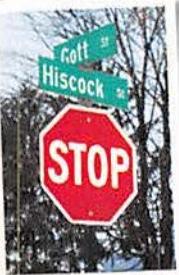
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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

SEEMS WRONG SOMEH

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.



▲ RUNNER-UP

Strangely enough, this block is populated solely by ex-wives with good lawyers.

—David Ried, Ypsilanti, MI



▲ RUNNER-UP

No matter how much he pleaded with the manager, Rusty never got to play fifth base.

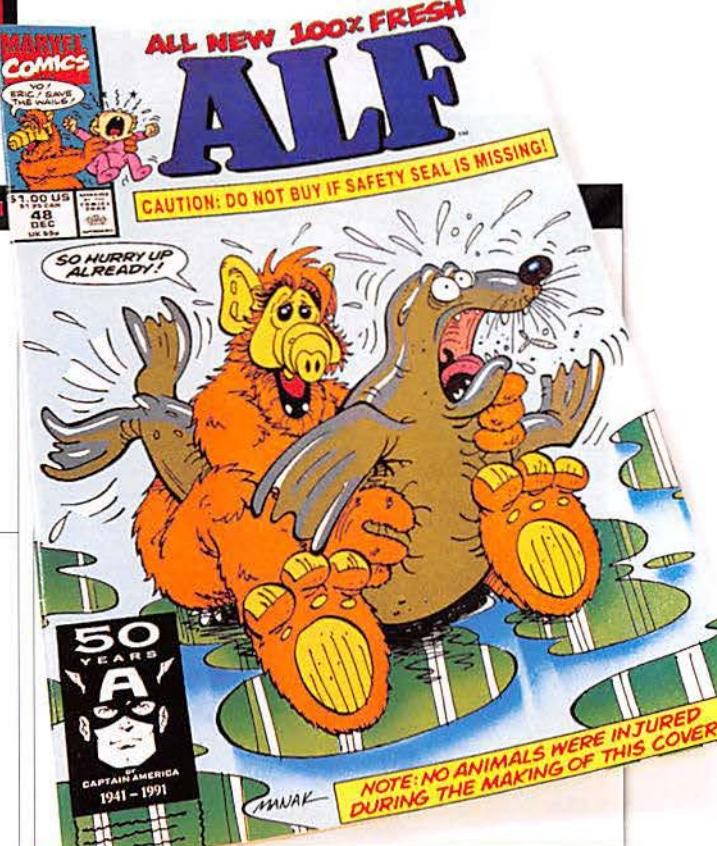
—Eric Lewis, Ventura, CA



▲ RUNNER-UP

Don't laugh—he has very powerful friends in Washington.

—Randy Gaytan, Paw Paw, MI



▲ THE \$150 WINNER!

They say ALF stands for "alien life form"? We say it stands for "goddamn heathen"! —David S. Ferchak, Murrieta, CA



▲ RUNNER-UP

It's a healthy, protein-filled snack that tastes equally delicious raw, steamed, or even flame-broiled.

—Thomas Paulo, Alconbury, England



▲ RUNNER-UP

Sorry, the first word is a typo. We actually meant to spell it "b-u-k-k-a-k-e."

—Steve Miller, Trappe, PA



HEY, PERV—SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN?

If it turns us on, we'll send you \$150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, Maxim, 1040 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Operators are standing by!



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Violence



GAME BOY ADVANCE

PlayStation 2



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> ALL-PROS

POT LUCK

America's hottest doctor's assistant has the cure for what ails ya.

Name: Meng Lau

Experience: Acting as a de facto bouncer at a Berkeley, California medical marijuana advocate's office ain't easy. Meng must be merciless in helping decide which patients warrant recommendation for government-condoned ganja and who's just looking to toke with a doctor's note. "Kids come in and say, 'I have migraines and shit,'" she says, laughing. "I tell them to take an aspirin." So it must be easy for this Cambodian-born stunner to score a 'scrip when she wants to watch *Space Ghost*, right? "Pot gives me headaches and makes me nauseous, which is what patients come to relieve themselves of." Her loss... Wait, what were we talking about?

Background: Meng grew up in Iowa but visits her native land occasionally—even though her natural assets aren't appreciated there. "I'm not considered beautiful because I'm thin," Meng laments. "If you're big, it means you have enough money to eat well." Hmm...Kirstie Alley: Cambodian goddess.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRAIG DE CRISTO



Like your bedroom...
but with a girl

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► 'I'm not considered beautiful in Cambodia because I'm thin. If you're big, it means you have enough money to eat well.'





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A protestor in Athens turns himself into a human kebab

> TRAVEL ADVISORY

GREEK TRAGEDY

Get to know the cesspool hosting the Olympics—Athens, Greece!

■ About 3,000 street dogs vanished in August of last year, allegedly the result of a secret government campaign to rid the city of strays before the Olympics. Mmm...poodle gyros.

■ Athenians have long believed the ancient statue of the goddess Nike—go figure, she's barefoot—represents victory in battle. Thing is, she's not very good at it: The city was overrun by Romans in 86 B.C., Crusaders in 1204, Turks in 1456, Nazis in 1941, and chubby tourists right...about...now.

■ Take a deep breath. That's the city's legendary air pollution filling your lungs! In response big, fat Greek commuters are only allowed to drive every other day, depending on whether their license plates end in even or odd numbers. Plus, at intersections they play rock, paper, feta to determine who has the right of way.

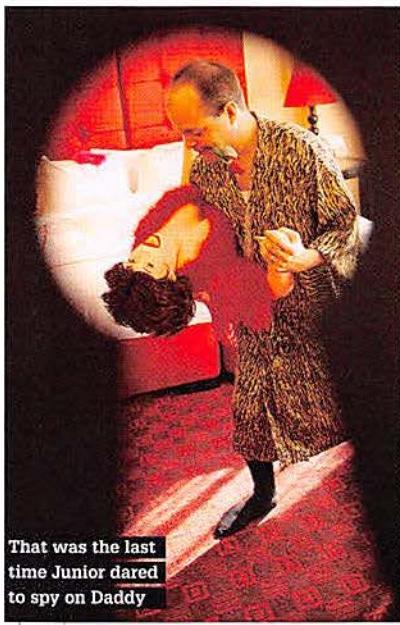
■ Apparently smashed on ouzo, Olympics officials offered ex-Wham! frontman George Michael (born Georgios Panayiotou) the chance to write a theme song for the Games. Then again, who better to do Greek...music?

■ If you're planning on hitting these Olympics, bring plenty of walking-around money—downtown Athens boasts about 200 legal whorehouses. The bad news: They haven't increased the number of brothels to accommodate loads of horny Olympics visitors. The good news: The Thai synchronized swim team is going to earn mad drachmas on the side.

■ Afraid of damaging their hopelessly outdated sewage system, Athenians regularly throw used toilet paper into trash cans instead of flushing it. They also hang spent tampons from the ceiling, but that's just to keep the flies away from the dinner table.

■ If you're hung over in Athens, locals recommend a steaming bowl of *patsa*, a soup made with sheep guts, lamb's feet, eggs, and just a hint of lemon juice. Lemon juice? Freaks!





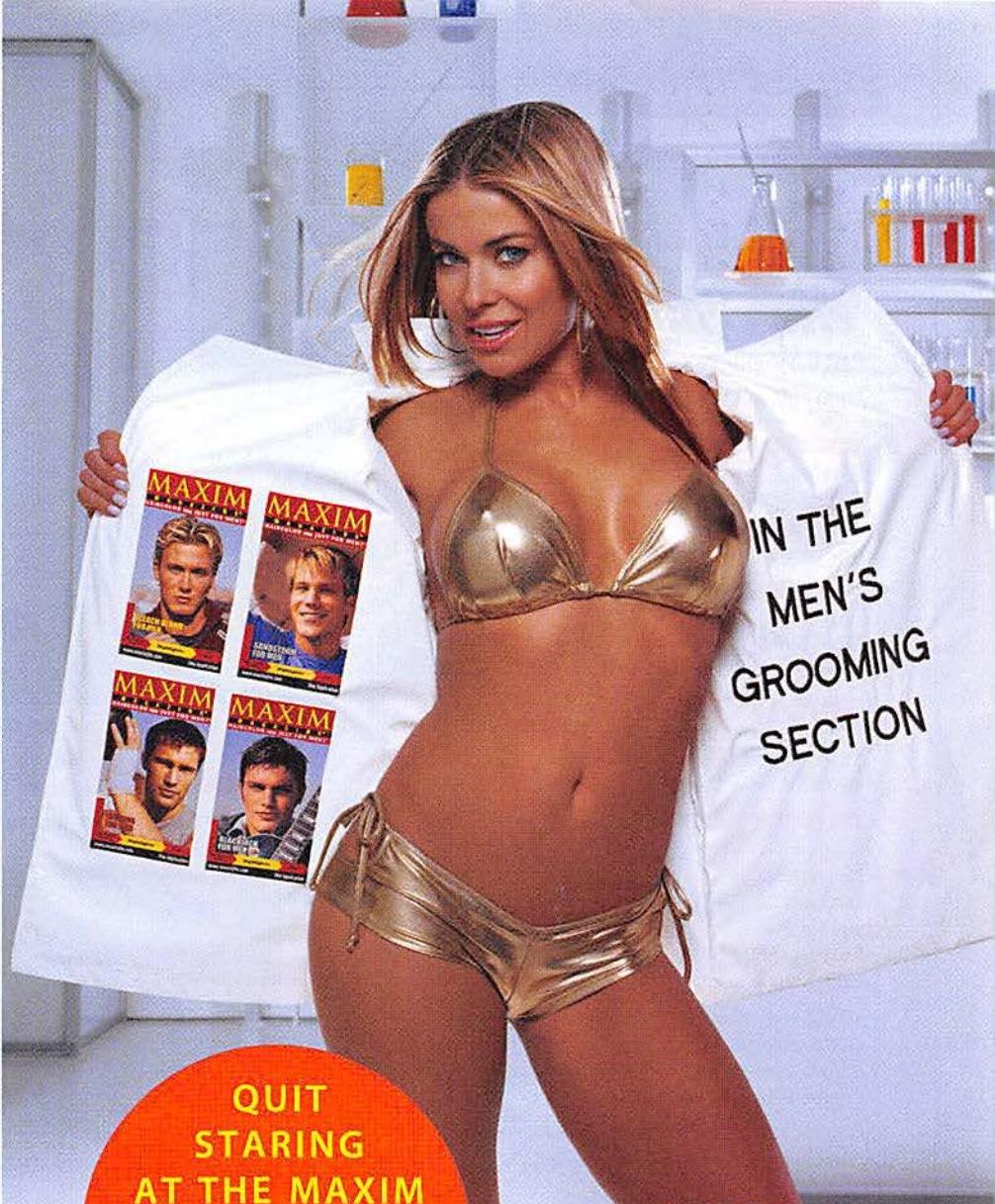
That was the last time Junior dared to spy on Daddy

> WEIRD SCIENCE

INSPECT HER GADGET

If you think your girlfriend is banging your boss, get definitive proof!

Has the missus stopped nagging you? Does she have renewed pep in her step and a twinkle in her eye? Well, guess what, dude—you may be getting sloppy seconds. But don't take our word for it. Instead, get scientific confirmation with the CheckMate spooge-detection kit. Just dab its chemical cocktail wherever you think there may be traces of gooey proof—her car's backseat, her panties, the church confessional. If the spot turns purple within 15 seconds, she's a no-good tramp! To be absolutely certain the spunk you've spotted isn't your own, the good folks at CheckMate will gladly have a DNA test run at a forensics lab...for about \$800. Better to spend that on a revenge weekend in Tijuana. Now shoot over to getcheckmate.com and pony up \$50 for a package of two. After all, nobody cheats just once.



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> FIGHTIN' WORDS

WAR SLANG

Past U.S. conflicts have inspired lingo ideal for our forces in Iraq.

CONFEDERATE DISEASE *n.* diarrhea [Civil War]

"I'll risk Confederate disease for one more tasty helping of Cookie's goat 'n' shrapnel goulash."

CUNT HAIR *n.* a unit of measurement smaller than a millimeter [WWII]

"That British friendly fire missed my femoral artery by a cunt hair!"

SIX-AND-TWENTY TOOTSIE *n.* a dangerous temptress [WWII]

"That six-and-twenty tootsie just flashed me her ankle!"

THE DAY THE EAGLE SHITS *n.* payday [Vietnam]

"Sorry, Abib—I can't pay you for the floating carpet till the day the eagle shits."

ZORCH *interj.* excellent [Korean War]

"We're going to march 50 miles double-time to Baghdad in 120-degree temperatures. Zorch!"

COGNACKED *adj.* drunk [WWI]

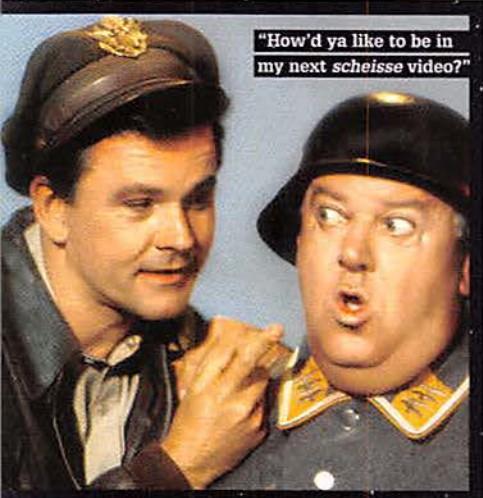
"I'm so cognacked I'd hump a camel!"

SHORT-ARM INSPECTION *n.* a check for venereal disease [WWII]

"My short-arm inspection came out positive. Damn Syrian glory holes!"

SLICKY BOY *n.* thief [Korean War]

"OK, who's the slicky boy who stole my brand-new copy of *Maxim*?"

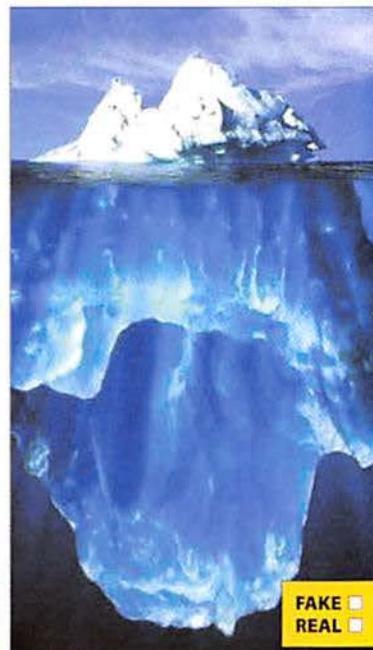


FAKE
REAL

> EYE EXAM

FAUX-TOS

Some of these pics are real; some are bunk. Can you tell the difference?



FAKE
REAL

"Hey, shark dude,
like, this is my
ride, brah!"



> FUN FACT!

Surgeons who regularly play video games cut down their operating room screwups by 37 percent.

FAKE
REAL



Learn to fly a helicopter—just like Jan-Michael Vincent! www.hurtwood.demon.co.uk/Fun/copter.swf

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The last person you want to see before takeoff

► CRASH PADS

ROYALE CHEESE

John Travolta's new jet-setting compound proves you really *can* have too much money.



Disco infernal

Imagine finding your dream house only to discover there's nowhere to park your fleet of private jets. To avoid that gut-wrenching heartbreak, doughy movie star John Travolta moved to Jumbolair, a \$4.9 million

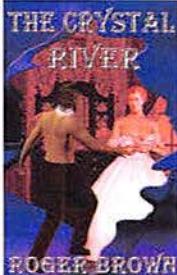
mansion/terminal near Ocala, Florida, complete with a 1.4-mile airstrip, heliport, and enough space for a Boeing 707 and a Gulfstream. Travolta—whose son is named, um, Jett—vacated his ritzy Daytona Beach fly-in housing

development after residents bitched about the god-awful racket caused by the air traffic. Let's hope he hasn't learned his lesson—the more time he spends harassing neighbors, the less time he has to make *Battlefield Earth 2*.

► MAXIM LIBRARY

THE LUST WORLD

The Crystal River is like any other crappy romance novel, only it's written for guys. Still, we thought it could use a little editing.



TYPICAL WOMAN
McSaddle
the clap
ever-ravenous hump tentacle
during a Commercial
SPOOFIE
to fulfill its biological imperative to seed her reproductive organs.
HUMPY

→ Humpy McSaddle
CHAPTER SIX
Lame Wyoming Mem-wether Danette
Danette greeted the following day with a sly, slowish smile on his face, and it never left. Not that day, nor in the weeks that followed. She came to him most every day now, never at the same time. If she didn't appear for several days, Makis would stomp around the Institute, out of his mind with desire, tearing at his hair, bending at the waist to contain the nuclear urgency of his desire. **PLUGS**
He never knew when she might appear—morning, afternoon, evening. He might be having lunch, and she would feel her near. Or walk by himself to inspect some ~~work~~ or check some specs, and she would all of a sudden be there, whispering, "Hello, Danette." **Humpy**
Sometimes he would rush into the closest room or even a closet for their first ~~work~~ rabbit-like dry hump. "Hello, Eve," he would return and enjoy that first kiss of the day, a long, lingering, licking, probing, light-biting kiss. "Come to me again," he whispered to her, interrupting a conference on plumbing fittings, not at all disguising his lust, just trying to please a dick that was aching to bathe in her wet mouth, her slick pussy. "I'll try."
"What prevents you?"
"I cannot predict when I will visit you."
"Why not?"
"It is not in my power."
"Can we make love here?" They were in the closet at the time. "No, Danette. Stop. That is for your bedchamber." **bust uglies**
but this pickup makes me so hot
I'll give you a happy ending anyway!

Sweet! Clown Porn!
Slaughterhouse
TACO BELL
Trash cans behind the local bikini wax shop
SLOPPY, drooling, gum-smacking, sucking chest wound of a
JOCELYN SYMBOLISM, TOP NOTCH!
the size of a Lysol can bed of his cherry Ford F-150



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> MAXIM WORLDWIDE

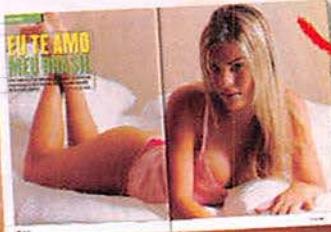


LÍVIA LEMOS

Like circuses? This Brazilian thrill seeker's got a big top all her own.

As seen in: Portuguese Maxim, May 2004

Her story: Lívia caught the eye of her fellow Brazilians when she started hosting—and performing in—the extreme sports show *Sportv*. But bungee jumping and surfing for the TV-viewing masses can get kinda stale, so the 20-year-old daredevil performed the ultimate stunt: voluntary plastic surgery! "I feel like more of a woman now," Lívia says of her new silicone-enhanced costars. "I do the show in a bikini, so everyone who saw me with a flat chest can look at me with a proper one." Unfortunately, looking's all you'll get. Hairy Brazilian soccer star Ronaldo took a shine to the new-and-improved Lívia, and now they're the Posh Spice and David Beckham of the Southern Hemisphere. Here's hoping ol' Ronaldo knows that off the field he's allowed to use his hands.



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MAXIM INVESTIGATION

NEW YORK STRIP MISTAKE

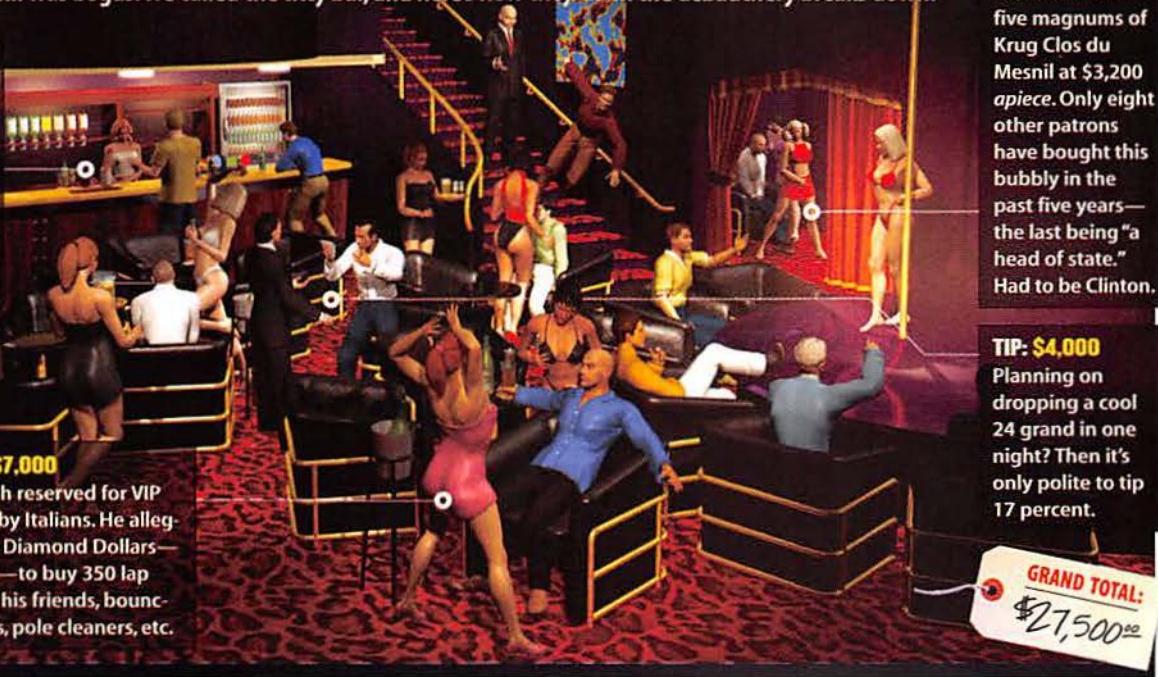
Last May, 54-year-old insurance executive Mitchell Blaser sued swanky Manhattan strip club Scores, claiming his \$27,500 Amex bill was bogus. We called the titty bar, and here's how they claim the debauchery breaks down.

SPIRITS: \$500

Scores reps said they couldn't tell us what kinds of shots Blaser ordered due to the lawsuit. So we'll just assume it was tequila... poured down and slurped from the ass cracks of dozens of well-scrubbed gals.

COMPANIONSHIP: \$7,000

Blaser sat in a booth reserved for VIP celebrities and tubby Italians. He allegedly spent enough Diamond Dollars—the club's currency—to buy 350 lap dances for himself, his friends, bouncers, coat-check girls, pole cleaners, etc.

**CHAMPAGNE: \$16,000**

Not content with \$10 Heinekens, Blaser ordered five magnums of Krug Clos du Mesnil at \$3,200 apiece. Only eight other patrons have bought this bubbly in the past five years—the last being "a head of state." Had to be Clinton.

TIP: \$4,000

Planning on dropping a cool 24 grand in one night? Then it's only polite to tip 17 percent.

Illustration by Steve Cross

TWO COMPLETE SETS.

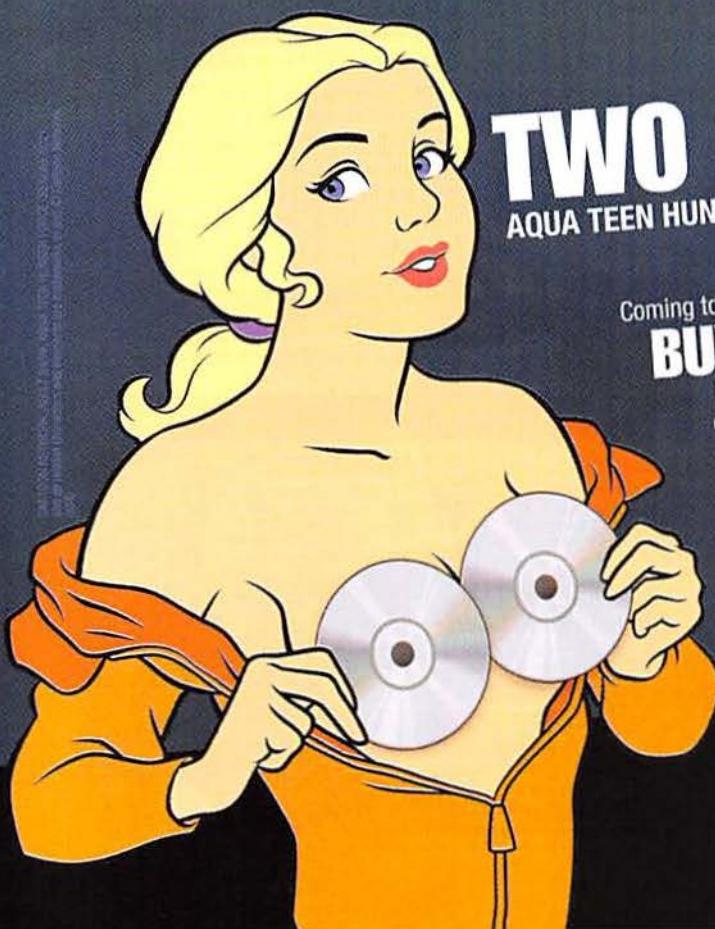
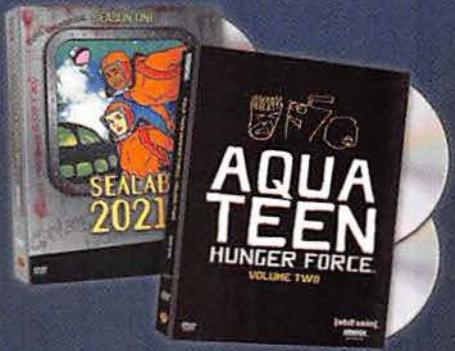
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> WHO CARES?

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We answer all your conscription, movie fiction, I-need-a-prescription questions.

Q: WILL I BE DRAFTED NEXT YEAR?

A: We asked the Pentagon—but you know how evasive it can be. "There's not going to be a draft in 2005" was the vague statement given to us by Lt. Col. Cynthia Colin, spokeswoman for the Department of Defense. Still, it's hard to ignore the bills before both houses of Congress that call for a reinstatement of the draft. "I think it's a good idea," says U.S. Rep. Charles Rangel (D-NY), who introduced the House bill calling for the first draft since 1973. "It's inevitable if President Bush returns to office and doesn't change his policy. Every supporter of the war says we either have to double the forces or get the hell out." If the bills were to pass, agreements signed post-Vietnam could make it hard for lily-livered peaceniks to hide out in Canada. But, relax, Moonbeam. The bills have little support, and the only people the military can press into service are health care workers. We knew med school was a bad idea!



They didn't ask, and he didn't tell

Jesse Jane's gym
outfits are just
the best!

Q: DO I REALLY HAVE TO GIVE MY CAR TO A COP WHEN HE DEMANDS IT?

A: If he's reaching for his gun and you're out of your skull on PCP, it probably wouldn't hurt. But if he merely requests your wheels to apprehend an escaping perp, then...you probably still should do it. "Police officers are very mindful that what they do in the heat of public safety is later judged in the cool of a courthouse," says Jim Pasco, executive director of the Fraternal Order of Police. There's no federal statute addressing the issue, so it all depends on local laws. But chances are if a cop cops your rig, it'll be for a good reason that'll hold up in court. In 1931 a Brooklyn officer used an unattended civilian vehicle to chase suspects in a speeding car, then proceeded to hit and kill a pedestrian. The court later ruled that "the officer not only had the right to commandeer the car, but it was his duty to do so." But don't worry—no self-respecting copper would chase a criminal in your mom's Pacer.



"It's a No Parking
Zone? Goddamn
racists!"

Q: WHERE DO PORN PRODUCERS FIND ALL THEIR TALENT?

A: They start by going through your family album, but after that methods vary. Some of the chosen few are strippers picked up by "agents" who take a finder's fee. Others reply to classified ads in papers like LA Weekly or porn trade rag LA X-press, like, "Nude models needed for art class work," or the less subtle, "Adult actresses wanted." Go-getters simply track down the production companies and show up. About 25 percent of the women come from Las Vegas or Southern California, and more than a few once had mainstream careers—Calli Cox and Julie Ashton were teachers before they boinked on-camera. Fees are pretty standard from no-plot "gonzo" pictures to "feature studio" videos that companies like Vivid make, ranging from about \$200 for a blow job to a few thousand bucks for a gangbang. As for men, there's actually a shortage of studs who can get wood, keep it up, and paint a stomach in front of an audience. Yet another job you're shamefully unqualified for.



Boys can play
with dolls!

GOT QUESTIONS?

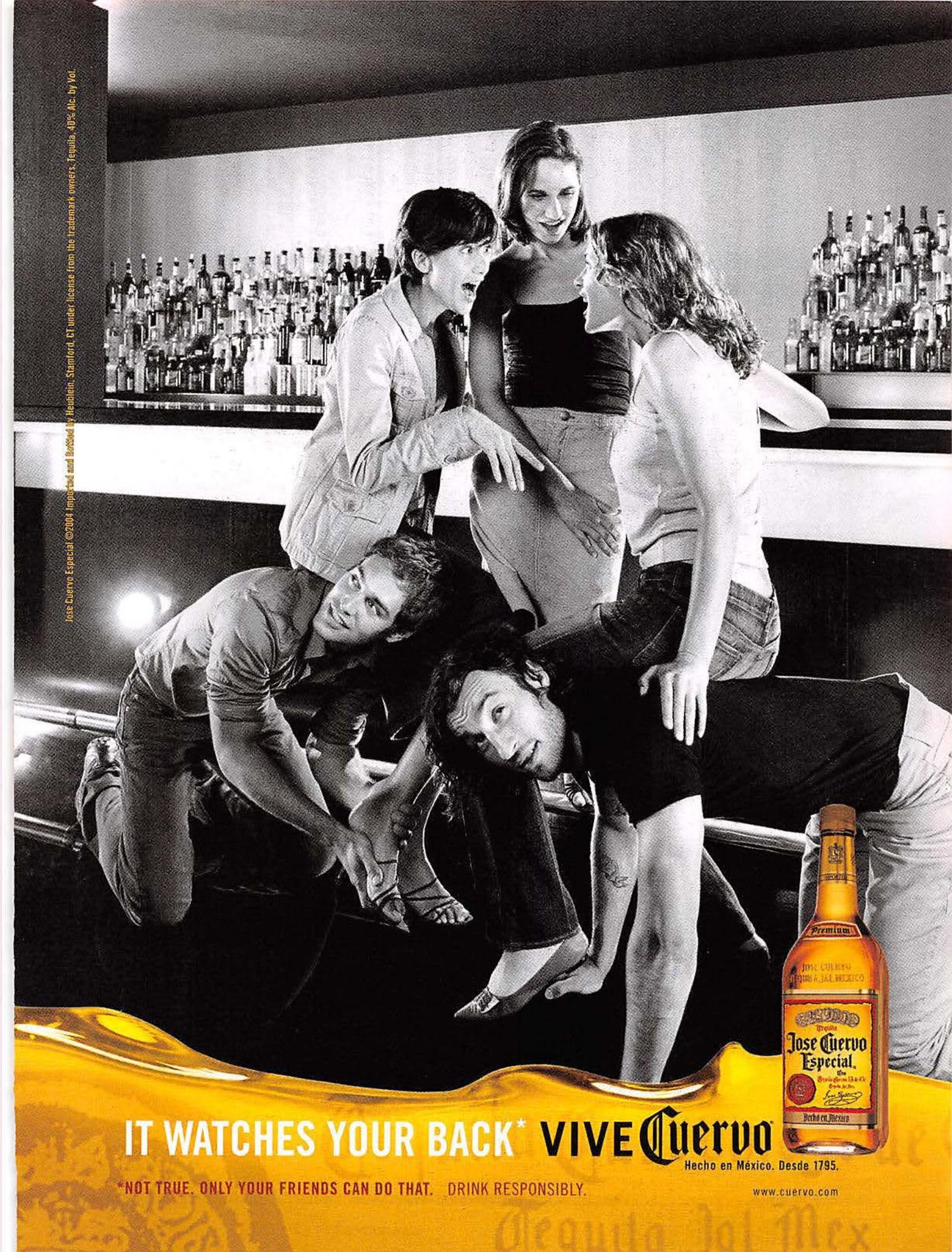
E-mail 'em to ask@maximonline.com. Oi!

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BARD TO THE BONE

Learn Shakespeare's most important works in 10 minutes—and save \$80,000 on a college degree! BY JOHN WALSH



1. HAMLET Hamlet's dad's ghost is all, "I was murdered!" To prove it, Hamlet stages a play, and his batshit girl, Ophelia, offs herself. His Uncle Claudius fesses to the murder...but Hamlet opts to kill him later. Hammy's mom is poisoned, Hamlet and Ophelia's bro croak by sword, and Hamlet shanks Claude. All die.

2. KING LEAR This guy Lear wants to retire. After banishing his youngest daughter, Cordelia, Lear splits her inheritance between his two older, kiss-ass girls, Goneril and Regan. To speed things up, they drive him nuts. Cordelia tries to save him but gets the noose; Lear's so sad he dies. The uplifting part? The sisters die, too.

3. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM Lovers Hermia and Lysander elope, with stalkery Demetrius chasing Hermia and Helena chasing him. They're joined by the bickering Fairy King and Queen, and peon fairy Puck casts spells so they all wake up coupled—Hermia with Lysander, Helena with Demetrius.

4. MACBETH A trio of witches tell war hero Macbeth that he'll be king. He tells his *Dynasty*-style wife, who gets him to kill the reigning king, Duncan. Paranoid someone will do the same to him, he starts taking out his enemies. Then Duncan's son Malcolm gets an army to kill Mac, and he gets Mac's head as a souvenir.

5. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Rich girl Portia has a *Bachelorette* contest. Bassanio borrows money from his boy Antonio to win her over. Tony's loan shark Shylock says, "Pay me back or give me a pound of flesh." (How *Se7en*.) Portia, dressed like a man, bluffs Shylock out of his plan with her dazzling legalspeak.

6. HENRY V Former party boy turned leader Henry distracts people with foreign wars. (Sound familiar?) The lame new king invades France, finally winning at the battle of Agincourt, then meets and marries Princess Katherine of France. She learns comically that some innocent English words are filthy in frog-language.



7. AS YOU LIKE IT

Duke Senior and Orlando get screwed over by their respective dick brothers and split town; Duke's daughter Rosalind is banished and follows, um, in drag. Orlando longs for Rosalind, whom he doesn't recognize. Much mistaken-identity wackiness later, they fall in love and Duke gets his old job back.

8. TWELFTH NIGHT

Shipwrecked Viola dresses like a boy (theme?) named Cesario and works for Duke Orsino. Love triangle: Orsino likes Olivia, Olivia likes "Cesario," and Viola wants Orsino. A few setups go awry before Viola's supposedly dead brother turns up and does Olivia. Orsino marries Viola, and voilà!

9. ROMEO AND JULIET

The Montagues and Capulets are bloody *Sopranos*-esque rivals. So, of course, heir kids fall in love. Juliet fakes her death to avoid marrying some stiff. Romeo thinks she's really dead and kills himself before she wakes up from her drug-induced coma. So then she stabs herself. Ah, love.

10. RICHARD II

Young, greedy King Richard sucks at his job. When the Duke of Lancaster dies, Richard spends the inheritance instead of giving it to the Duke's son, Henry, who's been banished. When Henry shows up to battle for his money, noble folks join Henry's army until Dick finally gives him the crown.

"Was it you who stole my piss pot, you mischievous scamp?"

TO ASK OR NOT TO ASK

WAS THERE A WILL?

Bone up on the best myths that still linger about the life of Shakespeare.

Did he smoke pot?

Clay pipes found at his house contained both blow and cannabis, plus the queen made landowners grow weed. And Sonnet 76 mentions a "noted weed." Du-u-u-de!

Did he write the King James Bible?

It was published when he was 46. The 46th word of the 46th psalm is *shake*. The 46th word from the end is *spear*. Coincidence? Probably.

Was he a fan of grab-ankle?

A sonnet praising a "lovely boy" may suggest he was gay. His wife and kids may suggest not.

But didn't he hate his wife?

In his will, the only thing he gave his wife, Ann, was his second-best bed. This may have been out of spite (they had a shotgun wedding), or it could have had sentimental value.

If he wasn't gay, was he a playa?

Sonnets to a "dark lady" make some believe he was an adulterer. (P.S. "Dark" usually meant a girl with black hair, not a Nubian queen.)

Did he exist at all?

Some say that since Shakespeare wasn't well-educated, he couldn't have written "his" plays in the first place. Various theories suggest the author was actually Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe, or even a woman (evidence: there's not one car chase in the plays).



WIN BARD BETS

Gay pirates, whorehouses, and more unlikely details at maximonline.com.



BODY SHOP



ASK DR. MAXIM

Listen up, sport: This month the good doctor breaks down five common athletic breakdowns.

BY ESTHER CRAIN

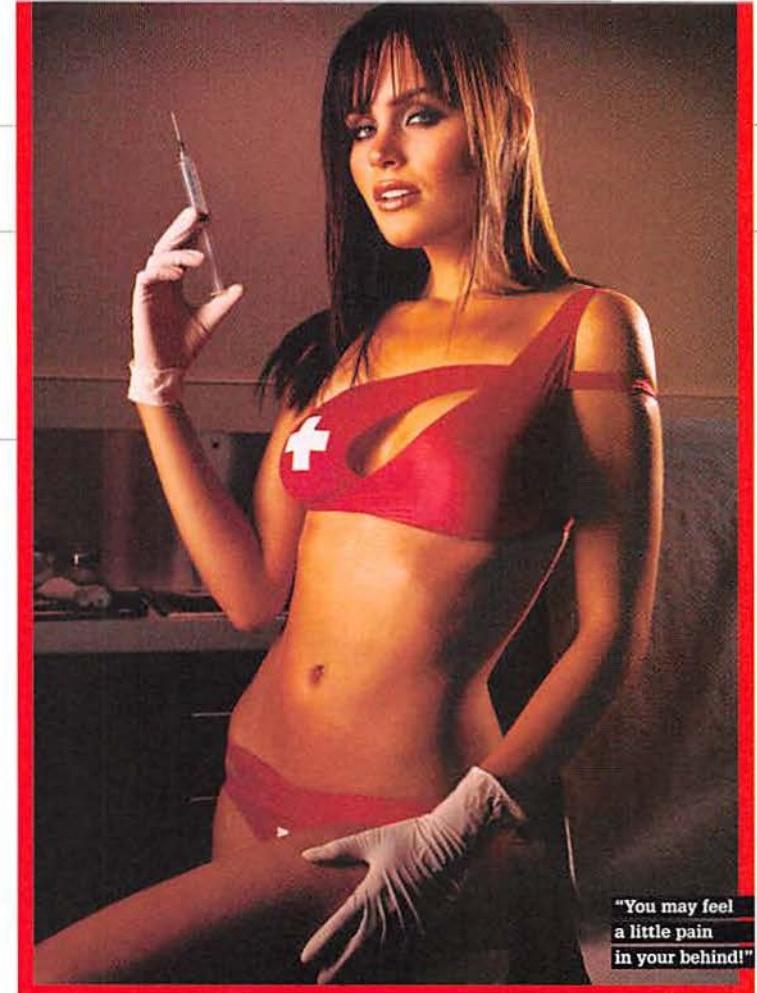
Bum knees. Swollen little sausage-feet. Like most part-time jocks past the legal drinking age, your system isn't bouncing back from wear and tear as easily as it once did. Look, we can't improve your pathetic pitching skills or that 20-minute mile, but this info may help.

1. DISLOCATED SHOULDER

It makes grown men cry like Red Sox: While ATV-ing, skiing, stealing third, or otherwise propelling your body along at a high rate of speed, you collide with a hard surface, and the impact wrenches your shoulder joint out of its socket. The good part? It hurts so much, you won't waste time debating whether to go to the doc. "Basically, it looks gross and feels terrible, and a doctor needs to put it back in right away," says Todd Schlifstein, M.D., a rehabilitation physician at NYU's School of Medicine.

To fix it this time: Once an M.D. has popped it back into place, the pain should cease (with some meds, natch). For the next month or so, you'll have to keep your shoulder in a sling, icing the Don Zimmer-like swelling several times a day. After a few weeks, you can begin excruciatingly painful rehab exercises.

To prevent recurrence: "This is usually a high-velocity trauma injury, so aside from trying to ward off falls and collisions, there's not much you can do," says Elton Strauss, M.D., chief of orthopedic trauma and adult reconstruction at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City. Ping-Pong, anyone?



"You may feel a little pain in your behind!"

2. PULLED HAMSTRING

Every Monday morning, an army of weekend warriors hobbles into work with this classic overuse injury. "The hamstring is actually four muscles that help you extend your thigh," says Dr. Strauss—it's the "propeller" mechanism that lets you run. But if your hammy isn't warmed up, any sudden stop-and-start motion can pull or tear the muscle fiber. Feel a stabbing pain in the back of your thigh? Swollen and stiff? Your hamstring has ripped. In some cases, you might not even be able to walk, or do competitive limbo.

To fix it this time: Follow the RICE protocol for the next 48 hours: Rest the muscle, Ice it, Compress it with a bandage, and keep it Elevated. "Too much ice contracts the muscle, which makes it harder for the tear to heal, so don't apply ice for more than 15 minutes at a time," adds Dr. Strauss. Start walking when it doesn't hurt, but keep a compression bandage on the muscle. You should be back to pregame condition in two to four weeks. As with any painful spot, applying heat to the muscle before you use it loosens the tissue and decreases the ouch.

To prevent recurrence: Warm up and gently stretch your 'strings for a good 20 minutes before you work out. "The more you stretch, the more elastic your hamstrings become," says Dr. Strauss. Now tell that to your girlfriend.

LI'L BONERS

Your skellington is made up of 206 different bones. These are five of the teeniest.



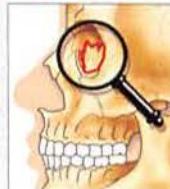
STIRRUP
The littlest bone in your body is the fellas in your ear that intensifies and transmits sounds, so you can hear every scrumptious note of that Richard Marx remix.



PISIFORM
This tiny, pealike bone is one of several in your wrist that glide around, allowing you to make delicate movements like your trademark worm-burper.



DISTAL PHALANGE
Why's that littlest piggy-toe bone there? Because something's got to absorb the blow when you kick the wall after the Buffalo Bills lose yet again.



LACHRYMAL
Your skull is actually made up of many fused bones—this li'l guy rocks your tear ducts while supporting your eyeball (physiologically, not emotionally).



COCCYGEAL VERTEBRAE
Vertebrae get smaller and smaller en route to your pathetic vestigial tail. "Less evolved" creatures can at least swat flies off their balls.—Jane Dryer

BODY BASICS



3. ANKLE SPRAIN

It's the number one sports injury—sprained ankles happen to runners, B-ballers, chicks in high heels...even Bobby Brady at the hands of Peter's tree house. The result is the same no matter what the cause: a wicked popping sound when you land on your foot wrong, then searing pain, swelling, and black-and-blue marks. "A sprained ankle is a tear in the ligaments that support the joint," explains Jan Fronek, M.D., chief of sports medicine at the Scripps Clinic in San Diego and team doctor of the Padres. (And FYI: A strain is what happens to a muscle; a sprain happens to a ligament.)

To fix it this time: Stick to the RICE routine, keeping off the ankle till walking on it no longer hurts. (Feel free to stay home and watch *Dragon Ball*.) When you can walk, stabilize the joint with



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and take home 5 travel sizes
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SICK STATS

49

Germs per square inch on a toilet seat

25,127

Germs per square inch on your office telephone

2

Pints of beer it takes for a person to appear 25 percent more attractive to you

82

Percentage of women who wouldn't tell their boyfriend about an embarrassing condition like an STD

90

Percentage of Americans with herpes who don't know they're infected



"You're not a natural blonde? Stop! No way!"

an Ace bandage. If it still hurts after two weeks, see the doc to make sure it's not something worse, like a fractured or chipped bone.

To prevent recurrence: Reinforce your ladylike ankles with strength exercises. Do a few sets of calf raises daily, and ditch the hipster Chuck Taylors for supportive lace-up big-boy sneakers.

4. KNEE CARTILAGE TEAR

Sandwiched inside your knee are two cartilage-filled shock absorbers called the menisci. When you pivot your knee too far in one direction—swiveling to shoot a basket or U-turning for a soccer ball—the meniscus can tear. "As it rips, you'll probably hear a clicking sound," says Dr. Schifstein. Now, this tearing business doesn't actually hurt too bad, because there aren't many nerve receptors there, so you'll likely keep pounding away. After a few hours, your knee will swell, stiffen, and maybe even lock up, cluing you in that something's wrong. Then the pain will start. Too bad you won't be able to walk!

To fix it this time: RICE your knee, and if it hurts after a few days, get an MRI to see if any ligaments were busted as well. Best-case scenario: It heals in a few weeks. Worst case? You need surgery to mend the tear in the cartilage. **To prevent recurrence:** Build up your quads and hamstrings so they can support your knee next time you shift position on the court. Calf raises, squats, or bending at the knee to pick up litter on the highway will help.

5. GOLFER'S ELBOW/TENNIS ELBOW

Officially called epicondylitis, this is largely the result of a shitty tennis backhand or a lame golf swing. "Tennis players tear the tendon on the outside of the forearm, while golfers tear it on the inside," says Dr. Fronk. And it's not just for preppy sports. Any elbow- or wrist-related exercise, like lifting weights, batting, or even—yes, even *that*—can do it. The pain and swelling start a few days after you've humiliated yourself with your clumsy form. After four or five days of

tenderness around the elbow or when you flex your wrist, it clears up... just in time for you to reinjure it the following weekend.

To fix it this time: RICE, RICE baby. Or pop pills. "Because it's an inflammation injury, an anti-inflammatory painkiller will help relieve pain," says Dr. Schifstein. (Don't get excited: Advil counts.) Wear a sleeve or a compression bandage to keep the area warm. You can also rub on the nonathlete's best friend, Ben-Gay, to speed healing and keep the tendon flexible.

To prevent recurrence: Strengthen your tendon by extending a soup can out in front of you with your gimp arm 10 times in a row. Then invest in a medical device we call "lessons" so you can find out how you're actually supposed to play your sport. Go get 'em, champ! □



GOT A HEALTH QUESTION?

Submit your questions on the Grit channel at maximonline.com.

HOW TO

INVENT A SHOCKING SPORTS INJURY

Nobody wants to hear the pathetic truth behind your weekend warrior injury. Here's what to tell your coworkers instead.

1. THE TRUTH: Performing the Tom Cruise *Risky Business* underwear dance, you strained a hamstring sliding across the floor. **YOUR LINE:** "I was stretching a triple into a round-tripper and had to hook-slide. I was safe, but blew out the hammy."

2. THE TRUTH: After your girlfriend sent your didn't-call-to-check-in ass to the couch, you barked your shin on the coffee table on your way there. **YOUR LINE:** "I rolled my buddy's Harley trying to slide under an 18-wheeler. Most of me made it!"

3. THE TRUTH: You overdid the Jäger shots at your friend's deck party, and your head feels like it's being run through a concrete mixer. **YOUR LINE:** "I was helping break up a gang fight and a cop accidentally frapped me with his night stick."

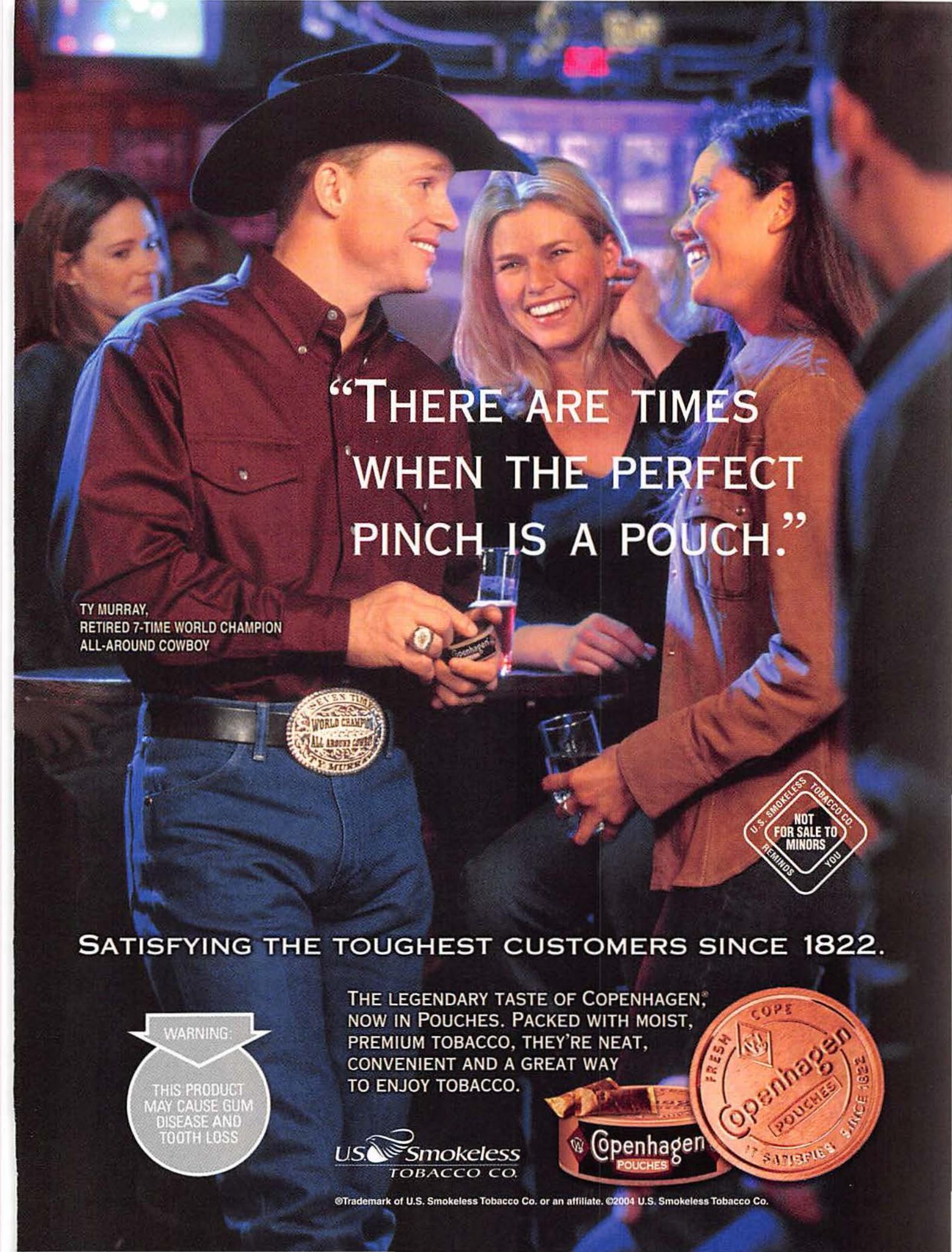


Never try to steal cookies from a Girl Scout troop

4. THE TRUTH: One of your "drives" at the golf range ricocheted off the metal stall divider and hit you in the mouth, splitting your lip and chipping a front tooth. **YOUR LINE:** "Put it thith way—bounthers are tough when itth two on one."

5. THE TRUTH: Your girlfriend went away for the weekend, and somehow your wrist hurts like a bastard come Monday morning. **YOUR LINE:** "I caught the rabid Dobie by the collar, but as he flew past me trying to leap off the speedboat..."

6. THE TRUTH: A PETA leafleteer with green hair burrowed a bloody channel in your cheek with her nose stud while you were making out. **YOUR LINE:** "I wish I could tell you... but you know the first rule of Fight Club." —Ken Gee



"THERE ARE TIMES
WHEN THE PERFECT
PINCH IS A POUCH."

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ALL-AROUND COWBOY



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SMALLER THAN... HIROKI'S SUSHI HOG!

Cofounder of *The Guinness Book of World Records*, Norris McWhirter died last April. Our little tribute...

1. RECORD RECORDER

The world's smallest alto recorder is about an inch—sorry, trite jokes about your penis are beneath us.

2. GLOM THUMB

This marmoset's *not* the smallest monkey (that's a tarsier), but he's equally tasty buttered and salted.

3. THIN LIZARD

The leaf chameleon can change colors and camouflage itself. Why bother? It's too damn tiny to see anyway.

4. MICROSHIP

Arrr... the smallest bottled ship makes for fun on those lonely nights at sea.

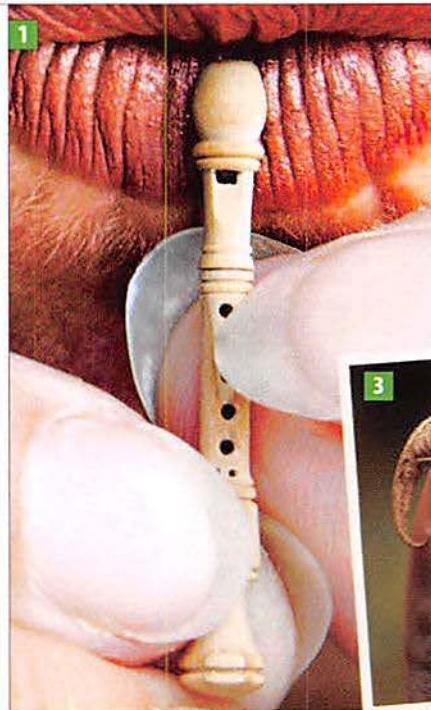
5. SPOT ROD

At 5 mm in length, the most compact car on the planet can Thelma & Louise it off the matchstick at .22 mph.

6. SPECK MATE

This fully functional, 1.25-inch chess set is perfect for mental midgets like yourself.

1



"Five peanuts to have
my brain electrocuted?
Where do I sign up?"

5



Great fuel economy
but lousy legroom

3

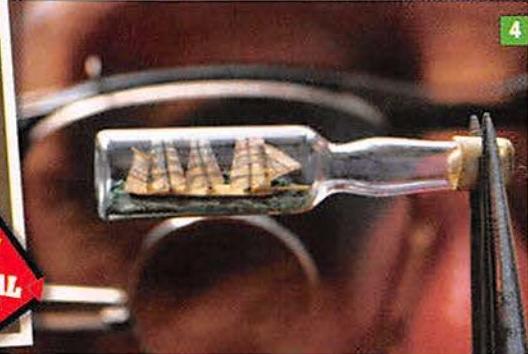


ACTUAL
SIZE

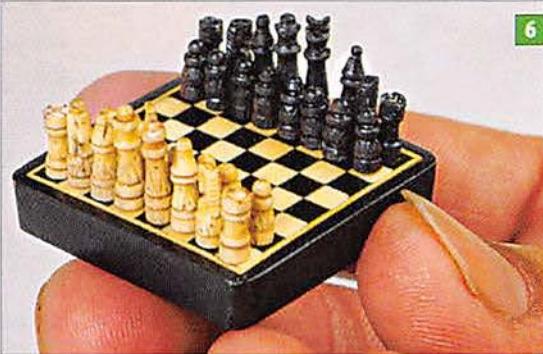
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4



6

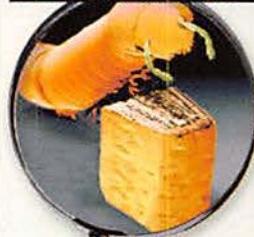


SCOPE IT OUT

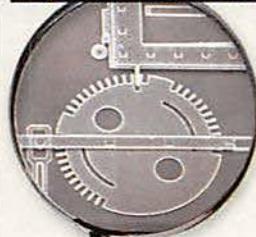
NANO, NANO

Think the items above are bitty? Even ants make dick jokes about stuff this small.

The smallest published book...
Damn! No Cliffs Notes yet.



A combo lock gear, as tiny as
the period at the end of this...



Yep, that's a sub inside an
artery. Launch torpedo one!



The world's tiniest john is two
nanometers wide. Don't fall in!



HALLE BERRY



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WARNER BROS. PICTURES PRESENTS

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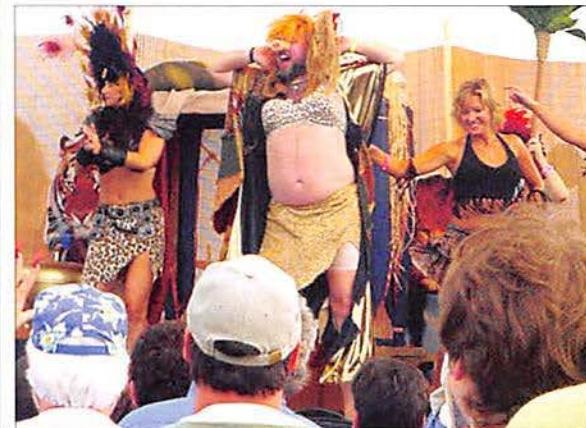
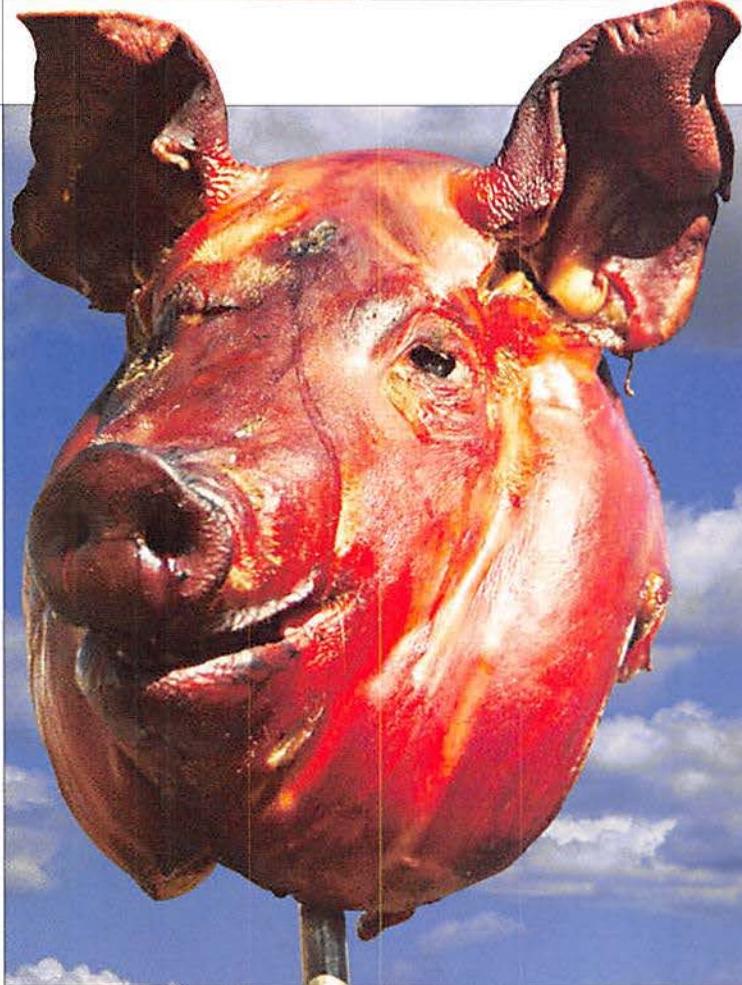
PRODUCED BY DENISE DI NOVI, EDWARD L. McDONNELL DIRECTED BY PITOF

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WARNER BROS. PICTURES



JULY



THE BROTHERHOOD OF PORK

It's the good, the bad, and the smoky as pro barbecue mix the laid-back art of grilling with the competitive flair of Iwo Jima.

Around 11 p.m., the sirens went off. A man ran into Mark West's tent, screaming in a frenzy. From the dark mouth of the harbor to the north end of Memphis, the sirens blared out like the London Blitz.

"I thought a nuclear bomb went off," says West.

It wasn't a bomb. It was a tornado, and the 250 tents clustered by the banks of the Mississippi lay directly in its path. But the people inside weren't going anywhere.

"Everybody hunkered down," says Chris Lilly, who was in a neighboring tent. The wind whipped by, sweeping rain in heavy sheets. Still they stayed put. Cops ran from tent to tent, ordering an evacuation.

"I had to decide whether to leave or hide out from the police," Lilly says. Reluctantly, he left. But not Myron Mixon. A brash, energetic Georgian, he wasn't going to let cops or tornadoes keep him from his destiny.

"I didn't care if I got arrested," Mixon says. "There was too much at stake." He sneaked

"It was like God was picking and choosing which BBQ He liked."

back into the tent city as police were making their rounds. Running through the rain and wind, he dodged cops, eventually reaching his tent. There, under a 10-by-20-foot nylon canopy, he found the thing he was risking his life for. Mixon checked the temperature, water level, and peach wood fire: all good. He smiled. Inside a six-foot-tall stainless-steel cooker, he had a giant whole hog, smoking perfectly.

All through the night, Mixon watched as high winds plucked tents off the ground and sent them flying. "You'd see one tent blown away, and the one right next to it would be untouched," he says. "It was like God was picking and choosing which BBQ He liked."

The tornado's white funnel appeared just across the river but never touched down. The next day Myron Mixon and his Jack's Old South team took first place in the Whole Hog division, with a \$6,000 bounty. But Chris Lilly, chief cook for the Big Bob Gibson Bar-B-Q team, took first in Pork Shoulder and won the overall grand prize: more than \$20,000.

A war of meat

That was last year's Memphis in May BBQ contest. Dubbed the Super Bowl of Swine, it features 250 different teams competing for more than \$60,000 in prize money at a park packed with more than 90,000 barbecue fans (yes, *fans*) from around the globe. Then there's the American Royal Barbecue, an equally huge competition in October, with nearly 400 teams and more than \$65,000 in prizes, sanctioned by the Kansas City Barbeque Society (KCBS). Each organization has its own rules, practices, and circuit of minor-league competitions. There's a bitter rivalry: Kansas City circuit people consider themselves purists, with judges scoring BBQ in anonymous taste tests. They say Memphis is about selling as much as cooking, because part of the score ►

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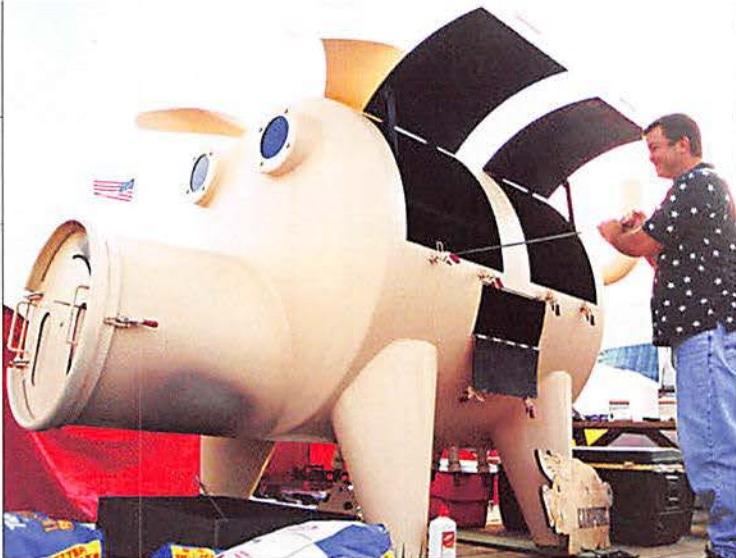
Custom grills go hog-wild at American Royal (right); Mixon finally smiles (far right)

comes from a "meat and greet" session where each cook personally presents a piece of hog to the judge, describing how he cooked it.

"Everyone has his own line," says one BBQ competitor, who asked, with a straight face, that we not use his name. "One guy got a load of wood that was warped, so he told the judge it was special 'curly wood' he used for flavor. Another guy burnt the outside of his hog, so he acted like it was a special blackened hog. The feud has calmed down a little, but it's been a total bitch fight."

Paul Satterfield, media relations chairman of American Royal, isn't afraid to talk trash about Memphis: "It's not a true culinary competition. They're the Tonya Harding of BBQ."

But Memphis loyalists don't seem to mind. "We like entertaining," says Mark West of Mississippi's Natural Born Grillers. "We made a



The Memphis-Kansas City feud has been a total bitch fight.

lot of friends in the circuit. We thought about doing KCBS, but it just wouldn't be the same."

Enter the Gandhi of barbecue, "Fast Eddy" Maurin. He first got into the circuit because he liked making stuff that smoked—in the late 1970s, he built and raced dune buggies.

"Racing was great, but it was *really* expensive," he says. "A drug habit would have been cheaper." In the early 1990s, he started building wood-pellet ovens for BBQ teams and restaurants, and took them on the circuit to test them out. In 2002 he launched the American Barbeque Association (ABA). "I wanted to reflect what was going on in people's backyards," he says, including gas grills, which are banned by Kansas City. He wanted meat to bring people together, not drive them apart. It was a beautiful dream, but divisions in BBQ run deep. The ABA has no contests this

year, and teams competing in both Memphis and Kansas City are few and far between.

A higher calling

"I smoked a lot of weed in high school," explains Ray "Dr. BBQ" Lampe, a board member of KCBS. "I didn't want to take anything too hard, so I took a cooking class. Plus, all the girls were there." From these humble beginnings, one of the world's premier barbecueers was born. In 1982 he entered his first contest.

"It was a bunch of people cooking and drinking in a parking lot," says Lampe. "All the judges were sloppy drunk. I thought, *I'll fit right in.*" Lampe competed as a hobby while driving trucks in a fleet he inherited from his father. Then, in 1993, he started winning.

"It became a rabid obsession," he admits. Meanwhile, a new generation of truckers ►

THIS HAM IS YOUR HAM

UNITED STATES OF AMERIPORK

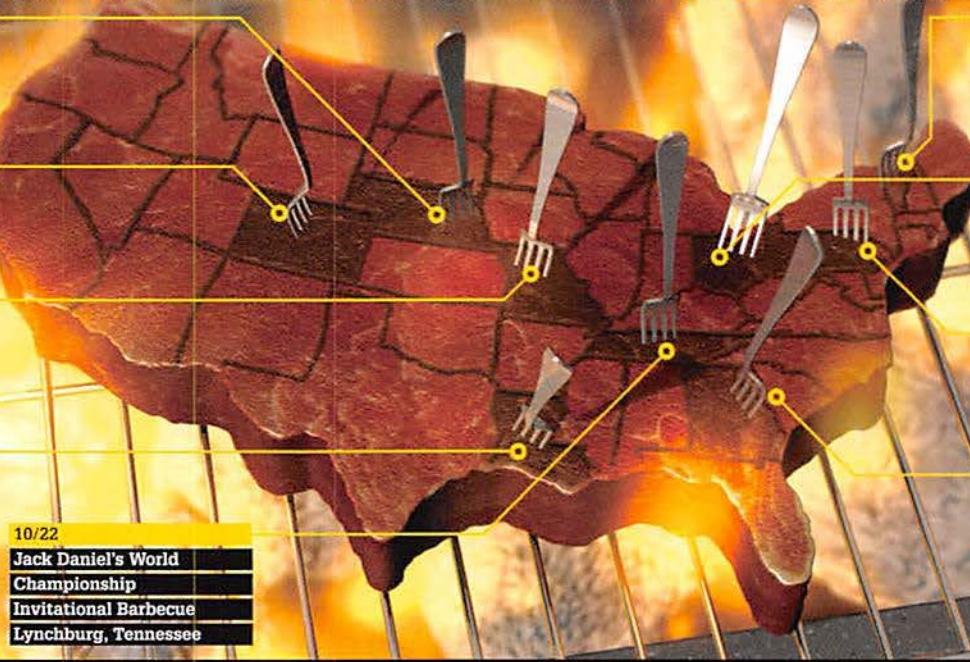
No matter where you are, there's someone slow-cooking a slab of meat with your name on it. Now git!

9/24
State BBQ
Championship
Nebraska of
Omaha, Nebraska

7/30
Rocky Mountain
BBQ
Championship
Denver, Colorado

9/30
American
Royal Barbecue
Kansas City,
Missouri

9/24
Bowie BBQ Duel
Vidalia, Louisiana



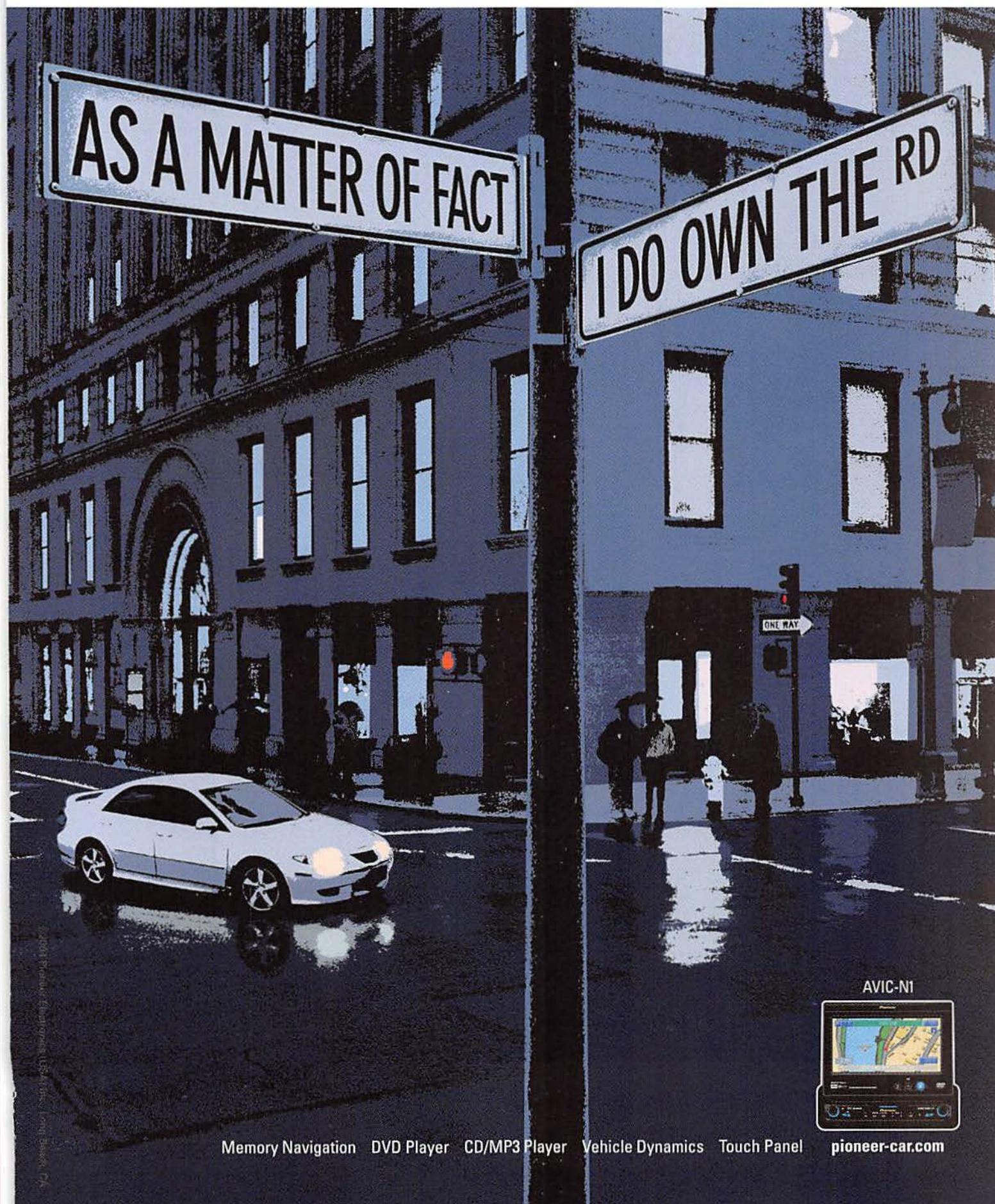
7/24
Harpoon New
England BBQ
Championships
Windsor, Vermont

10/14
Ohio Smoked
Meat and
Barbecue Festival
Nelsonville, Ohio

8/27
Summer Fest
Barbecue Cookoff
New Holland,
Pennsylvania

8/6
Dillard Bluegrass
& Barbecue
Festival
Dillard, Georgia

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WINE & DINE



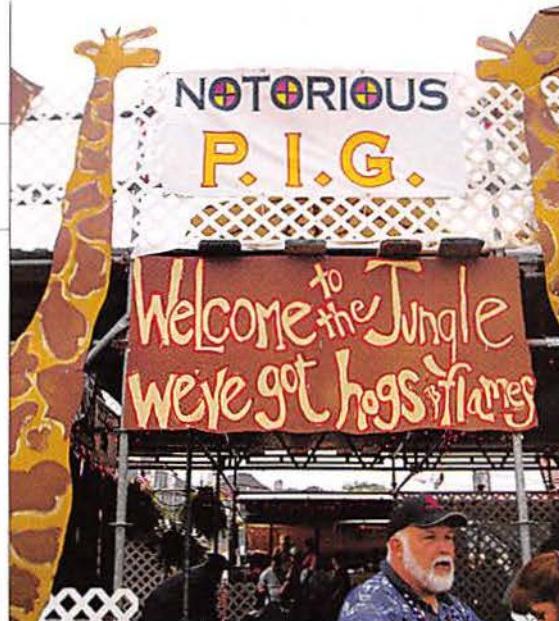
Fast Eddy with his chick magnets (above); Memphis in May 2004 (right)

was forcing him out of the business. The day after Christmas 2000, he got a tattoo on his wrist of a watch set to 5:01—for Lampe it was quitting time. He started traveling as Dr. BBQ, competing and teaching classes.

"I've pissed away my life savings," he says. "But there's light at the end of the tunnel." Lampe has a cookbook coming out next year.

For John David Wheeler of Natural Born Grillers, renting a spot at Memphis runs more than \$2,300; meat, equipment, travel, and hotel fees boost the bill to \$10,000—and that's just one contest. They cut costs by catering, but winning is everything. Most teams have restaurants, sauces, or cookbooks, and the top trophy can mean the difference between a steady influx of barbecue-crazed customers and bankruptcy.

"It would be a shot in the arm," admits Garry Roark, head of Ubon's, from Yazoo City, Mississippi. His team took second



'I've pissed away my life savings.'

last year in Pork Shoulder, but now the stakes are much higher. For 31 years, Roark was a technician for Mississippi Chemical Corp. while selling his late father Ubon's BBQ sauce on the side. Last year Mississippi Chemical went bankrupt, and Roark got laid off. Within a week he had bought a place to start his own restaurant. It opens right after this year's contest, and he needs the publicity.

But first he has to beat Chris Lilly, whose pork shoulder has won five years in a row. Lilly and his father-in-law, Don McLemore, are defending the reputation of their family business, which goes back to 1925, when McLemore's grandfather, a 300-pound giant named Big Bob Gibson, dug a pit, nailed a table together, and sold BBQ to railway workers in Decatur, Alabama. Busy running restaurants, they don't compete in many contests. They pick about six a year—just the big ones—and scoring high at Memphis is crucial.

Illustration By Jon Rogers

HOW TO

GRILL THE PERFECT RIBS

Dr. BBQ's ultimate recipe for ribs so good they taste like they're ripped right out of the pig!

- 1/4 cup salt
- 1/4 cup seasoned salt
- 1 cup Sugar in the Raw
- 1/2 cup granulated brown sugar
- 1/2 cup chili powder
- 2 tbs. coarse ground black pepper
- 1/2 tbs. cayenne pepper
- 1 tsp. ground sage
- 1 tsp. ground thyme



1. Mix all the dry rub ingredients together and put them in a shaker with slightly enlarged holes (available at any good restaurant supply shop). Sprinkle your concoction liberally on the ribs.



2. Grill over low, indirect heat (on a charcoal grill, push the coals to either side and put an aluminum pan in the center) for 1 1/2 to two hours, but eyeball it—take the ribs off when they're just caramelized.



3. Dump the ribs in a pan with one cup of apple juice, glaze 'em with honey, cover with foil, and bake in an oven at 325° for 45 minutes to an hour. (Sure, it's cheating, but for the best ribs on Earth, you can get over it.)



4. Throw the ribs back on the grill for a quick five to 10 minutes at the end; then brush with Dr. BBQ's Bonesmokers Honey BBQ Sauce (drbbq.com) to finish them off. Let 'em sit for five minutes, then dig in!

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INSIDEWINSTON.COM

Chipotle

It's pronounced chee-POHT-lay. And, no, it's not a crazy new variety of pepper — it's a vine-ripened RED jalapeño, slow-smoked over pecan wood. What's crazy is how differently you use it. TABASCO® brand Chipotle Pepper Sauce can be sprinkled as a condiment, poured like a steak sauce and used as a meat marinade or basting sauce.



MARINADE

To get the most flavorful kick, pour half a bottle over uncooked meat and let sit in the fridge for 15 to 30 minutes.



BASTING

Mix 4 tablespoons Chipotle Sauce with 2 tablespoons honey or molasses and brush on during the last 5 minutes of grilling.



QUICK FIX

Add a good measure to your favorite BBQ sauce or canned baked beans for a smoky flavor twist.

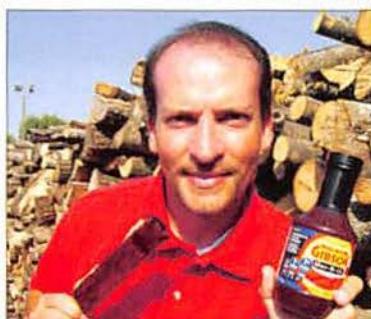
SO, POUR IT ON!

New TABASCO® Chipotle Pepper Sauce has the perfect balance of smoked flavor and heat, so it's something the whole crowd will enjoy. You'll find more great recipes, shopping, screensavers, postcards and fun at TABASCO.com. Shop online for food, apparel and gift ideas or call 1-800-634-9599 for our free TABASCO® Country Store Catalogue.



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WINE & DINE



"Everybody's gunning for Big Bob's," Lilly admits. "We'll do our best, but the streak will come to an end someday. People would love to take that title away." No one more than Myron Mixon, who is defending his Team of the Year title, earned by racking up points at contests across the country. BBQ's iron man, Mixon has over 900 trophies under his belt.

"My team is a bunch of damn barbecue warriors," he says. But he has his own challenger: Natural Born Grillers. "We almost caught Mixon last year," says Mark West. Their weapon is the Big Show, a 35-foot trailer loaded with freezers, fryers, and sinks. It can literally cook for thousands. Mixon isn't afraid.

"We've been Team of the Year five years in a row," he boasts. "If you want to be the man, you've got to beat the man."

Babe: the final conflict

"Welcome to Memphis in Mud," someone calls out. It's Friday at Memphis in May 2004, and rain has turned the ground to soup. But with fountains of beer, the pervasive smell of smoking meat, and an army of cooks putting out plates of food, the muck somehow makes it better. Crowds follow their noses from tent to tent, and you can't talk to a stranger for a minute without him saying, "Can we feed ya?"

Myron Mixon is actually brooding. There's a lull while he cooks his hogs, but a lot of things could go wrong. The judging can seem random, and one of his smokers is fairly new.

"Second place is the first loser," he barks.

Chris Lilly turns in early. When you have a good smoker and a good piece of meat, he says, you have to leave it alone. "Inject it, rub it, put it on, and forget about it," he says, imparting a valuable lesson on life.

By Saturday morning, the party is over. Everywhere people are polishing silverware

'Second place is the first loser,' Mixon barks.

Memphis (clockwise from top left):
Don't ask, don't squeal; hungry masses;
BBQ master Chris Lilly; just sad.

and sweeping up. At 11 o'clock, motorized carts bring judges to every corner of the park.

Lilly is a master of the game. He takes each judge in, showing them the pignut hickory that fires the meat, his special blend of seasonings. Every gesture is controlled, every comment poised. As he handles dish after dish, he changes gloves like a surgeon. After Lilly sets the glistening pork shoulder on the table, he does his signature move: deftly pulling out a rope-size strand of meat that comes all the way out from the bone in the center, holding together perfectly. It's more than a cool trick—it's his killing move.

Where Lilly is sweet, Mixon is vinegary. His tent is bare except for a table and stools. He's brusque and businesslike. As Mixon shows each judge his smoker, lets them try the spice, and serves them pieces of meat, it's clear his no-nonsense style is just a different package.

That night Mixon and Lilly each win first place—Lilly in Shoulder and Mixon in Whole Hog. Lilly has kept up his streak, but Mixon wins Grand Champion. Cameras pop as he holds the oversize \$22,000 check and smiles for the first time since the contest began.

A team of chefs from Sweden approach Lilly; they want to fly him to their restaurant. The next day, Myron Mixon buys another whole hog for a catering job in Nashville.

"I'm the barbecue man," Mixon says. "It's what I do." M

NO, SERIOUSLY,
YOU USE IT AS A MARINADE.



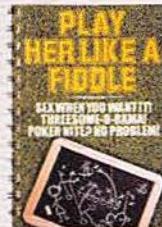
Introducing the first pepper sauce from
TABASCO® that you can SHAKE or POUR on.

WIN YOUR GIRL'S MIND GAMES

Wish you could get your own way without her throwing a fit? Rosie Amodio explains how to skip the drama altogether.

Recently I was hanging up the pants my fiancé had carelessly tossed on the floor when I wondered, *Why am I doing this?* Then it came to me: He had convinced me that picking up after him was a sweet gesture that showed I loved him. This must've appealed to my inner nurturer, because after two years, instead of carping at him about his slob ways, I'm hanging up his pants—with a smile!

The next time your girlfriend tries to railroad you with one of her guilt trips or other patented mind games, you too can manipulate the situation so you wind up getting your way. I know, I know...you're thinking if you win this one, you'll have to pay in blood later. But trust me: You can get us to see your side of things...if you know how to sell it to us. Yes, your girl may suspect you're pulling a fast one, but follow these carefully crafted schemes and you'll still seem like the good guy.



Shirt happens,
man. Just not
today.



The dream: Get out of boring home-improvement plans.

The plan: Strategically bail.

Sure, you agreed to help her caulk the bathroom, but that was *before* you got Padres tickets. Blowing her off will get you a week in the doghouse, so create a scheduling conflict and get her blessing by showing off your good (if fictional) characteristics. (a) You're reliable. Invent a patsy, like a just-dumped friend who needs a "date" for a family wedding or a boss who asked you to pinch-hit on a Monday-morning report. This just goes to show how much all your friends and colleagues know they can count on you. (b) You're sensible. When she goes, "But you *promised*," say that, yes, you did; however, the bathroom will still be there next week, but you need to act *now* for your job's/friend's sake. (c) You're responsible. Give her a rain check and pray she cashes it at a more convenient time. Since you're not totally shirking the job, you skip the "you're a flake!" fight. (d) You're loving. Make a pithy gesture to show how "sorry" you are that you had to reschedule. Picking up a brownie or a book she likes is a small price to pay for a Saturday off. The ▶

NO
WAY.

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*MSRP \$14,530 MAZDA3i 4-Door, as shown. MSRP \$16,895 MAZDA3s 4-Door with Sport Package excludes \$520 destination, tax, title and license fees. [†]Seating surfaces upholstered in leather except for leather-look vinyl on seat side panels, rear sides of seatbacks and other minor areas.

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SMOOTH LINES AHEAD

OPERATOR'S DICTIONARY

Honesty is the best policy—if you want your balls busted.



Sherry Amatenstein, author of *The Q&A Dating Book*, suggests some painless ways to break bad news.

IF YOU WANT TO SKIP SOME LAME EVENT:

SAY: "I am so-o-o going to make this up to you, but..."

NOT: "Guess who got a visit from the Better Offer Fairy?"

TO WEASEL OUT OF THE COMMITMENT TALK:

SAY: "I'm not ready for a commitment, but I'm not interested in dating any other woman but you..."

NOT: "Look, sleeping with

other women behind your back is already stressful enough."

TO GET HER TO TRY A FREAKY THING IN BED:

SAY: "You're so hot! I've never trusted a girl enough to ask her to..."

NOT: "You've gained 20 pounds. Can you really afford to say no?"

TO HIDE THAT YOU'RE DRESSED AS A WOMAN:

SAY: "Hi! I'm Cindy."

NOT: "Mmm...can I get a hit of that concealer?"

—Will Phung

end game is that she'll be so distracted by your flurry of good qualities, she's likely to overlook that her tub still leaks. Suck!

"Sometimes my boyfriend is purposely vague about what he has to do," says Janine, 29. "When I try to find out more, he'll ask me to help him pick out a shirt or pretend to be interested in gossip so I start going off. He's a master at throwing me off my detective urges."

The dream: You want to splurge on a big, selfish purchase.**The plan: Say it's for "us."**

So your girlfriend foolishly thinks you should be saving for something "practical" (ahem, like a ring), while you're lustful after a new Treo. To get her to encourage your wanton spending, convince her that you're making sacrifices, too—exaggerate, say, how much you saved by cutting down on guys' nights last month. That way she won't feel like she's the only one your penny pinching is affecting. Part two: Explain that the purchase will help your relationship. (Hint: Mention this before she starts complaining about your purchase—

then you just sound pathetically defensive.) Women can't resist swooning when they think a guy's doing something nice or showing his "commitment"—even if it's just to his sound system. If it's a Treo, muse about how much more you two will be in touch once you have your phone and e-mail in one—no more forgetting one or the other at home. If it's a stereo part, wax romantic about how much less cranky you'll be when you can drown out the neighbors with your Simple Kid MP3. If it's a stripper mistress' coke habit you're trying to finance? Just keep quiet. To finish off this ploy, ask her what obscenely priced shoes or cookware she wants you two to save up for after you've made your buy. Dangle that in front of her and she'll be begging you to head to Best Buy. Mission accomplished.

"My boyfriend spends money like water on CDs. Then when it's time for dates, he's broke," says Karina, 27. "I'm always complaining, but once he burned a CD with all these great songs. It didn't change the fact that he blew 200 bucks on music that month, but it did make me feel like he was thinking about me."

Get your shoe off the couch, goddamn it!



NOT ALL SPIES ARE
CREATED EQUAL.



OWN DIE ANOTHER DAY ON SPECIAL EDITION DVD.

Pierce Brosnan and Halle Berry make action-adventure sexier than ever in "the savviest and most exciting Bond adventure in years" (*Entertainment Weekly*). This explosive 2-disc Special Edition DVD features director's commentary, a music video, top-secret MI6 files and more.

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Written by NEAL PURVIS & ROBERT WADE · Produced by MICHAEL G. WILSON and BARBARA BROCCOLI · Directed by LEE TAMAHORI

"Die Another Day" Performed by MADONNA

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HOW TO

DIAGNOSE WHIPPERY

Think you're in charge? Double-check.

1. TREMORS

Playa: You move in together to have perma-booty access. Getting some rocks!

Played: You wake up early to shower before she gets in the mood and you have to get all sweaty-like.

3. DRY MOUTH

Playa: You brag that your old lady never calls you when you're out by yourself.

Played: She's so lax because you call and check in at least every two hours.

5. TINNITUS

Playa: She yells at you to turn down the music, and you scream, "Hey, I can't hold back the rock!"

Played: She calls your mom, who threatens to withhold electric bill money until you act civilized. (You do.)

2. DROWSINESS

Playa: You talk her into going to a game for your anniversary.

Played: She pouts so much that two nights later you accompany her to the ballet. The all-male ballet.

4. SWEATING

Playa: You have drinks with an ex and wifey's no wiser.

Played: When she asks how your day was, you get wildly paranoid and blurt out an admission.



Winner gets a pile of worthless plastic chips. Loser has to sponge-bathe Mom.

The dream: Have just-started-dating bathroom sex again.

The plan: Warm her up.

Remember when sex happened at times other than 11 P.M. on Fridays? There's a reason. At the beginning of your relationship, you were always thinking of each other, so by the time you saw each other, you tore your clothes off. But the less sex you think about, the less sex you have, and since women naturally think about sex less than you, there's a good chance she's regressed to her pre-you thought patterns. Don't worry—it's not that much work to fix. In fact, the less you do, the better. Just get her to *think* about sex more often via a three-pronged approach. First, touch her more when she's not expecting it (grab her knee under the table at brunch with friends or swat her butt as she leaves in the morning). Next, dirty up her mind. Forward her an e-mailed sex joke, or flip the TV to something racy while she's pretending to read. The last step? Get her incredibly horny...then turn her down. Before she gets home, perform the ol' hand shandy,



then grab her and kiss her when she arrives. Just as she thinks you're about to ravage her, smile and wander off. By giving up what seems like a rare opportunity to do her, you're actually securing an extra five opportunities this week. By the time you're ready for action again, she'll attack you on your way to bed. And the more sex women have, the more they want. You win.

"One night my guy and I kissed on the street for, like, 10 minutes after a fight," says Allison, 28. "I realized it had been forever since we'd really kissed. It's such a tease, especially if a guy lightly licks your bottom lip. I told him how hot it made me, and now whenever he does it he knows I'm going to be putty."

The dream: Ditch her endless family-and-friend obligations.

The plan: Phase out her B-list.

Clearly, you can never tell her you loathe those losers she calls college friends. But what you can do is gradually replace "them" with "you." This plan won't give you instant results, but it will eventually lead to Mom- and sorority-sister-free days. Your job is to channel your annoyance into faux

jealousy. Moan about how your lives are so harried with millions of plans. Then say that when you spend all your together time with other people, you don't get enough time with *just her*. The solution? By splitting up the obvious his-and-her friend stuff, you don't waste overlapping evenings on events where one of you is guaranteed to be bored. To really get her, say, "Down the road, there are going to be plenty of obligations we can't miss, and I don't want 'us' to get swallowed up by them now." She hears: "Future, future, future!!! You hear: 'You go to that lame housewarming; I'll get shitfaced.' Everybody wins, but more importantly, you do.

"Dylan used to get 'sick' the day of parties, and we'd fight every time," says Rosanna, 30. "Before my nephew's christening, he said, 'I know this is important to you, so I'll go, but I think we need to make sure we're carving out enough time to do stuff alone.' Putting it that way made me realize our social schedule needed to be more of 'ours' and less of 'mine.'" Now if only you can get her to plan biweekly girls' nights out...or weekly bi-girls' nights out. The sky's the limit, champ! ☺

NEW



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HOW TO HANDLE A HOTTE:

STEP ONE

Handling a hottie is like playing poker. Even with a great hand, you can't be too aggressive and scare away your desired opposition. Of course, in cards and with hotties, you can always win with nothing. All it takes is a little acting and a whole lot of cojones.



STEP TWO

Unless you're a real gunslinger, a hottie's first instinct may be to run away from you as fast as she can. But a true hottie handler knows how to rope her in and make sure she doesn't stray. Make sure you don't pull too hard, but hang on tight...you're in for a hell of a ride.



STEP THREE

The best make handling hotties look easy. They just shimmy onto maximonline.com and enter the Maxim & Hardee's Can You Handle A Hottie? Sweepstakes. Win a weekend trip to the final photo shoot in L.A. where you'll be the personal handler for our Maxim's Hometown Hottie Finalists!



For a complete set of official rules, please go to www.maximonline.com/contests

All the Entertainment You Need to Escape Reality

HOT ZONE



HIVE OF ACTIVITY

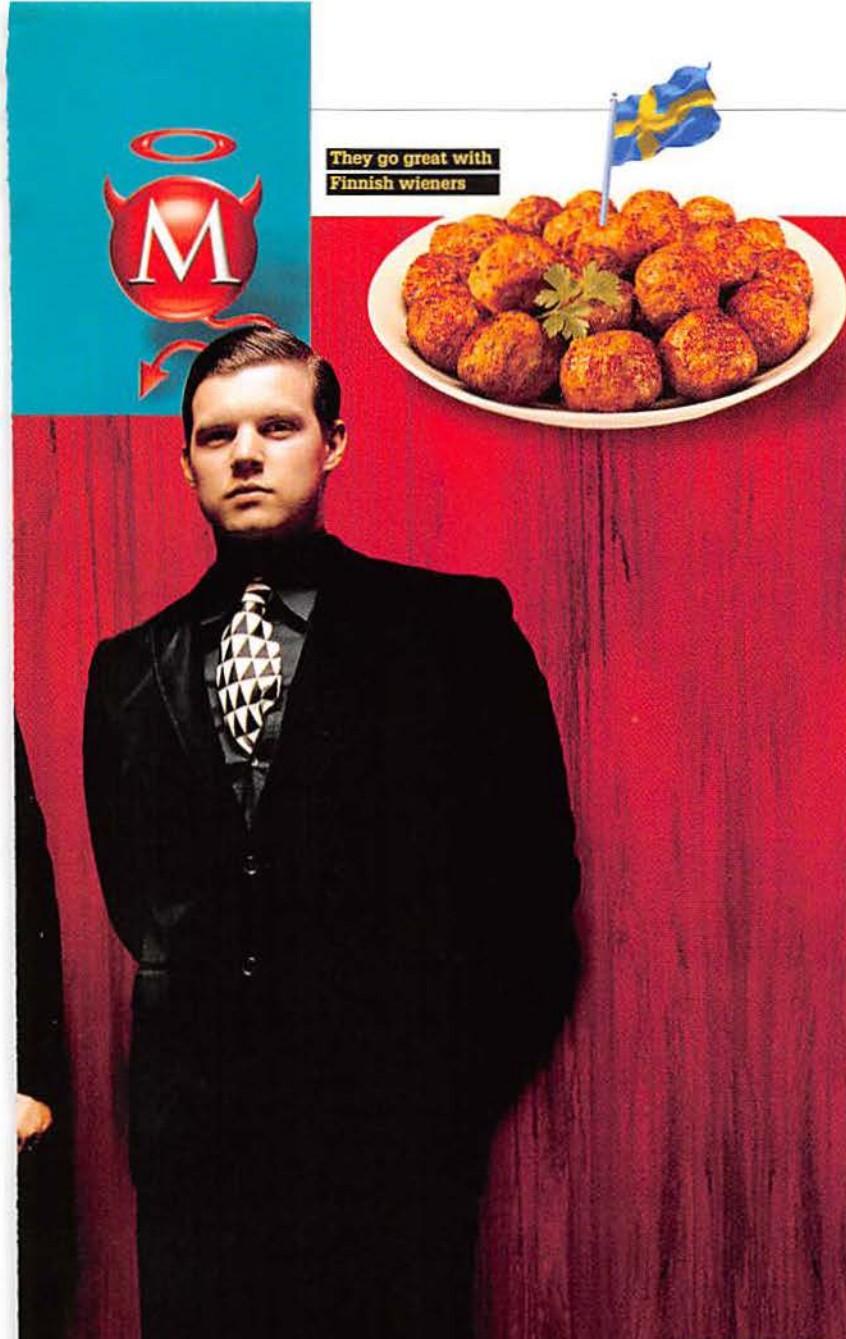
THE SWEDISH THING

The rockinest group to bust out of Sweden since Ace of Base, the Hives spearhead a rock'n'roll bum rush from meatballville.

Hives frontman Howlin' Pelle Almqvist knows what you think about Sweden. "It's all polar bears and naked chicks in the streets!" he says mockingly. "And we're depressed." Yep, that pretty much sums it up—or at least it did until the Hives' thrashy 2002 hit "Hate to Say I Told You So" ushered in a new cliché: Sweden, Garage Rock's Home Away From Home. The Hives' success also kicked down the door for a host of like-minded Swede musicians (see right). Nattily clad in matching black-and-

white suits, the Hives spit-shined the sounds of the Stooges, the Stones, and the Ramones, then delivered 'em with a manic strut that drew comparisons to the Strokes and the White Stripes. But as the Hives holed up to make their new album, *Tyrannosaurus Hives*, they began to abandon the garage punk that'd brought 'em. "The first phase was wanting to be a punk band playing '60s soul songs," Almqvist explains. "The second was wanting to be a new wave band playing '50s-style rock'n'roll.

But we missed the regular Hives' stuff." As a result, the new album doesn't stray too far from their trademark spastic, shout-along smashups. And the band's fashion sense remains steady, too. "We got our first set of suits really cheap," Almqvist explains. "We didn't have money, so we wore the same ones for a year until they turned green with mold. It was pretty disgusting. We'd have heat rash and get sick all the time." He laughs, "but we looked cool." —David Peisner



Man, this is the
hippest Catholic
school ever!

MORE HOT SWEDISH LOVE



1. SAHARA HOTNIGHTS
The equation:
'80s pop hooks +
'70s punk riffs +
sassy bad-girl
attitude = another
reason to love
Swedish women.
The latest: *Kiss & Tell* (RCA)



2. THE HELLOCOPTERS
The equation: '78
Camaro + Schlitz
+ seeing Cheap
Trick open for Kiss
= proof cock rock
never really died.
The latest: *By the
Grace of God* (Liquor & Poker Music)



**3. THE (INTERNATIONAL)
NOISE CONSPIRACY**
The equation:
MCS + Thin Lizzy
+ Karl Marx =
politically charged
rock'n'soul.
The latest: *Armed
Love* (American
Recordings)



4. THE SWEDISH CHEF
The equation:
Emeril Lagasse +
several additional
chromosomes =
incoherent foodie.
The latest:
Roasted pig with
fried frog's legs
topped with Gonzo

WHAT'S FUN THIS MONTH

MAIN EVENTS

AUGUST 3

■ Season one
of the David
Hasselhoff talking
car classic *Knight
Rider* arrives on
DVD today.



AUGUST 6

■ Rantoul, Illinois
hosts its annual
World Free Fall
Convention. So far
Tom Petty has not
been returning
phone calls.



AUGUST 9

■ Get some
nursing home
hotties to flash
you on the sure-
to-be-raucous
National Rice
Pudding Day!

AUGUST 10

■ Today might be
Lazy Day... or not.
Go look it up your-
self, Mr. Busybody.
We're gonna—yawn
—go lie down.



AUGUST 12

■ You'd better
start chugging
six-packs, inhaling
Buffalo wings, and
otherwise getting
yourself into tip-
top game shape,
rookie, 'cause the
NFL preseason
starts today.

AUGUST 13

■ *Alien vs. Predator* crashes onto
movie screens
nationwide. If it
bleeds money, we
can film it.

AUGUST 17

■ The classic SNK
arcade game *Metal
Slug* blasts its way
onto the Game Boy
Advance. What?
You were going to
do some reading
on your morning
commute? Don't be
silly. You've got
things to blow up.

AUGUST 20

■ Jet Li returns to
kick some ass—
artistically—in the
epic saga *Hero*.

AUGUST 24

■ Homoerotic
spandex fans
rejoice! *WWE Day
of Reckoning*
arrives
for the
GameCube.
Pin your
buddies to
the mat.

AUGUST 25

■ If you've cheated
on your girlfriend, no
worries—today is
Kiss-and-Make-Up
Day! Uh... just be
sure to wipe off that
lipstick before you
talk to her.



AUGUST 27

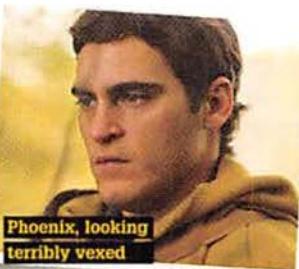
■ The most antici-
pated sequel since
Staying Alive, *Ana-
condas: The Hunt
for the Blood
Orchid* opens
today. Did they
get J.Lo back?

AUGUST 31

■ Catch Discovery
Channel's *Big!*
tonight at 9 P.M.
(EST). This show is
husky!



THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Get more movie reviews and
features at maximonline.com.



Phoenix, looking terribly vexed



Little Red Riding Hood's lesser-known sister, Mustard

> MAIN ATTRACTION

THE VILLAGE*Do M. Night movies shit in the woods? We'll see.***Out:** July 30**Director:** M. Night Shyamalan**Stars:** Joaquin Phoenix, Sigourney Weaver, William Hurt, Adrien Brody, Bryce Dallas Howard

The story: A tiny village populated by the kind of simple, homespun folk who exist only in fairy tales, historical theme parks, and Pennsylvania Dutch country realize that the truce they have with the strange creatures in the surrounding woods is about to come to an end. Phoenix volunteers to go into the forest in the hopes of finding a solution before things get bloody. Then things *really* get creepy.

The buzz: We're talking Night here, so you know that the townspeople, the woodland creatures, and the truce are not what they seem, and all will be revealed in a dramatic twist. But even if Shyamalan doesn't totally succeed (*Signs* may have ended on a lame note, but the buildup was masterful), he nonetheless makes it a helluva ride.

We're guessing: ★★★★

GET THIS!
Shyamalan actually wrote the first *Stuart Little* movie.

RATINGS:**SEAN CONNERY**
★★★★★**ROGER MOORE**
★★★★★**PIERCE BROSNAN**
★★★★★**GEORGE LAZENBY**
★★★★★**TIMOTHY DALTON**
★★★★★

> ALSO PLAYING

**THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**

Out: July 30 **Director:** Jonathan Demme
Why remake one of the best movies ever made? C'mon, Denzel and Demme: You guys can find better things to do with your talents.
We're guessing: ★★★★★

**ALIEN VS. PREDATOR**

Out: August 13 **Director:** Paul W.S. Anderson
"Your Alien is in my Predator movie!" "No, your Predator is in my Alien movie!" Hey, you're both right! So batty, it might work. Maybe.
We're guessing: ★★★★★

**THUNDERBIRDS**

Out: July 30 **Director:** Jonathan Frakes
The cheesy sci-fi TV series with the marionettes gets a live-action adaptation. It's aiming for the *Spy Kids* crowd, but, well, it's got Bill Paxton!
We're guessing: ★★★★★

**CATWOMAN**

Out: July 23 **Director:** Jean-Christophe Comar
It might not have much to do with the *Batman* character, but it does have a leather-clad Halle Berry with a whip. That's good enough for us.
We're guessing: ★★★★★

> DON'T MISS

**COLLATERAL***You can call this thriller Death Cab for Cruise-y. Or not.***Out:** August 6**Director:** Michael Mann**Stars:** Tom Cruise, Jamie Foxx, Jada Pinkett Smith, Mark Ruffalo

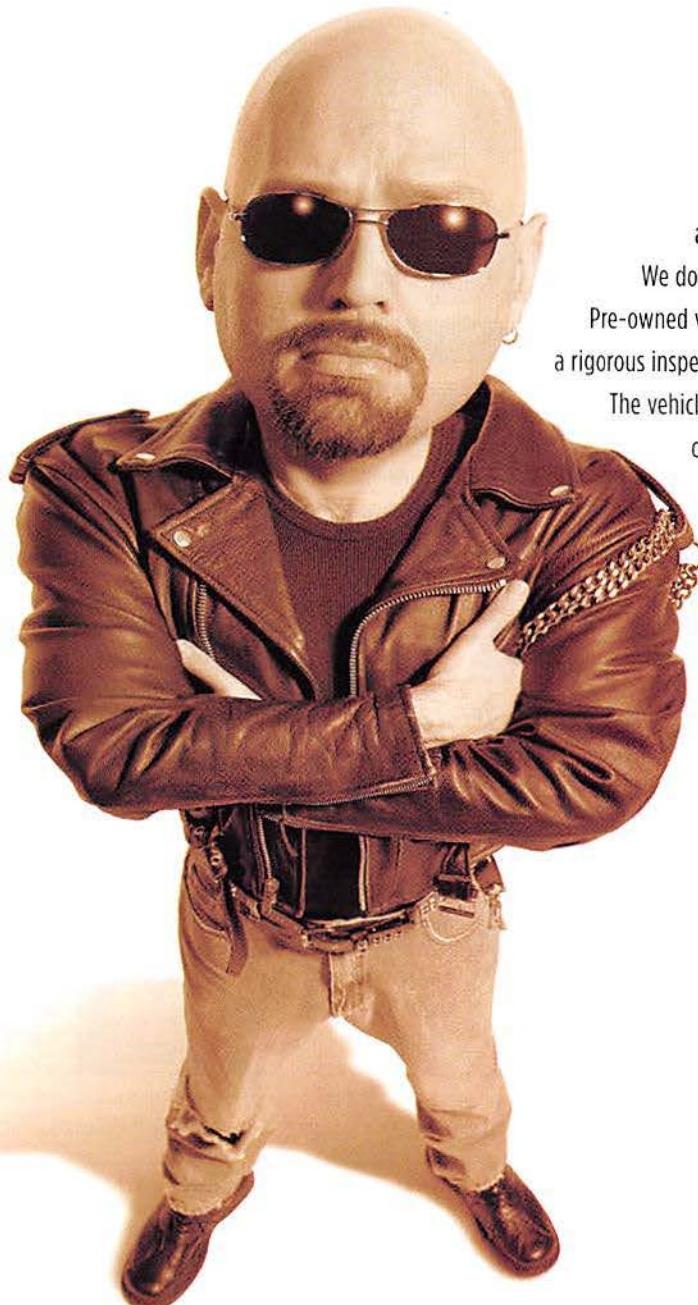
The story: Not to be confused with the Arnold Schwarzenegger shit bomb *Collateral Damage* ("I am just a fi-ah-man, and yet I can kill ah-mies of drug lords mit my bare hands!"), *Collateral* stars the Cruiser as a professional killer who hijacks a cabbie (Foxx) to chauffeur him from hit to hit over the course of one extremely long night.

The buzz: Cruise rarely goes the bad guy route, but when he does he's infinitely more enjoyable than when he plays the hero. And classy director Mann knows how to fashion a stylish, slow-burning thriller, making this perhaps the coolest taxi-related flick since *Bobby De Niro sported a mohawk.*

We're guessing: ★★★★★**AVOID AT ALL COSTS**

> *The Princess Diaries 2* (Aug. 11)
Not that we even have to tell you.

"No. It's never been in an accident. My mother only drove it to the store and back. You got a problem with that?"



Think you'll get a true history report or
a certified inspection from some private owner?

We don't think so. But think about this: Every Certified Pre-owned vehicle from Ford, Lincoln or Mercury has to pass a rigorous inspection of up to 141 points by certified technicians.

The vehicles that qualify get 6-year/75,000-mile warranty coverage.* And every one comes with a vehicle history report, 24/7 roadside assistance, fresh oil, a new filter and a full tank of gas. Special financing is also available. And it's all backed by Ford Motor Company. Think you'll get all that from a private owner?

We don't think so.

IF WE DON'T CERTIFY IT, IT'S JUST USED.

www.fordcpo.com



*See dealer for warranty details. For more information, please visit www.fordcpo.com or call 866-222-6798.

This is not
your girlfriend's
moisturizer.



This is Gillette® Complete™ Moisturizer.

The first moisturizer made
for men by the people who
know a man's face best.

- SPF 15
- non-greasy
- dermatologist tested

Smoother, healthy-looking
skin in 14 days. Guaranteed.
It's time to face skincare
like a man.

Gillette
The Best a Man Can Get™

*Satisfaction guaranteed. For details of mail-in offer call 1-800-Gillette. Offer ends 9/30/04. Original state receipt and UPG code required. Limit one per household. Max refund \$5.99.

"I'm lovin' it!"
cries a confused
Kumar.



EAT IT

THRILLS & SHILLS

In honor of Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle, we chomp on some other famously shameless movie food plugs. Mmm...hot cow flesh!



REESE'S PIECES (E.T., 1982)

M&Ms' bastard step-cousins snagged a small but pivotal role in this tearjerking blockbuster. You remember: Curious Elliott leaves a trail of candy-coated peanut butter goodness and lures cute and cuddly E.T. right to his door. And, we assume, every rat and pothead in a 20-mile radius.



TACO BELL (Demolition Man, 1993)

Forget Sandra Bullock's irritating perkiness, Wesley Snipes' unfortunate hair, and Sly's, well, Slyness. The real crime of *Demolition Man* is the idea that in the future the snootiest, most upscale restaurant in California is...a Taco Bell? *Yo quiero a rewrite.*



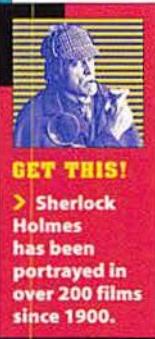
STAY PUFT MARSHMALLOWS (Ghostbusters, 1984)

OK, OK, so Stay Puft Marshmallows don't actually exist, but you've got to admit that hulking blob of demonically possessed sweetness marching up Central Park West did wonders for the 'mallow industry as a whole. Just don't try to roast them with a positron collider...It could get messy.



MCDONALD'S (Bye Bye Love, 1995)

If you don't remember this slice of divorced yuppie life from the '90s, you're not alone. In fact, we're only mentioning it because it takes place almost entirely in McDonald's. The fathers meet there, the kids bond there, and subliminal messages force every child in the theater to need to eat there now. We said now, Weekend Dad!



POLYPOPS FRIED CHICKEN (Little Nicky, 2000)

The owners of the Popeyes Fried Chicken chain must have signed those contracts in blood to secure their crispy we-can't-believe-it's-not-pigeon treats as the official chow of choice for Adam Sandler's sadly unfunny son of Satan. That Popeyes Fried Chicken is cloven-hoof-lickin' good!



BABY RUTH (Caddyshack, 1980; The Goonies, 1985; Hellboy, 2004)

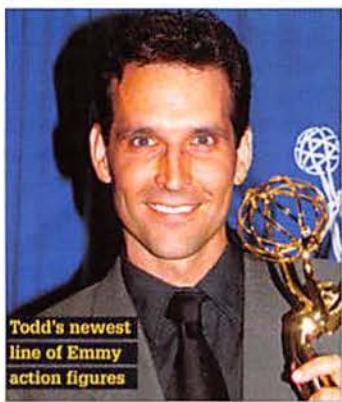
The champ. Although not always positive ("Doodie!"), this nutty hunk of chocolate love gets frequent on-screen props. Whether clearing country club pools or satiating monstrous man-children (*The Goonies'* Sloth and *Hellboy's*, um, Hellboy), Baby Ruth is the Sultan of Sell.

MAXIM RINGS...

TODD MCFARLANE*We dial up the comic book/animation/action figure/sports collectible mogul.*

Maxim: Todd, you're working on a new *Spawn* animated series. How is it going to be different from the HBO series you did way back in 1997?

Todd: It's a natural progression. Each episode you do, you learn something; it's like a process of elimination. You learn from your mistakes. You see something and you go, "Aw, jeez, don't do that again." If you add



Todd's newest line of Emmy action figures

up all three seasons of the old *Spawn* show, it was only about 18 episodes. That's like one season of network TV. I felt we were just getting wound up by the end of the last season.

Maxim: Do you have any plans to direct a new live-action movie?

Todd: Oh, yeah. With my other business—like the toy business—I can now walk into a room and say, "I want to make a *Spawn* movie for X amount of dollars, and I have half of it in my hand. Who's in?" If no one is, I take what I have and make it for that much. I'll write it, direct it, and spend my own money, like Mel Gibson did. Only mine'll be called *The Passion of the Antichrist*. And when the money rolls in, I'll be like, "Fuck you, guys!"

Maxim: Are people more receptive to comic book movies these days?

Todd: I think people are receptive to good comic book movies. But my interest is in things based in reality. I just pitched an idea about a guy who can run fast, but it's based on real science. It's not like he got hit by a bolt

of lightning and donned a costume. I don't just want to entertain the 15-year-old; I want the 25- and 35-year-old to go, "Whoa, that's wicked, man. And it's not stupid."

Maxim: You've made toys for *The Matrix*, *The Terminator*, and, um, *Little Nicky*. Is there a movie line you're still itching to do?

Todd: *Planet of the Apes*. When I was a kid, that was my *Star Wars*. Although I'd like to take a crack at *Star Wars* too, because no one's done that right yet. And being a comic guy, I'd love to do *Spider-Man* and *Batman*.

Maxim: Are your kids allowed to play with some of the blood-soaked figures you make?

Todd: Well, my two daughters are nine and 12, so they're like, "Sports and monsters? Yeah, whatever, Dad." I'm going to have to wait for my four-year-old son to get a little older so he can be like, "Cool!"



THE MAXIM LOUNGE

For more of this interview, head to maximonline.com.

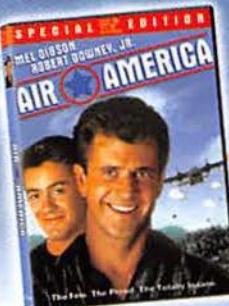


GET THIS!

► Todd was once scouted by the Seattle Mariners.

THE FEW. THE PROUD. THE TOTALLY INSANE.

AIR AMERICA SPECIAL EDITION DVD NOW AVAILABLE.



- ★ 16:9 Newly Remastered Feature
- ★ 5.1 Dolby Digital Audio
- ★ Feature Audio Commentary with writer/co-producer John Eskin
- ★ Pre-Flight – Storyboards and Previsualization Featurette showcasing scenes of storyboards-to-film comparisons.

★ "AIR AMERICA – Flight Log"

"Making Of" Featurette / Interviews

★ "Return Flight – Revisiting AIR AMERICA"

Relive the on-set antics and production experiences in newly videotaped interviews from select members of the cast and crew as they reflect on making *AIR AMERICA*. Also included are perspectives of historians, along with the filmmakers, in a detailed discussion on the controversial assertions that the film makes about the CIA and the drug trade in Laos.

★ Theatrical Trailer

*Special Features Not Rated

MARIO KASSAR AND ANDREW VAJNA PRESENT A DANIEL MELNICK/INDIEPROD PRODUCTION A ROGER SPOTTISWOODE FILM
MEL GIBSON ROBERT DOWNEY JR. "AIR AMERICA" NANCY TRAVIS DAVID MARSHALL GRANT LANE SMITH
MUSIC BY CHARLES GROSS MUSIC SUPERVISOR BY BECKY MANCUSO AND TIM SEXTON PRODUCED BY ALLEN SHAPIRO AND JOHN ESKOW
EDITED BY JOHN BLOOM AND LOIS FREEMAN-FOX DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ROGER DEAKINS, B.S.C. PRODUCED BY MICHAEL J. KAGAN
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MARIO KASSAR AND ANDREW VAJNA BASED ON CHRISTOPHER ROBBINS SCREENPLAY BY JOHN ESKOW AND
RICHARD RUSH PRODUCED BY DANIEL MELNICK DIRECTED BY ROGER SPOTTISWOODE

**MAXIM
DVD OF THE
MONTH**



The climactic
"strip fu" fight took
months of practice



We regret that
we have but one
lap to give...

MUST OWN

V.I.P. EDITION SHOWGIRLS

Release date: July 27

The movie is so bad, it drills past "stupid," through "embarrassing," and ends up surfacing somewhere around "awesome." Nudity, chimps, nudity, and Vegas—what more could you ask for in a movie? Tossing its original, and very earnest, DVD release aside, the "V.I.P." box-set edition of *Showgirls* proves that the studio has finally resigned itself to the fact that it made a comedy classic. Savor every laugh-out-loud moment, from Elizabeth Berkley and Gina Gershon discussing dog food to Robert Davi extolling the virtues of a job where "you don't have anybody come on you." If our hands were free, we'd applaud.

Extra! Chock-full of fun stuff that's tongue-in-cheek and dollars-in-panties. There's a "Pin

the Pasties on the Showgirl" game featuring a poster of Berkley, playing cards, shot glasses, even a lap dance tutorial hosted by the girls of legendary strip club Scores! There's more...but we're spent.

Trivia: The movie won seven Razzie awards in '96, and director Paul Verhoeven actually showed up to collect them.

Movie:

Special features:



EIGHTIES LIFE FORM

IT'S...ALF!

Everyone's favorite wise-crackin', pussy-chasin' sitcom star is back! Take it away, Gordo...



What's the darkest Tanner family secret you can divulge?

I'm not one to tell stories out of school, so I'll just mention that Willie and Kate were the same dress size...and leave it at that. **Any sordid backstage affairs?**

Most of my memories are hazy. I was doing quite a bit of partying in those days. I vaguely recall something happening one night with me and the cast of *Family*

Ties...but the details are a blur.

You've done 1-800-COLLECT ads just like Carrot Top. You must be proud.

I'm beginning to see a hint of a condescending attitude and frankly, it's not becoming. You haven't done your homework. Carrot Top was in those tasteless 1-800-CALL ATT ads. I appeared in the classier, more refined 10-10-220 commercials. You call yourself a journalist? —Eric Alt



"Oh, yes, ladies.
We're single."

WORTH WATCHING

HELLBOY

Release date: July 27

If *Van Helsing* taught us anything, it's that no matter how many CGI monsters you can afford, they're no substitute for characters and stories that are actually—get this—interesting. Although *Hellboy*'s effects aren't always top notch, Hellboy as a leading man is everything Hugh Jackman's fedora-sporting cipher isn't: funny, sympathetic, cool, and demon-stompingly badass. It's hella good!



Extra! Director Guillermo del Toro gives you more behind-the-scenes access than the first AD, with deleted scenes, featurettes, and original art from *Hellboy* creator Mike Mignola.

Trivia: Del Toro opted to do *Hellboy* over *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*.

Movie:
Special features:

ALSO OUT

KILL BILL: VOL. 2 (August 10)

Tarantino's revenge masterpiece comes to a bloody end with style. Now you can pop in both Vol. 1 and Vol. 2 and watch the movie as it was originally meant to be seen.

Maxim rating:

PREDATOR: COLLECTOR'S EDITION (August 10)

Unless the CIA has got you pushing too many pencils, you need to run out and grab this two-disc edition of the Arnold-fighting-alien classic. You sonofabitch.

Maxim rating:

ALF: SEASON 1 (August 10)

Relive a simpler time when sitcoms could star robot children, bigfeet, or aliens with a penchant for Catskills-level one-liners. *Alf* broke new ground for puppet actors.

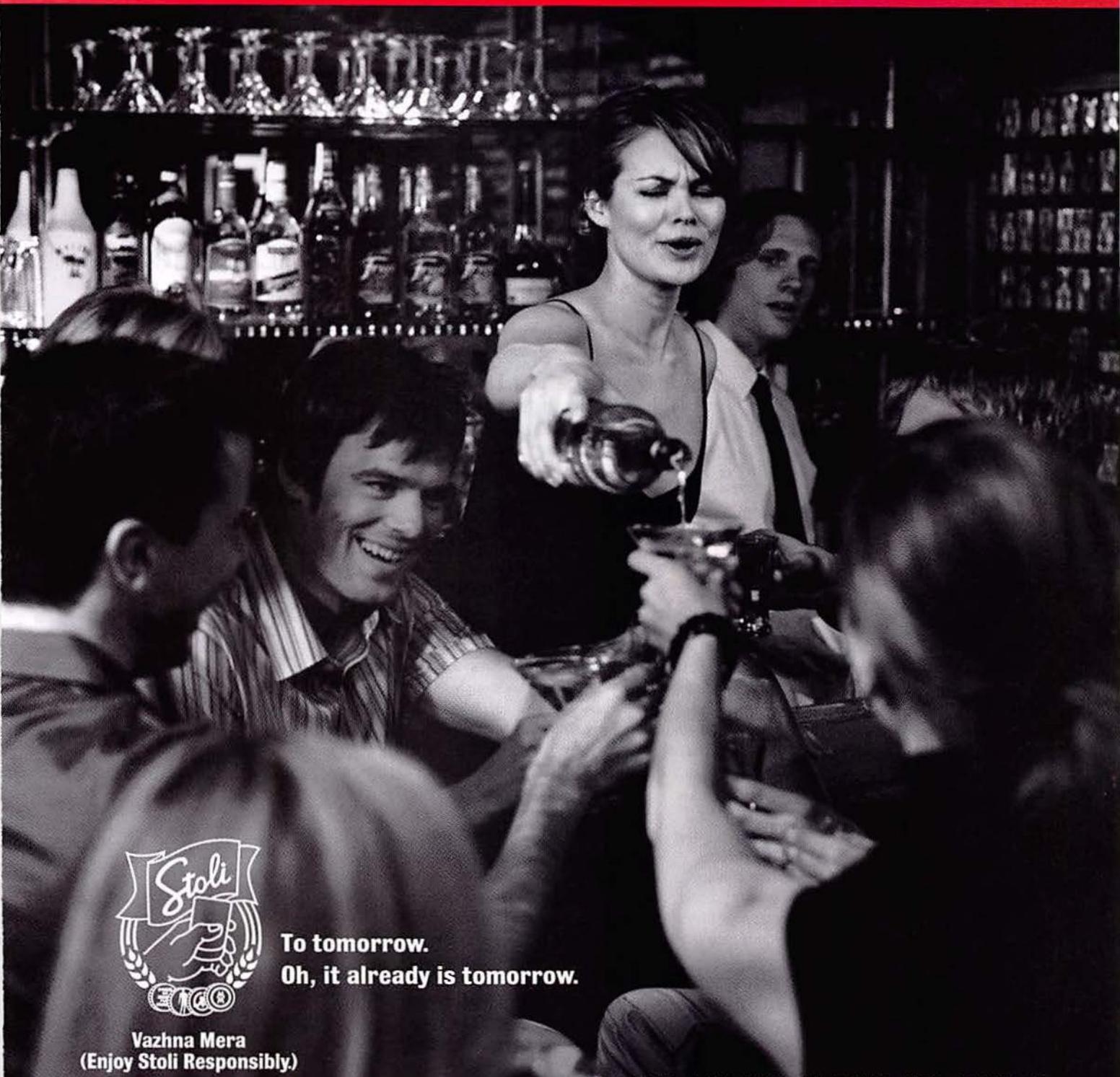
Maxim rating:

SEALAB 2021: SEASON ONE (July 20)

Cartoon Network's Adult Swim shows are far and away the funniest things on TV. Catch this, one of its star freakfests.

Maxim rating:

STOLICHNAYA.



To tomorrow.
Oh, it already is tomorrow.

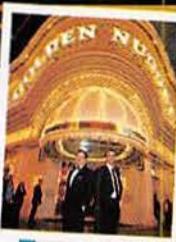
Vazhna Mera
(Enjoy Stoli Responsibly.)

©2003 Stolichnaya Russian Vodka. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits, 40% alc./vol. (80 proof). Allied Beverage Spirits USA, Westport, CT

RUSSIAN VODKA



> HIT BOSSES

BIG GAMBLE*Sin City's youngest moguls are also reality TV's newest stars.***They'll even park your car!****GET THIS!**

> It would take 288 years to spend a night in every hotel room in Vegas.

If you love the idea of running your own Las Vegas den of sin but don't actually want to do anything, then Fox's reality show *The Casino* is for you. Tom Breitling and Tim Poster—the thirtysomething multimillionaires behind Travelscape.com—bought the legendary Golden Nugget hotel and casino and gave reality TV kingpin Mark Burnett (*Survivor*, *The Apprentice*, *The Restaurant*) full access to film every minute of their coveted life. Luckily, they were able to spare a few to play a couple of hands with us.

What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas...so why are you guys letting cameras follow you 24-7?

Tom: Well, there are two of us, and we're always doing different things in different parts of the casino, so there's no way the cameras can possibly catch everything...right?

Now that the Rat Pack is gone, aren't you afraid the Nugget's shine died with them?

Tom: Not at all. We're trying to re-create the Rat Pack era. Las Vegas needs a real old-style gambling joint. No nightclubs or magic shows—just gambling.

Tim: The first thing we did when we bought the Nugget was raise the betting limits to be the highest in Vegas. This is the only casino in town where you can

bet \$50,000 on any hand of blackjack at any time.

So we can lose our shirts even faster?

Tim: That's right.

We lost \$300 at the Bellagio, and they gave us a free watered-down beer. Are the Nugget's freebies that good?

Tim: They're better. For example, the other day we had two guys in here playing big. They were at the tables for hours, drinking and partying like rock stars—which is fine. But then they started throwing handfuls of chips in the air. Everyone in the place was scattering to pick them up—it was a wild scene.

The point is, any other casino would have thrown 'em out. We comped 'em a suite.

Tom: And that had nothing to do with the show. We're actively trying to steal the small- to mid-range bettors who are getting shafted on the Strip. The only way to do that is to treat them like kings.

Say no more: We're on our way over to trash the place. But doesn't it kill you to see guys cleaning you out like that?

Tom: Tim sweats the money, I don't. We had a guy win over \$1,000,000 in one month. I couldn't have been happier. Birds of a feather flock together, and a guy like that will come back with his buddies. We paid him out with a wink and a smile.

> HEAD-TO-HEAD

**THE CASINO VS. AMERICAN CASINO***Which new reality show knows when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em?***LOCATION, LOCATION**

The Golden Nugget (located about 10 minutes off the Strip)

The Green Valley Ranch (located about 30 minutes off the Strip)

Edge: The Casino

PUTTING ON AIRS

The 13-part series on Fox debuted on June 14.

The 13-part series on the Discovery Channel kicked off on June 4.

Edge: Draw

HIGHLIGHT

Co-owner Tom Breitling personally pays out a huge slot jackpot.

Security guard Fred Tuerck breaks up a fight on a buffet line.

Edge: American Casino

LUDICROUS CLAIM

"Casinos are exciting, fantastic, and mysterious places."

"[AC] is the newest part of Discovery's immensely popular programming."

Edge: Draw

NEXT HOT REALITY IDEA

The Hooker: The second-fastest way to lose your money.

American Hooker: The second-second-fastest way to lose your money.

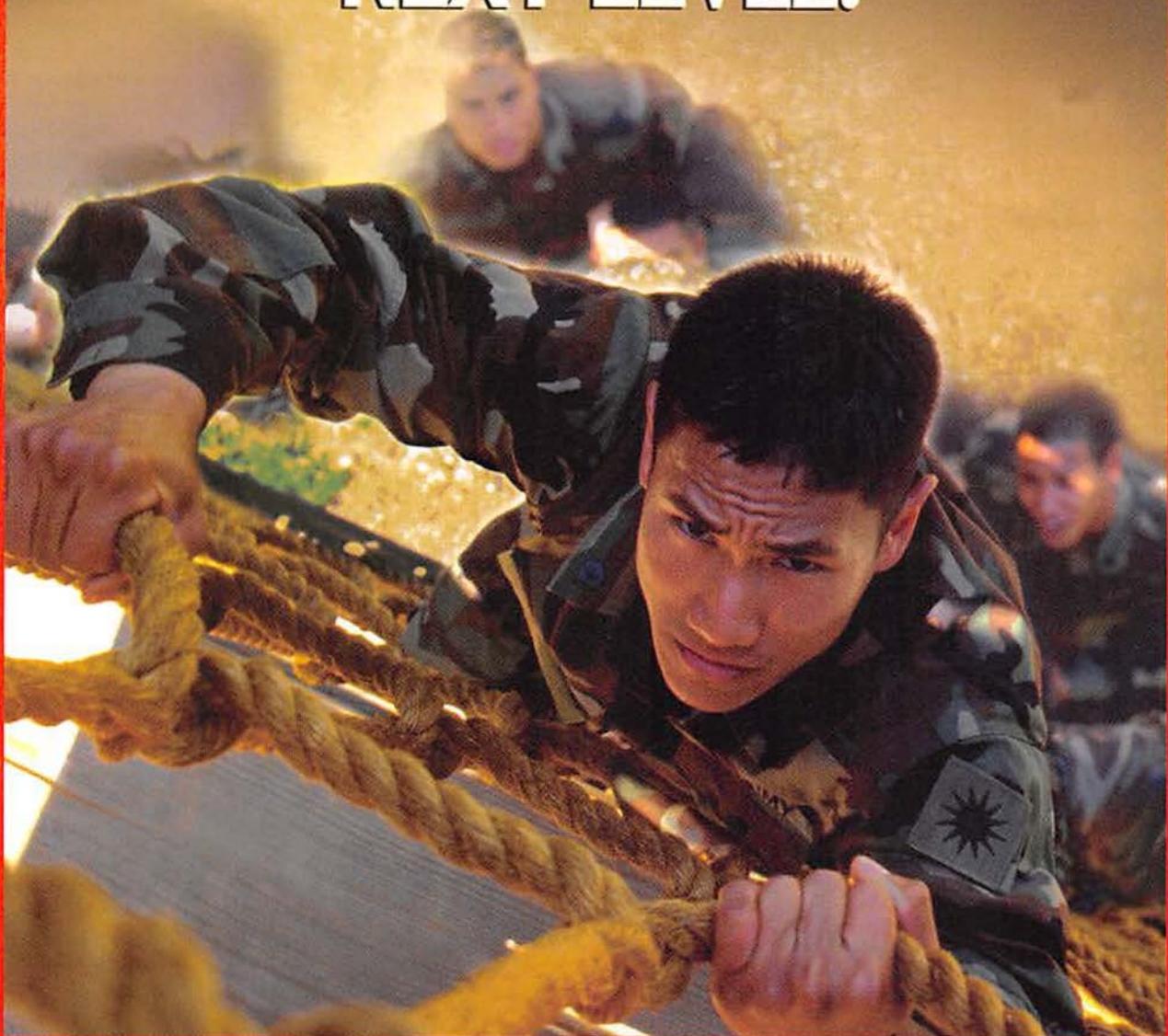
Edge: Draw

AND THE WINNER IS...

It's a tie! Hey, whaddaya want? It's Vegas! You can't expect to win every time.



TAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL.



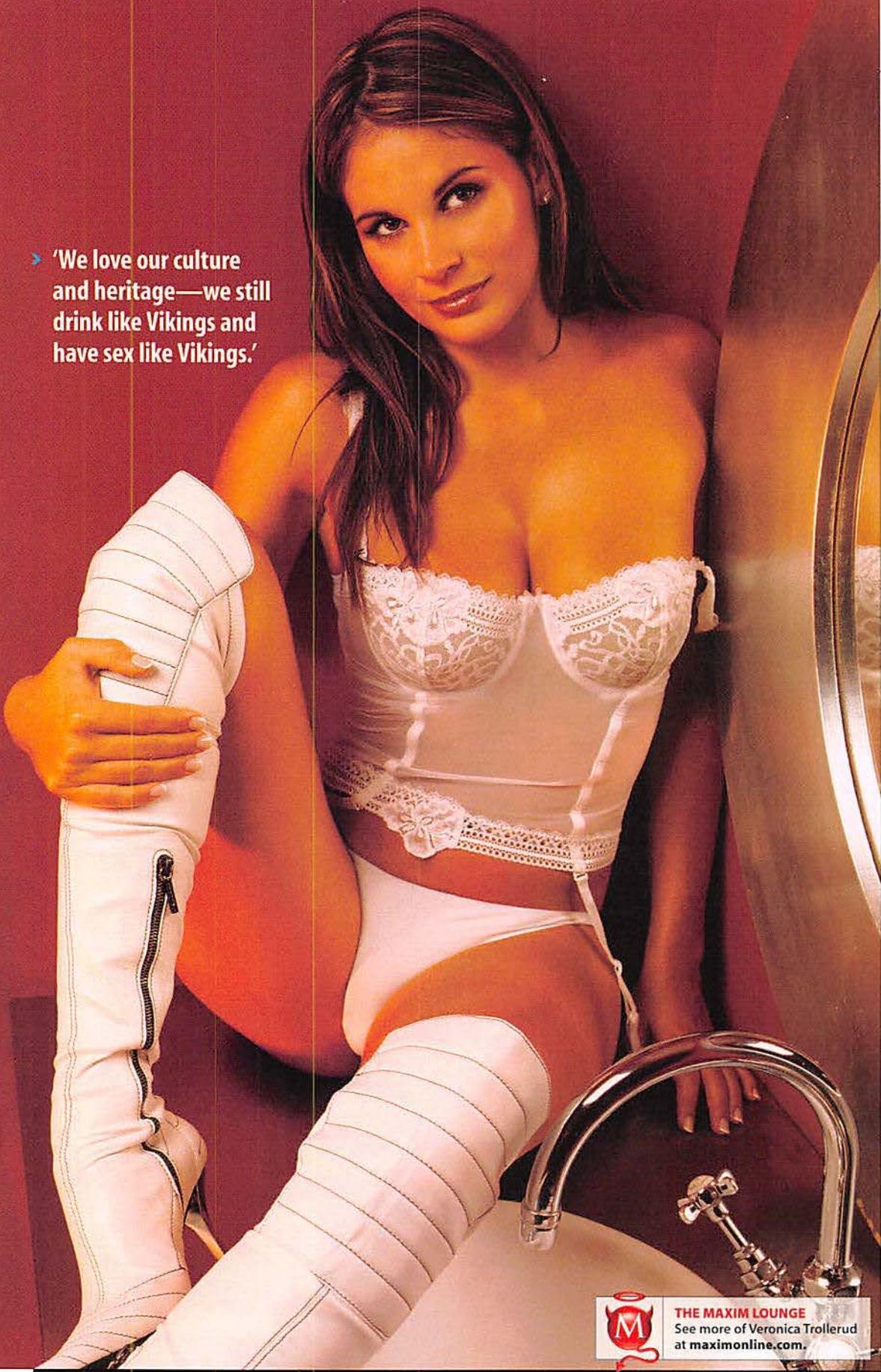
It's time to move up in the world. Join the Army National Guard. As a citizen-soldier, you'll train part-time, earn money to pay for college, get career training, and learn to be a leader. By serving your country and community, you'll achieve more than you might have thought possible.

Contact us today about starting your journey to the top.

ARMY NATIONAL GUARD

YOU CAN

1-800-GO-GUARD • www.1-800-GO-GUARD.com



> 'We love our culture and heritage—we still drink like Vikings and have sex like Vikings.'

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name:
Veronica Trollerud

Better known as:

The sexiest Bikini Bowler we've ever seen, on *The Casino*.

Her story: Before she won the Coors' Light/Maxim Girl Search, Veronica lived the life of any normal half-Norwegian, half-Colombian model with a Viking burial ground in her backyard who grew up helping Seminole Indians hunt alligators. But when she won, her life *really* got interesting—as a member of *The Casino's* Bikini Bowlers. But she hasn't forgotten her first love: Norway. Oh, and fishballs: "Like meatballs, but fish... in a white cream sauce," she says. "It's like goo. It sounds nasty, but it's my favorite. I'm twisted." And a great ambassador: "My brother taught his friends to say, 'I want to lick you all night,' in Norwegian. They said they never scored so much as they did in Norway."

Plane ticket, please!



THE MAXIM LOUNGE

See more of Veronica Trollerud at maximonline.com.



GUTTERGIRL
> Veronica, bowling for droolers

LIVE IN CONCERT

ALANIS MORISSETTE

WIN

a
private performance
with
Alanis Morissette

WRIGLEY'S
Extra
→ Long Encore ←



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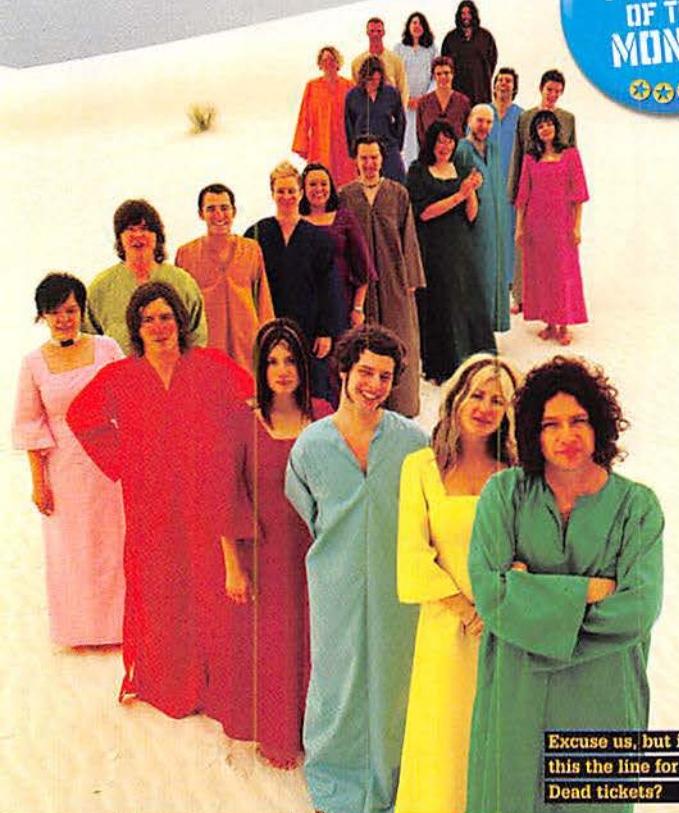
The show's not over 'til we say so. To win, pick up any flavor of specially marked Extra® Plen T Pak packs and find your Extra Long Encore Game Code. Go to ExtraLongEncore.com or call 1-877-MY EXTRA for details.

The gum with flavor that doesn't give up.



Check out
her new CD

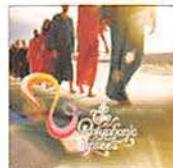
No purchase necessary. For official rules and entry, visit www.ExtraLongEncore.com or for a free wrapper code without purchase, send a SASE postmarked by 11/15/04 to: Wrigley Extra Long Encore Request, P.O. Box 511367, New Berlin, WI 53151. Open to legal U.S. residents 13 or older in the 50 states and D.C. Limit one entry per person per day. Void where prohibited. Sweepstakes ends at 12 midnight EST on 11/30/04.



> ALBUM OF THE MONTH

THE POLYPHONIC SPREE

Together We're Heavy (Hollywood/Good)



If you've seen the 29 members of this Texas-based band/cult lately, you'll notice they've upgraded their white choir robes to rainbow hues—meaning they now look like a big bag of Skittles. The infusion of color is also evident in their aggressively upbeat sound, with their sophomore album upping the ante on the hyperproduced psychedelic epics that made 2002's *The Beginning Stages Of...* a surprise hit. On songs like "Two Thousand Places," head guru Tim DeLaughter channels the kitchen-sink arrangements of the last two Flaming Lips albums. The sunny "Hold Me Now" and the misleadingly titled "One Man Show" are hard to resist, but as each song tries to outdo the last in terms of don't-worry, be-happy lyrics, sugar shock eventually sets in. Still, any band that keeps up such an insanely rosy outlook in these screwed-up times is worth an hour of your life.—Steve Kandell

Maxim rating: ★★★★



The Flaming Lips
The Soft Bulletin
(Warner Bros., 1999)



Spiritualized
Let It Come Down
(Arista, 2001)

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE

**213**
The Hard Way
(T.V.T.)

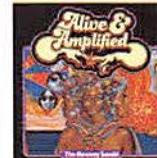
Anyone for some G-funk nostalgia? A decade since 213's members emerged from Dr. Dre's orbit comes this collaborative debut teaming Snoop Dogg's laid-back rhymes, Warren G's pop savvy, and Nate Dogg's warm croon. 213's reign as the hippest area code in hip-hop may be over, but *The Hard Way*'s irresistible hooks prove there's still plenty of juice, and gin, in the engine.—Roni Sarig

**OLD 97'S**
Drag It Up
(New West)

Anyone who says they don't like the Old 97's hasn't bothered to give them a listen. It's not that their rootsy country rock is brilliant; it's just so damn agreeable. That isn't a backhanded compliment: Shuffling backbeats and twangy guitars are a dime a dozen; but on *Drag It Up* there's always a killer hook driving them home. Looks like middle of the road ain't always a no-man's land.—David Peisner

**SPARTA**
Porcelain
(Geffen)

When the critically fellated At the Drive-In split up, half the dudes formed Sparta. With this, their second album, guitars wheedle out one soaring melody after another, jousting with manic rhythms and Jim Ward's blood-curdling howls. But where their debut disc felt constricted by pop-punk cliché, *Porcelain* takes off the leash, letting sweeping, spazzed-out rock stoms take over.—D.P.

**THE MOONEY SUZUKI**
Alive & Amplified
(Columbia)

Must garage rock be made in a garage? The Mooney Suzuki's audacious new album suggests not. Domineering production team the Matrix (who are responsible for Avril Lavigne and Hilary Duff—no, we're not kidding) bring some studio-baked snap, crackle, and pop to the N.Y.C. quartet's sweaty tunes. If this is selling out, we could probably use more of it.—D.P.



PJ HARVEY
Uh Huh Her
(Island Records)
Polly Jean Harvey is rock's Anti-Hulk: You prefer her when she's angry. After several albums spent cultivating a more polished, accessible sound and crafting songs of love and apparent contentment, she violently scrapes off the sunny veneer and delivers a sparse and caustic throwback to her *Dry/Rid of Me* heyday. We're guessing those good times didn't last. Harvey wears her bitterness well, though, turning it into 13 doses of guitar-driven, lo-fi bile. Her loss is your gain.—S.K.

★★★★

GET THIS!

> The Spree require 12 full-size vans when they tour.

RATINGS:

THE FLAMING LIPS
★★★★★

BAD BRAINS
★★★★★

THE SHINS
★★★★★

NASHVILLE PUSSY
★★★★★

HEART
★★★★★

| ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX | |
|--|---|
| Colder Again (Output, 2003) | The Special Goodness Land Air Sea (Epitaph, 2004) |
| Snow Patrol Final Straw (A&M, 2004) | Dead Kennedys Live at the Deaf Club (Manifesto, 2004) |



TURNING A WOMAN ON
STARTS HERE.



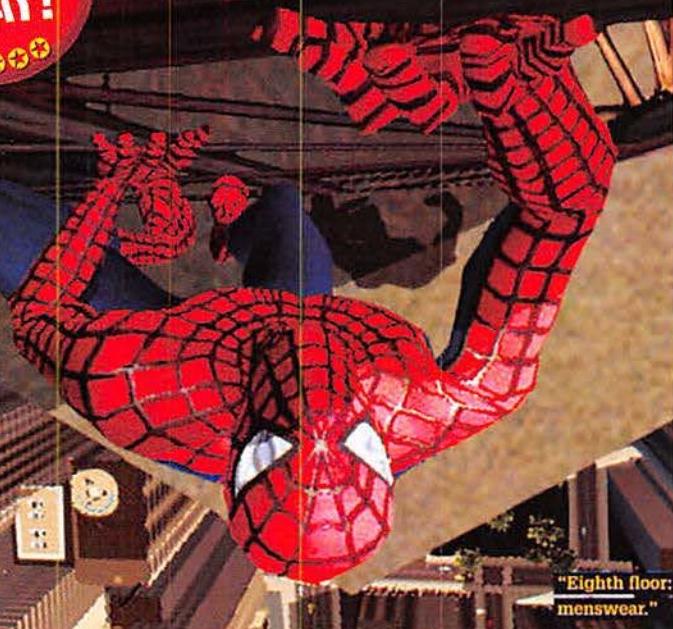
Where it ends is up to you. Smell great from morning 'til night with 8-hour scent technology.

SPICE THINGS UP.



**MAXIM
TOP
PLAY!**

> GAME ON!



"Eighth floor:
menswear."



SPIDER-MAN 2

Activision [● ● ● ●]

Spidey fans have been itching for this game like they've got a bad case of spandex rash. With all of Manhattan as your playground, you fight crime on rooftops and now on street level in this open-ended, *Grand Theft Auto*-style action game that vastly improves on the first movie tie-in. Swoop freely through cavernous Midtown courtesy of the "realistic pendular physics" (insert your own breast joke here), or follow set missions and encounter the likes of Doc Ock, Mysterio, and Black Cat. "Hero points" earned for subduing evil can be cashed in for upgrades like *Matrix*-style slo-mo effects and, just maybe, the brass *cojones* to finally tell J. Jonah Jameson to blow your daily bugle.—Alex Porter

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



GAME KEY:

XBOX



PS2



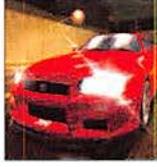
GAMCUBE



PC



BLIPS ON THE SCREEN



STREET RACING SYNDICATE

Namco [● ● ●]

Race for pink slips or from the Five-O in your tricked-out (and destructible) ride. Take your fast-and-furiousness to L.A., Philly, and Miami.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



CHAOS LEAGUE

Strategy First [●]

So you're eternally cursed: You're a Hawks fan. Recapture the magic with a sports simulation where teams of elves, dwarves, and goblins get medieval on ball-holders in real time.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

CHEATS!

■ Hitman:
Contracts [●]
You're a hitman for
cryin' out loud—
screw ethics! Hit X,
triangle, circle, left,
up, right, L2, R2 to
unlock all levels.

■ Manhunt [●]
Do you enjoy
killing virtual
people even more
if they sound like
Alvin and the
Chipmunks? We're
with you. At the
main screen, hit
R, R, Y, B, X, black,
L, down and all
your enemies will
have high-pitched
voices. Tee-hee!

■ James Bond
007: Everything
or Nothing [●]
Once you get your-
self one Platinum
Medal (earned by
completing objec-
tives), pause the
game, then hit X, Y,
A, X, Y and you'll be
the Man with the
Golden Gun.
Literally—your
gun will be gold.



COMBAT ELITE: WWII PARATROOPERS

Acclaim [● ●]

Do the front lines give you the shakes? Then skip the "let's go, boys!" bravado, settle into a more comfortable overhead viewpoint, and orchestrate 40 missions that include famous battles like D-day and Operation Market Garden. Although body counts net character promotions, this one puts the strategy in your hands. God help us all.—Scott Steinberg

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



WWE DAY OF RECKONING

THQ [●]

Although Xbox and PS2 boast game libraries that put the poor GameCube to shame, at least the GC folks snagged exclusive rights to this ruckus-filled WWE outing. Verbose cut scenes threaten to stall the mayhem, but two elements save the day: playable legends like Andre the Giant and "bra & panties" matches featuring such divas as Stacy Keibler and Trish Stratus. A little thong goes a long way.—S.S.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



COPS 2170

Strategy First [●]

You, a futuristic strategy/role-playing hybrid, stand accused of assault by sci-fi cliché and noncompliance with anything resembling reality. The verdict: guilty as charged.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



MADDEN 2005

EA [● ● ● ●]

This year boasts online play (for you Xbox owners), a "hit stick" for extra punishing tackles, and "create-a-fan" mode to build your own brightly painted pet jackass.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

MISSING

ESTIONS ASKED.
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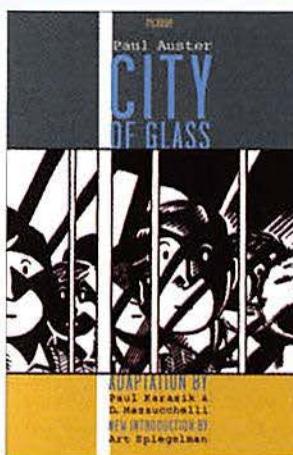
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MAXIM
BOOK
OF THE
MONTH

> TOME RAIDERS



CITY OF GLASS

By Paul Auster, adaptation by Paul Karasik and David Mazzucchelli (\$14, Picador)

Conceived more than a decade ago as part of an ongoing effort to make the graphic novel a respected literary endeavor in its own right, this illustrated interpretation of Paul Auster's 1985 neo-noir *City of Glass* is only now getting its due in bookstores. You don't have to be familiar with the original work to appreciate how pages and pages of dense prose can be summed up perfectly in a single wordless panel; Mazzucchelli's starkly drawn comic serves as a perfect complement to Auster's quasi-detective story, rather than as a substitute. Better still, it's a huge victory for those who believe that literature shouldn't be only for the literate. Either way, a must-own.—Steve Kandell

Maxim rating:

CREATED IN DARKNESS BY TROUBLED AMERICANS

The Best of *McSweeney's*—Humor Category (1998–2003) (\$16, Alfred A. Knopf)

Since its launch six years ago, *McSweeney's* literary journal has been a breeding ground for stories and essays that are equal parts snarky, category-defying, clever, and hilariously stupid. For the uninitiated, this off-kilter collection is a perfect sampling of comedy that's highbrow and lowbrow at the same time, well-deserving of a place atop your crapper, right next to, um, this magazine. Hell, you'll chuckle just reading short lists like "Rejected Arcade Games," "Bad Names for Professional Wrestlers," and "Eleven Lunch Meats I Have Invented."—S.K.

Maxim rating:

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

Confessions of a Heavy Metal Addict, By Seb Hunter (\$27, Fourth Estate)

Eighties metal fans are often painted as satanic weirdos with appetites for destruction, but more often than not they were just suburban yahoos with unfortunate haircuts and too much free time. Rather than look back at his youthful indiscretions with shame, British writer and admitted Judas Priest fanatic Hunter revels in every bad double entendre lyric and eardrum-piercing guitar solo. Like Nick Hornby, Hunter can't separate pivotal points in his life from the songs he was listening to at the time. Read it and cringe—not in embarrassment, but in recognition.—S.K.

Maxim rating:

> THE FINE PRINT

WHATEVER YOU WANT

By Rachel Timms and Laurence Hayes (\$15, ReganBooks)
In this "choose your own adventure" for adults, you navigate a male or female twenty-something through raucous parties with superficial friends, drunken sexual encounters, and hazy morning-after regrets.

THE PRESERVATIONIST

By David Maine (\$22, St. Martin's Press)
Ever wonder what Noah (of Ark fame) must have endured, building a boat for a lot of animals while the rest of the world drowned like rats? This surprisingly enlightening read tackles the subject with contemporary dialogue and tone.

COLORS INSULTING TO NATURE

By Cintra Wilson (\$25, Fourth Estate)
We know—a novel about high school traumas is usually best read in high school. But razor-tongued essayist Wilson traces one misguided teen's downward spiral from school-day suffering to Vegas S&M. It's *Very Mean Girls*.

> MUST BUY!

AMPED

By David Browne (\$25, Bloomsbury)
At some point skateboarders and BMX riders went from being suburban stoners with serious death wishes to power players in a multimillion-dollar industry.

Entertainment Weekly music critic David Browne tracks this unlikely cultural revolution.



GET THIS!
> Tony Hawk has been a pro skateboarder since he was 14 years old.





WE WANT ANSWERS!

JOHN MCENROE

The 45-year-old tennis legend has everything he's ever wanted: 17 Grand Slam titles, a new talk show, and the biggest mouth in the history of sports. And he *still* won't shut up, goddamn it.

QUICK PICKS



FAVORITE BAND

"I love U2 and the Police. I love Dave Grohl. But that grunge stuff—I just love Nirvana. I love Kurt's music."



FAVORITE FILM

"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. I always turn it off before they put the pillow over his head at the end."



FAVORITE TEAM

"I'm a New York guy. Knicks, not Nets. And I'm a Jets fan, but these days I root for whoever is playing better."

We predict your new talk show will fall somewhere between Jerry Springer and Morton Downey Jr. Say it ain't so...

I hate to admit it, but I liked *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*. Back then it was like, "Man, this shit is crazy!" But my idea of a great show would be a great musical act, a great sports personality, and a good laugh within the first five minutes. I'm a sucker for that.

Has Johnny Mac finally mellowed?

Today really set me off! Tell me: Why the fuck was there a goddamn desk on the court for this photo shoot when they're not even letting me have a desk on the goddamn show? It's fucking absurd!

That's more like it. You once hosted David Letterman's show. What would you do if Courtney Love flashed you?

Oh, man! I'd welcome that.

Is there anyone you'll refuse to have on?

Madonna. Let's just say Madonna is someone I don't see eye to eye with. When I was married to my ex-wife and she was married to Sean Penn, we all knew each other. Now when I look at her I think, She'll do anything to get what she wants. I want to succeed, but I wouldn't go that far. Still, if someone says, "Hey, Madonna wants to come on your show," I'm not going to say no.

Anyone else?

I wonder about George Bush. I call myself an unregistered cynic, which basically means I'm not even bothering—like most people. So I don't even want to talk to George Bush.

Any predictions for the election?

I'm hoping that Kerry will win. I can't say I'm totally confident. I'm hopeful that we will make a change.

Speaking of controversy, will your ex-wife, Tatum O'Neal, be on the show?

Oh, my God! That would be a bomb waiting to explode. Obviously, there have been things said both ways that the other person hasn't been too thrilled about. Plus, I'm happily married now, which I'm not sure has gone over well with that one person. So she would be a good example of someone not to have on.

How's the anger management going?

I still get frustrated on a daily basis. I grew up

in an Irish-American family where that was normal. My parents would be screaming, "Goddamn it, you @#\$%... I love you!" That's why I love New York. You're lucky if you go 10 minutes without somebody calling you an asshole driving in from the airport.

You were the number-one-ranked 35-and-over player in the world. Still breaking rackets?

It's something about me and a tennis court—I get in this, like, crazed state. I don't know what the hell is going on. Luckily, I haven't hit anyone yet. I'm not a very religious person, but I believe in God, and for whatever reason, God wanted me to be a tennis player. But then I'm like, "Why the hell did he want me to be a tennis player?" My personality and tennis just don't mesh.

How would you do on the tour today?

Shit, there are guys who won't qualify for the Open who could kick my ass on a given day, but I could also play guys who are 20th in the world and give 'em fits for a couple of sets.

Any chance you'll leave a match in cuffs?

It's like the old saying: I used to get fined if I cursed and now I get fined if I don't. But I'm getting appearance fees at these tournaments now, so it doesn't matter if I win one point or win 6-0, 6-0. And I still go off the deep end. Sometimes I'm on the court thinking, Why the hell did I just do that? All I know is that I have to stay physically active or something really bad might happen. Just ask one of my six kids.

You'd be perfect for *Celebrity Boxing*.

Who would you fight?

I'd fight Connors—he's smaller than me.

Your new show will follow Dennis Miller. Is that embarrassing?

Dennis Miller is a friend of mine, but for some reason that I don't understand, his politics have totally changed. I've said to myself, "What the hell is going on here?" I think in some ways he's made a deliberate decision to be less funny.

And that ain't easy. You've called modern tennis "the lazy man's game." Why?

You see a lot of guys these days who can go up and blow you off the court—bomb you

with a serve—so they don't learn as much. It's lazy on the coach's part. Lazy on the player's part. But what are you going to say to a kid like Andy Roddick? "Listen, Andy. You should serve and volley." Well, Roddick won the U.S. Open last year, so he'll probably say, "Screw you, Mac. I'm not going to serve and volley!" On the other hand, Federer may be the best player in the history of the game.

The U.S. Open is now encouraging people to cheer during matches. What do you think of that?

I don't mind trying to encourage those things. Blasting Metallica at the end of a set to get everyone revved up would be cool. But I happen to think it's good when things quiet down. Hearing the ball actually bounce before you start cheering—that's tennis. The NHL and NBA blare music during play—it's stupid. I remember back in the day, you could hear people chant and scream at hockey games. Your favorite band is Nirvana, but you keep mentioning Metallica and you're even wearing a Metallica T-shirt. Why?

I love Metallica. I love Lars Ulrich. Did you know his father was the first hippie of tennis?

He was the first guy to have hair down to his ass. He was an unbelievable character in the '50s, '60s, and '70s. Lars was originally trying to be a tennis player.

Speaking of would-be tennis players, what do you think of Anna Kournikova?

Hey, she brings attention to the game. She's not even playing now and she's on the cover of this magazine, right? She was never as good as the Williams sisters or Hingis, but she was winning a lot of matches—she was number eight in the world at one point.

We should probably warn you that she's half-naked on the next page.

Great. But the fact is, she's someone who doesn't work on her game but gets pissed off if you criticize her on the court. So if I said, "Anna, your second serve needs some work," she'd probably be like, "Jesus! That McEnroe is such a pain in the ass."



Interview by Alex Straus.
McEnroe airs weeknights at
10 P.M. on CNBC.



➤ *Celebrity Boxing?
I'd want to fight
Connors—he's
smaller than me!*



ANNA KOURNIKOVA

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

When Anna Kournikova gets half-naked for her 2005 calendar, why clutter things with an interview? We hit St. Kitts with the world's hottest girl. Here's our scrapbook.





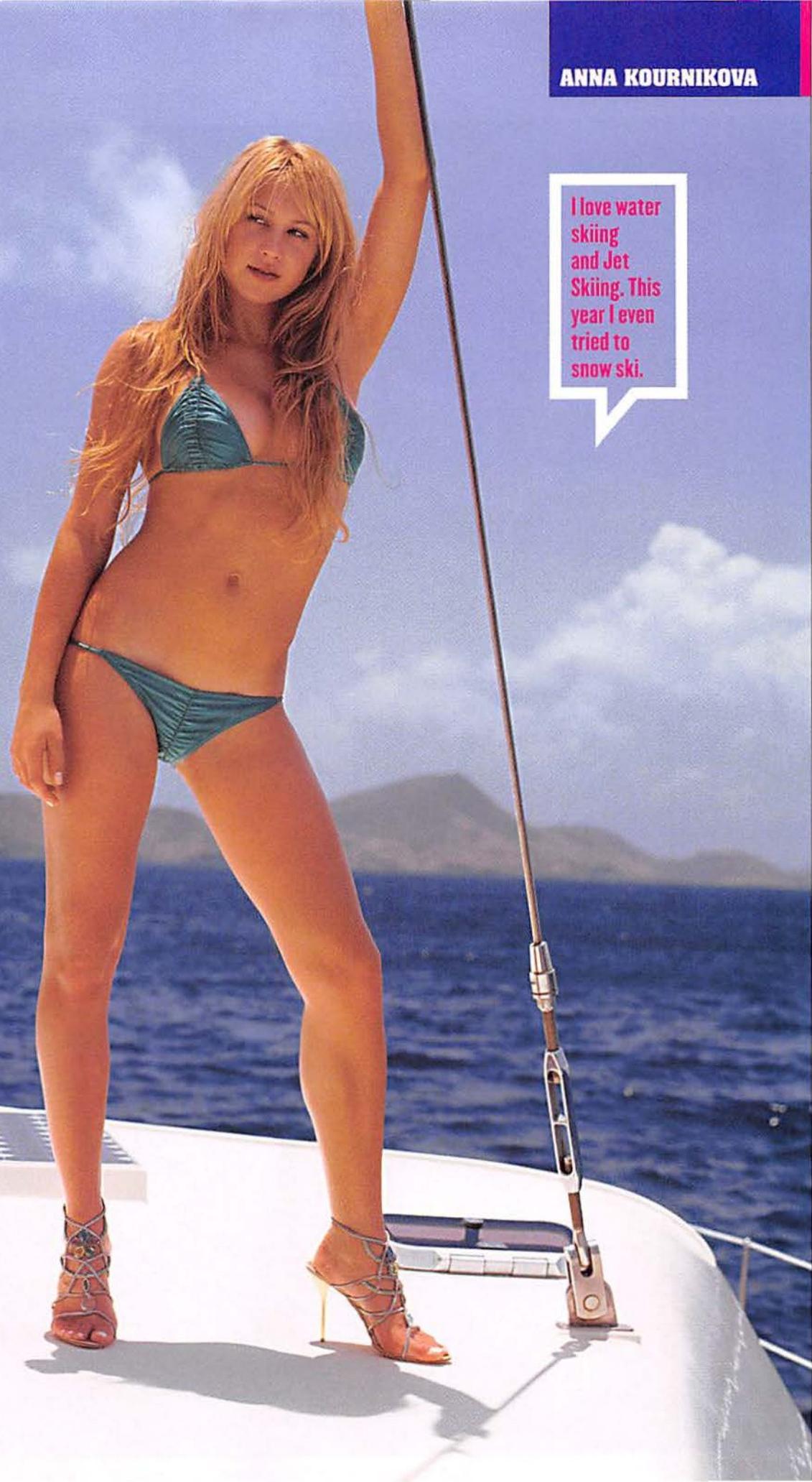
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL LING



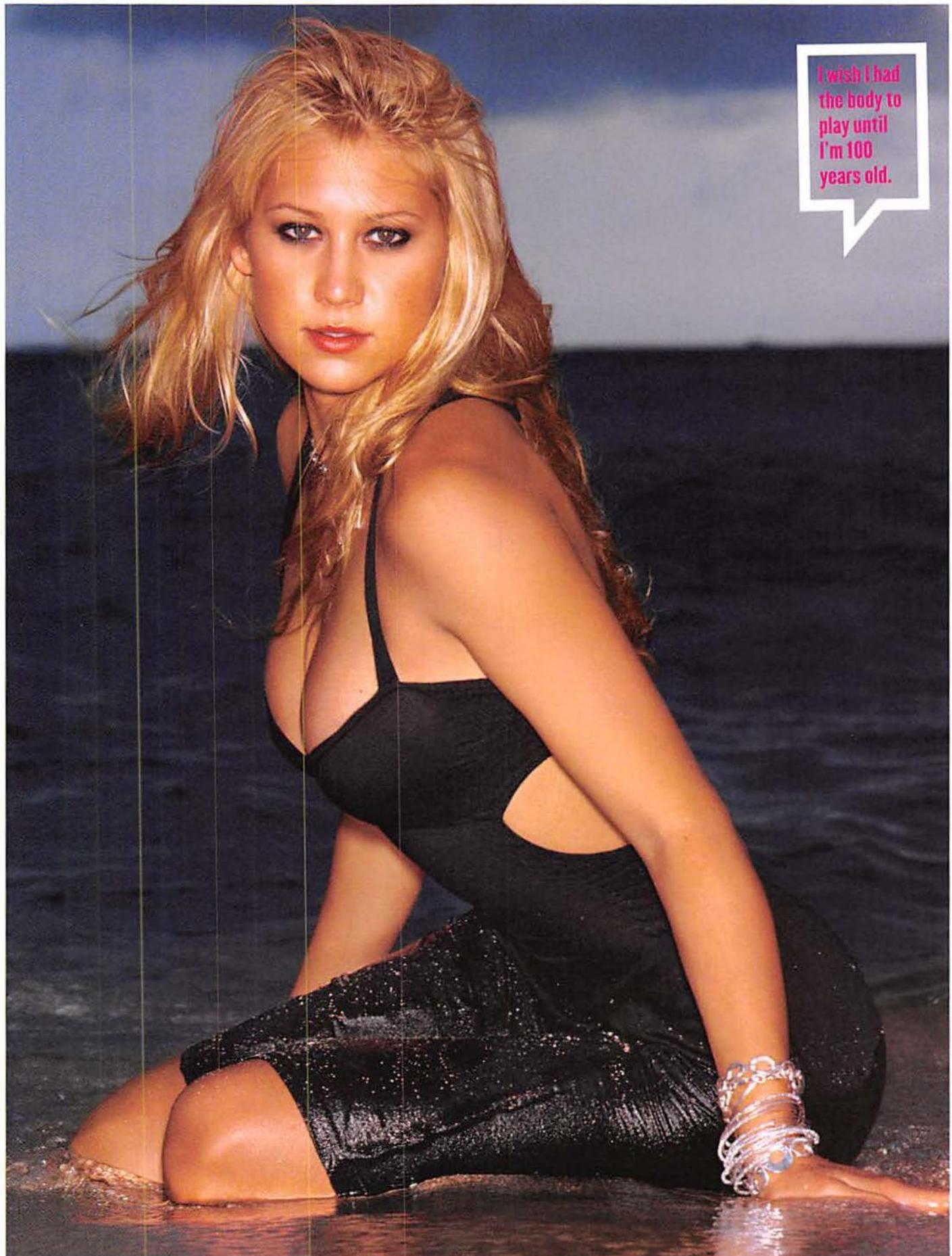
The only bad part of being famous is that people judge you without knowing you.

ANNA KOURNIKOVA

I love water skiing and Jet Skiing. This year I even tried to snow ski.



ANNA KOURNIKOVA



I wish I had
the body to
play until
I'm 100
years old.

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Playing on
Centre
Court at
Wimbledon
at 16 was
amazing.
But beating
Monica
Seles was
the best.

To see more pictures from Anna Kournikova's 2005 calendar shoot, go to kournikova.com. To kneel at her feet, go to South Beach.

A black and white photograph of three young adults. On the left, a woman with dark hair, wearing a light-colored cardigan over a t-shirt and jeans, leans her head against the shoulder of the man next to her. The man in the center has long hair and is wearing a button-down shirt with two chest pockets and jeans. He is looking towards the right. On the right, another man with dark hair is smiling and looking towards the center. All three are wearing jeans.

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I miss the adrenaline high of pro tennis. But I'm just 23. There will be other moments I am passionate about.



Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair and makeup, Nicky Tavilla at Terrie Tanaka Management. Special thanks to the St. Kitts Tourism Authority and St. Kitts Marriott Resort & the Royal Beach Casino.



THE MAXIM LOUNGE See subscriber-exclusive video and photos at maximonline.com.

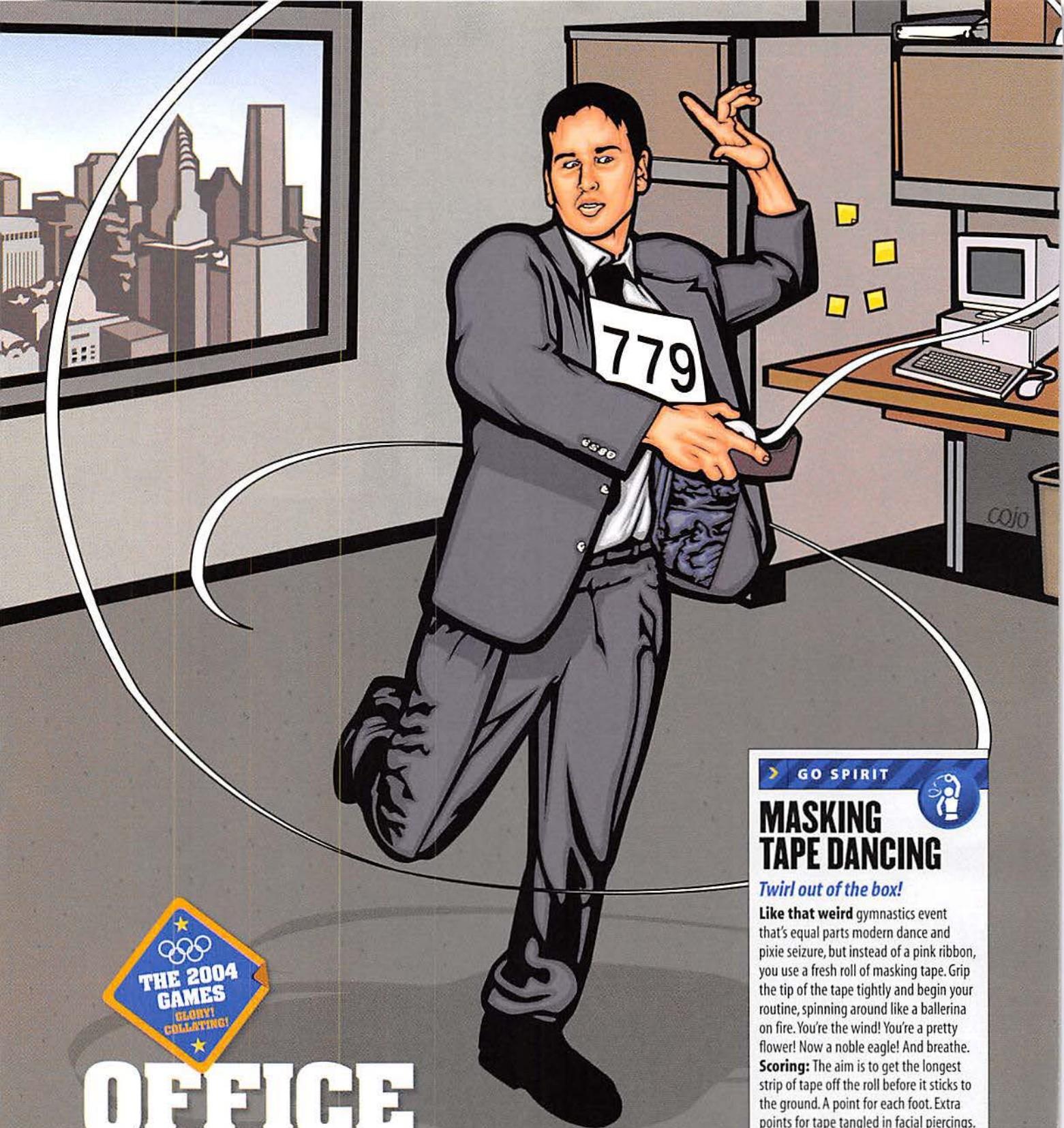
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THE 2004
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COLLECTING!

OFFICE OLYMPICS

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GO SPIRIT



MASKING TAPE DANCING

Twirl out of the box!

Like that weird gymnastics event that's equal parts modern dance and pixie seizure, but instead of a pink ribbon, you use a fresh roll of masking tape. Grip the tip of the tape tightly and begin your routine, spinning around like a ballerina on fire. You're the wind! You're a pretty flower! Now a noble eagle! And breathe.

Scoring: The aim is to get the longest strip of tape off the roll before it sticks to the ground. A point for each foot. Extra points for tape tangled in facial piercings.



GOING FOR THE GOLD!



> TONER ABS

THE COPY MACHINE VAULT*Soar like a free-balling angel!*

Run full speed toward the copier, and as you spring off the floor (use a hole punch for a bit of extra lift), press down hard on the copy button. Make sure not to smack your head into a ceiling tile.



For the jump to qualify, you must produce a clear photocopy of your soaring ass. Needless to say, the dedicated athlete will always endeavor to do this sans pants, or with skirt hiked up.



Scoring: Points are awarded for style, dismount, and hairiness. Extra points for visible testicle cleavage. Unsightly skid marks or fromunda cheese are an instant disqualifier.

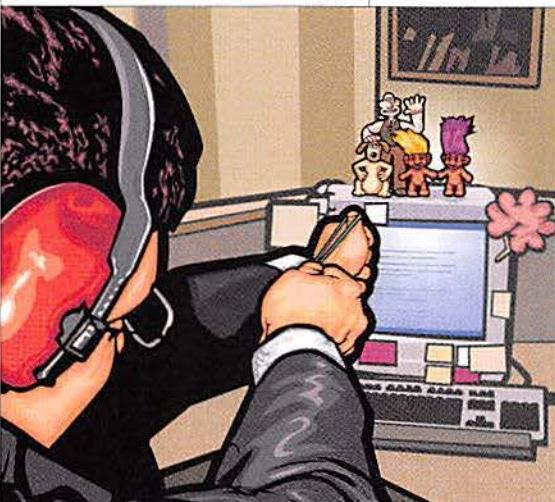
THE CAFFEINE RUSH*Played by ancient bureaucrats!*

Race against coworkers from the kitchen to your desk whilst carrying four mugs filled to the brim with tasteless, boiling-hot coffee from the corporate caffeine dispenser. Styles range from a tensed up slow shuffle (safe but unremarkable) to a madcap dash, which can cause the flesh to be scalded off your forearms or the face of an unfortunate spectator.

Scoring: A simple time test. But if you spill or sip more than half the liquid, you're disqualified. Extra points for barreling over annoying toddlers brought to work by workaholic asshole parents.



"I will prevail, for I am Barry, Asst. Office Manager!"



> ON TARGET

RUBBER BAND ARCHERY*Ready...aim...synergy!*

Fire your bands at the target—choose from the grating collection of action figures, wilted plants, and cheap-ass awards that decorate the desk of that coworker with the greasy mustache. This event requires a steady hand, a keen eye, and a supply of medium-diameter thick rubber bands—thin ones have too much drag.

Scoring: One point for every object toppled.

HOW TO

STAGE YOUR OFFICE OLYMPICS

Yeah, we're gonna need you to go ahead and read this advice. Mmmkay?

1. GET RID OF THE BIG GUYS

Send an e-mail to your manager from the head of HR's computer and vice versa, inviting each to the local Super 8 motel for a tryst involving black masking tape, Cheez Whiz, and a car battery. Once the slave masters are gone, it's go time.

2. DIVIDE AND CONQUER

Next, separate the office into teams that reflect your office's humiliating hierarchy—don't mix middle managers, bean counters, or interns. Every player should wear a piece of printer paper with a number, department, and whether they're staff or temps.

3. PUT ON A SHOW

Shred TPS reports for confetti and use the public address system to announce each competing department. Once assembled, get the walleyed freak in the mailroom to race around the office with a flaming Zippo lighter in his undies. The games have begun!

4. GO FOR THE GOLD

Proceed to bestow the bronze, silver, and gold medals to the winners with much fanfare. Gold medalists will be allowed to make a five-minute personal call a day and eat whatever's in the office fridge and be given full access to the executive champagne bidet.



GOING FOR THE GOLD!

GRUNT STUNT

WATER COOLER LIFT

A favorite sport since the 1904 Office Olympics!



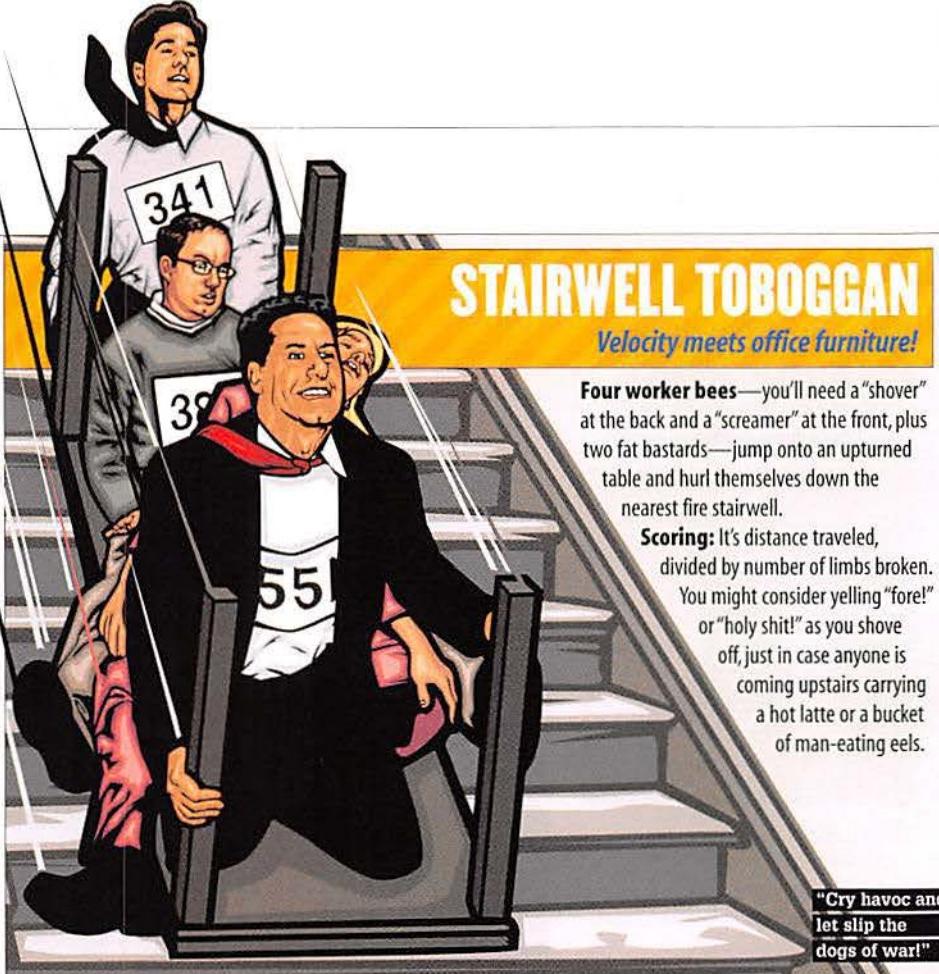
Steal a coat rack from the lobby and attach a full water cooler bottle to each end. It's wise to warm up beforehand, so slam a pot of coffee and do some power squats.



From here it's a simple heave onto the chest, then a straight lift above the head. To avoid spillage and suit ruination, get the boss' slutty niece to spot for you.



Scoring: Full marks if you manage two full tanks above the head. The emptier the tank, the less you score. Instant disqualification for use of office steroids, like energy drinks.



STAIRWELL TOBOGGAN

Velocity meets office furniture!

Four worker bees—you'll need a "shover" at the back and a "screamer" at the front, plus two fat bastards—jump onto an upturned table and hurl themselves down the nearest fire stairwell.

Scoring: It's distance traveled, divided by number of limbs broken. You might consider yelling "fore!" or "holy shit!" as you shove off, just in case anyone is coming upstairs carrying a hot latte or a bucket of man-eating eels.

"Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war!"

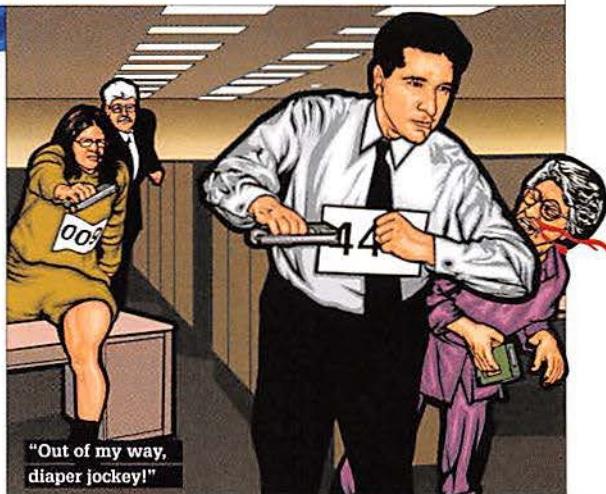
RAT RACE

STAPLE RELAY

Run, cog in the machine, run!

You'll need two teams of four. One of you sets off running like a cheetah on crank around an assault course piled high with desks, chairs, filing cabinets, and trembling interns on their hands and knees. The rest of the team scatters throughout the office, and as the original runner sprints up behind, they grab the stapler and take off! Shooting staples into the backsides of competitors is not only legal—it's encouraged.

Scoring: First team to cross the finish line wins! Disqualification for anyone who cries.



"Out of my way, diaper jockey!"

POINT 'N CLICK

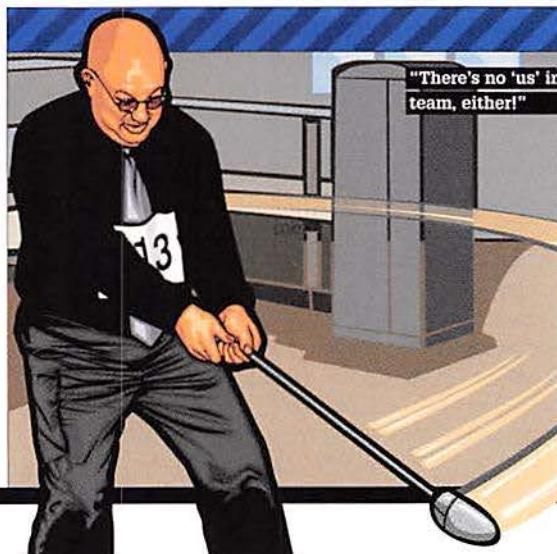
MOUSE HAMMER



Replaced rubber band shot put!

This event is similar in technique to the traditional hammer throw—spin three times on the spot before releasing your computer mouse. The trick is to get a clean release and a 45-degree trajectory.

Scoring: The greatest distance wins. Extra points for number of IT nervous breakdowns. Instant gold if you can score a "hole in one" in the office gossip's lipstick-smeared maw.





GOING FOR THE GOLD!



THE GRAPH BOARD FLIP

Pad the bottom line with victory, Employee D7-105!

Near the end of a deadening presentation, sprint at the graph board and spring, leading with your shoulder and arching your back. This event is a real crowd pleaser; just watch out for that moment when your tender

back splinters the conference table. **Scoring:** Whoever catches the most air while clearing the graph board wins. Extra points if this stunt makes an executive take his "happy pills".

STICK IT TO THE MAN

POST-IT FENCING

En garde, lowly receptionist!

Both competitors adopt the traditional swordsman's stance, each holding a Post-it in his fighting hand. The aim is to be the first to stick five yellow memos to your opponent's body. Have at thee!

Scoring: Best of five successful hits wins. A memo affixed to the groin still counts but may lead to permanent exile from the backstabbing post-work beer-and-bitch posse.



SPIN ZONE

SYNCHRONIZED SPINNING

"Creative" types dominate!

This event combines the effortless grace of synchronized swimming with the clumsy brutality of a monster truck rally. Stand on the seat of your rotating chair and try to stay upright as long as possible while coworkers furiously twirl it to music like "The Power" by Snap or "Fuck the Pain Away" by Peaches.

Scoring: Compete three at a time—the last man standing gets gold. Extra points: Chairs with wheels can also be shoved at each other while riders joust with poster-packing tubes.



The corporate drones go round and round...

HOW TO



MAKE OFFICE OLYMPIC MEDALS

Assemble these timeless badges of Olympiad honor.

BRONZE MEDAL

What you'll need:

Paper clips; a borderline moldy bagel from the most recent and pointless underling-appeasement breakfast.

Assembly: Link paper clips together and loop them through the bagel.



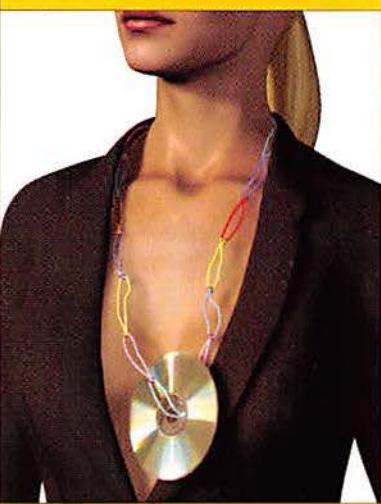
"I told you I'm a winner, Daddy!"

SILVER MEDAL

What you'll need:

Rubber bands; a CD full of nursing home porn downloaded from the computer of that little old lady who collects timesheets.

Assembly: Tie the rubber bands into a string and run them through the CD.



GOLD MEDAL

What you'll need:

Binder clips; coffee filter; yellow highlighter; phone cord; Scotch tape.

Assembly: Scotch-tape the ends of the phone cord to the binder clips; highlight the entire coffee filter yellow and write #1 on it; secure the binder clips to the coffee filter. Tada! ■





Maxim does Greek!

BORED OF THE RINGS?

Why are the Summer Olympics always such a snoozer? Because you've never

had our Olympics viewers' guide to tell you what to watch and when to surf.

BY ALEX STRAUS



GOOD AS GOLD

U.S.A.! U.S.A.! These Week 1 events are 24-karat locks.

MEN'S BASKETBALL



Game days: August 15–28

With us: Dream Team IV. Even with T-Mac, J-Kidd, and the Mailman punking out, LeBron, Stephon, and A-l will once again badonk-a-dunk all over the basketball world.

Against us: In the 2000 semis, the overpaid brats on Dream Team III barely scraped out a two-point victory against Lithuania...so it should be payback time in this year's finals.

SWIMMING



Game days: August 14–21

With us: Last year Michael Phelps not only became the first swimmer to win five national titles at the same meet; he went on to break five world records at the 2003 World Championships.

Against us: Australia's Ian Thorpe (three golds in 2000) is great. But Phelps will leave the Thorpedo in his warm water wake.



TENNIS

Game days: August 15–22

With us: The Williams sisters turned Sydney into their personal playground, sweeping both the singles (Venus) and doubles gold. Sorry, world: They're back!

Against us: Switzerland's Roger Federer is the world's top player and the Olympic favorite, but Andy Roddick—the world's number two player—is looking to win gold or bag every piece of Greek ass trying. Bet on both.



BOXING

Game days: August 14–29

With us: Muhammad Ali, George Foreman, Joe Frazier, Sugar Ray Leonard, Oscar de la Hoya—they all turned Olympic gold into fame and fortune back home. Next up: 240-pound super heavyweight Jason Estrada.

Against us: Cuban phenom Michael Lopez Nunez. But Estrada, 23, already beat him at the Pan American Games. Our prediction for this fight: pain!





"Thank God I wore diapers."

GREEK TRAGEDIES

Not all events end in victory—sometimes they end in carnage.

WEIGHTLIFTING

Game days: August 14–25



Blood and guts: Ha, ha!

Snapped elbows and crushed skulls are part of weightlifting—and the Olympics bring out the truly grotesque. In a horrifying incident at the '84 L.A. games, Derrick Crass was carried off the stage after dropping a 286 1/2-pound snatch on his head. What? We said, "Ha, ha!"

Who to watch: Chinese women—cough! steroids!—currently hold every single overall world record (clean & jerk plus snatch) in the sport. But Kansas-bred 2000 Olympic gold medalist Tara Nott Cunningham's snatch could change all that. Yummy!



"Oooopsie! Just
felt my spine
splinter."

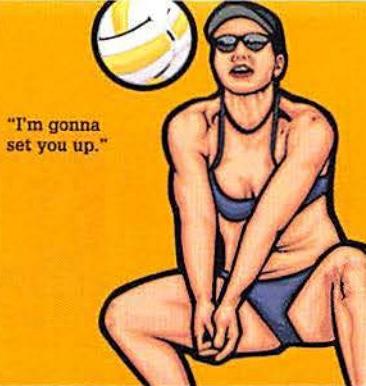
CHICK WRESTLING

Game days: August 22–23



Blood 'n' guts: Tae kwon do and judo may have bloodier histories, but if you like your sports with a side of pile-driving catfighting, then you're gonna love the first-ever Olympic women's freestyle wrestling matches. Long nails, punching, biting, pinching, strangulation holds, and name-calling are forbidden by rule, but as any decent Olympic official will tell you: If you ain't cheatin', you ain't tryin'.

Who to watch: Tela O'Donnell is a 121-pound former high school cornerback who sustained a gash across the bridge of her nose, two swollen knots on her right temple, and a black eye while beating top-seeded Tina George to qualify. "A lot of girls want to keep their girlish faces," she said later, with blood trickling from the bridge of her nose. "But I wear my [cuts and bruises] with pride."



"I'm gonna
set you up."

HARD BODIES

'Cause there's nothing like international girl-on-girl action!

BEACH VOLLEYBALL

Game days: August 14–24



Must see: Like facials? Misty May and Kerri Walsh—the ultra-hot stars of that snow-volleyball Super Bowl ad—served up plenty while racking up 90 straight wins.

Catfight: Do not miss Misty and Kerri battling their archrival hotties from Brazil: Ana Paula Connelly and Sandra Pires. Experts predict at least two midmatch tickle fights.

MOUNTAIN BIKING

Game day: August 27



Must see: Niki Gudex

Catfight: Sure, the tough Australian mountain biker shows her feminine side on page 138. But with a million-square-meter Mount Parnitha course riddled with bumps and jumps, who knows how many wardrobe malfunctions you may see. Good luck, Niki. We're pullin' for ya!



SOCCER

Game days: August 11–26



Must see: Mia Hamm, Julie

Foudy, and Brandi Chastain are back for their last golden run. Girls: If you're gonna rip your shirts off again, how 'bout a li'l nip this time?

Catfight: The Australian women's soccer team, dubbed the Naked Matildas, put out a 2000 calendar. Buy a copy and help these gals achieve their lifelong dreams of being spank candy...er, athletes.

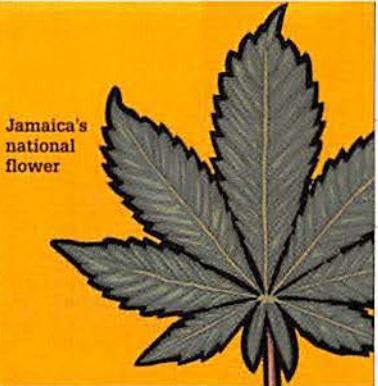
SOFTBALL

Game days: August 14–23



Must see: The only thing more perfect than the U.S. women's softball team (28-0 in '04) is their 6'1" blonde pitcher Jennie Finch. Our lovely ladies have won every Olympic gold in the sport's history and the last five World Championships.

Catfight: Again, Australia. Why are the kangaroo eaters so competitive? They gotta make up for Paul Hogan.



Jamaica's
national
flower

HIGH LIGHTS

Feeling mellow? Peep these trippy events...and don't forget the chips.

DID YOU KNOW?



The Greek baseball team, funded by Baltimore Orioles owner Peter Angelos, will include 18 Americans of Greek descent.

U.S. synchronized swimmer Tammy Crows' manslaughter sentence has been postponed until after the Games.

Fifty Greek prostitutes have protested the withdrawal of legislation intended to ease brothel operation in Athens.

Thirty-six percent of the host cities' dining facilities do not meet basic hygiene standards.

Greece will spend \$800 million on security.

SISSY GYMNASTICS



Low point: Ribbon twirling, beach ball bouncing, and the Hula Hoop are not sports—unless, of course, Frank the Tank is twirlin'.

High point: "You're my boy, Blue!" ☺



"Does this ribbon make me look gay?"

HARRISBURG
UNIVERSITY
GYMNASTICS
REGIONAL
CHAMPS
2000

STAN
CHAMPS
100



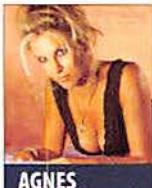
FREE ELECTIONS!



TINA
Michigan



NIKKI
Massachusetts



AGNES
Illinois



KAREN
Tennessee



ANGELA
Georgia



JEANNETTE
California



MELISSA
Florida



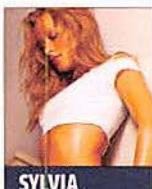
THERÈSE
Michigan



MICHELLE
Georgia



GINA
California



SYLVIA
New Jersey



NATALIE
South Carolina



JESSICA
Georgia



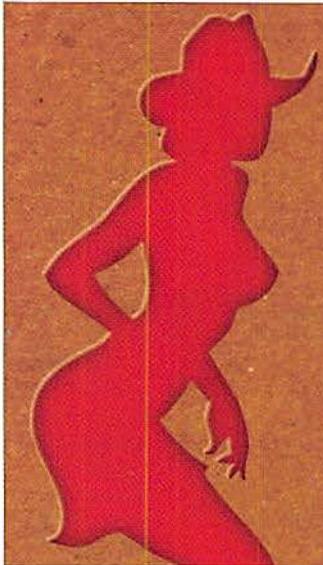
BROOKE
Florida



MALIA
Hawaii



JAMIE
California



WHO IS AMERICA'S SEXIEST GIRL NEXT DOOR?

Hometown Hotties 2004

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DIANE
Kentucky



TANYA
California



CRISTAL
Texas



JOHANNA
Florida



STACIE
Alabama



DESIREE
Nevada



LINDSAY
California



NATALIE
Utah



ANASTASIA
Nevada



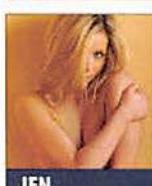
NIKKI
California



MICHÉLLE
Hawaii



GOGO
California



JEN
California



SARA
California



TIFFANY
Louisiana



SHELLY
Georgia



DESIREE
Minnesota



JEZABEL
California



CAROLINA
Texas



MICHELLE
Michigan



COLLEEN
Nevada



KELLY
Virginia



STACIE
Texas



SARAH
Vermont

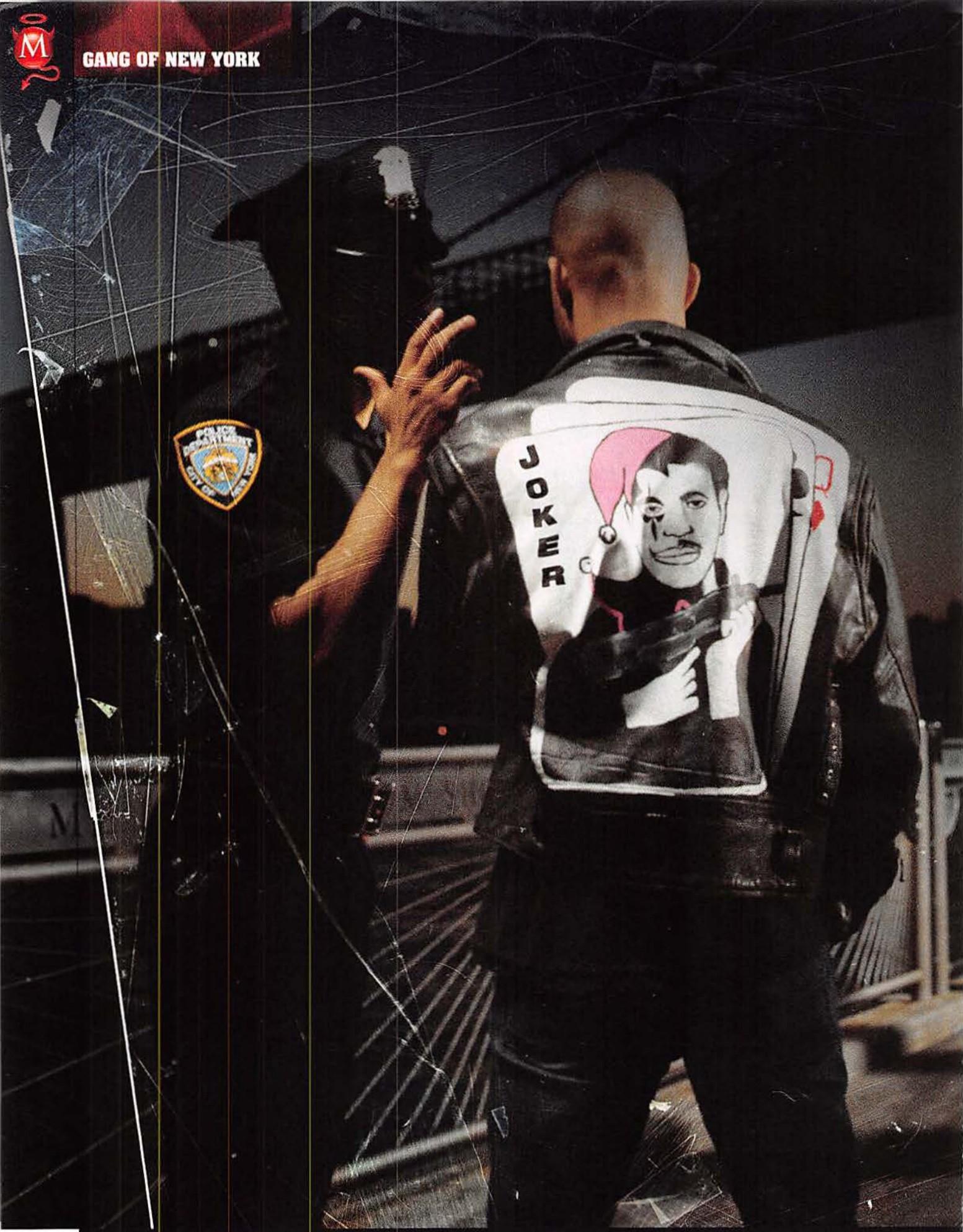


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|--------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| CHANILIA Florida | CRYSTAL Ohio | AMBER Washington | KIMBERLY Texas | TARA Montana | MARCIA North Carolina | MARTINA Arizona | JASMINE Washington |
| MINDY Missouri | PAMELA New Jersey | KIMI Florida | TIFFANY Florida | GINA California | EMILY Georgia | URSULA Virginia | ELIZABETH Tennessee |
| MARIAH California | CECE Illinois | TARA New Jersey | AMBER DAWN Florida | NAOMI Nevada | KRISTYL Florida | VALERIE California | GINA Florida |
| CARRIE Texas | NIKKI California | MAGGIE Connecticut | SONIA Arizona | STACEY California | AUTUMN Connecticut | HEATHER Kansas | LAN Louisiana |
| LIDIA Texas | JERI Missouri | CHRISTEN Texas | ELIZABETH Maryland | DENISE Illinois | BRANDI Texas | LIZZY Wisconsin | JENNIFER Florida |
| JACLYN North Carolina | JELENA New Jersey | HEIDI Kansas | BRITTANY Georgia | BETHANY Maine | DIJONE California | ERIANA Florida | PAMALA Pennsylvania |
| LAURA Tennessee | JENNIFER Florida | ANGELICA Texas | RHEA Texas | NALINEE New York | LINDSEY Kentucky | | |
| NIKKI South Carolina | HEATHER Maryland | ELLA Montana | ERIN Nebraska | SARAH Texas | ANGELA North Carolina | | |





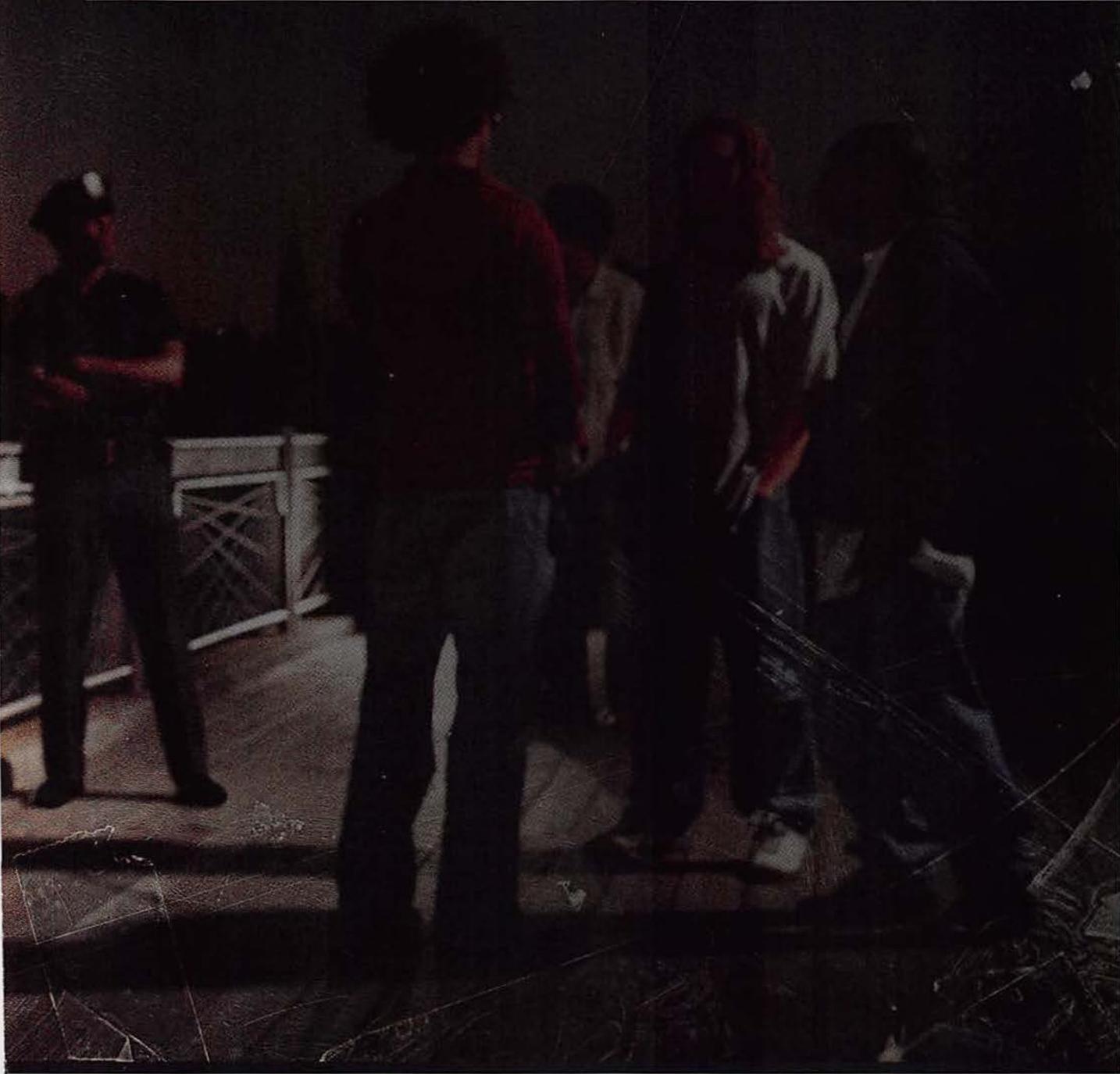
GANG OF NEW YORK



For 10 years,
cross-dressing
prankster Vere
Padmore led one
of Brooklyn's most
untouchable street
gangs. His ace in the
hole? Two NYPD cops.

BY GIL REAVILL
PHOTOGRAPH BY
CLAY PATRICK MCBRIDE

JOKER'S WILDBUNCH



The carnival sprawled along Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway, two million seminude people in a boisterous, sweaty, steel-band-rocking millennial celebration of the West Indian Day parade. Food booths hawked goat roti and jerk chicken, while vendors touted T-shirts that read TRINI GIRLS ARE THE BEST, BELIZE BABY, and GRENADA NUMERO UNO.

The police were there, too, horse-mounted crowd-control cops and uniformed patrols clotting the street corners.

Detectives were searching the crowd for a killer.

Vere Padmore, a.k.a. "Joker," had led a robbery crew on a decade-long campaign of murder, kidnapping, and assault from his home base in Rugby, the West Indian community of Brooklyn. An angular six-footer whose parents immigrated from Barbados, Joker Padmore had jumped bail on an armed robbery charge and landed on the FBI's 10 Most Wanted list. He was number six with a bullet.

Striding past the cops that day was a tall, raw-boned blonde woman wearing a stylish designer-label frock. The blonde approached a small-statured member of Padmore's crew named Antoine Carter*, who performed a shocked double take of recognition, then broke up laughing.

"Oh, Jokes," Carter snorted. "You look good."

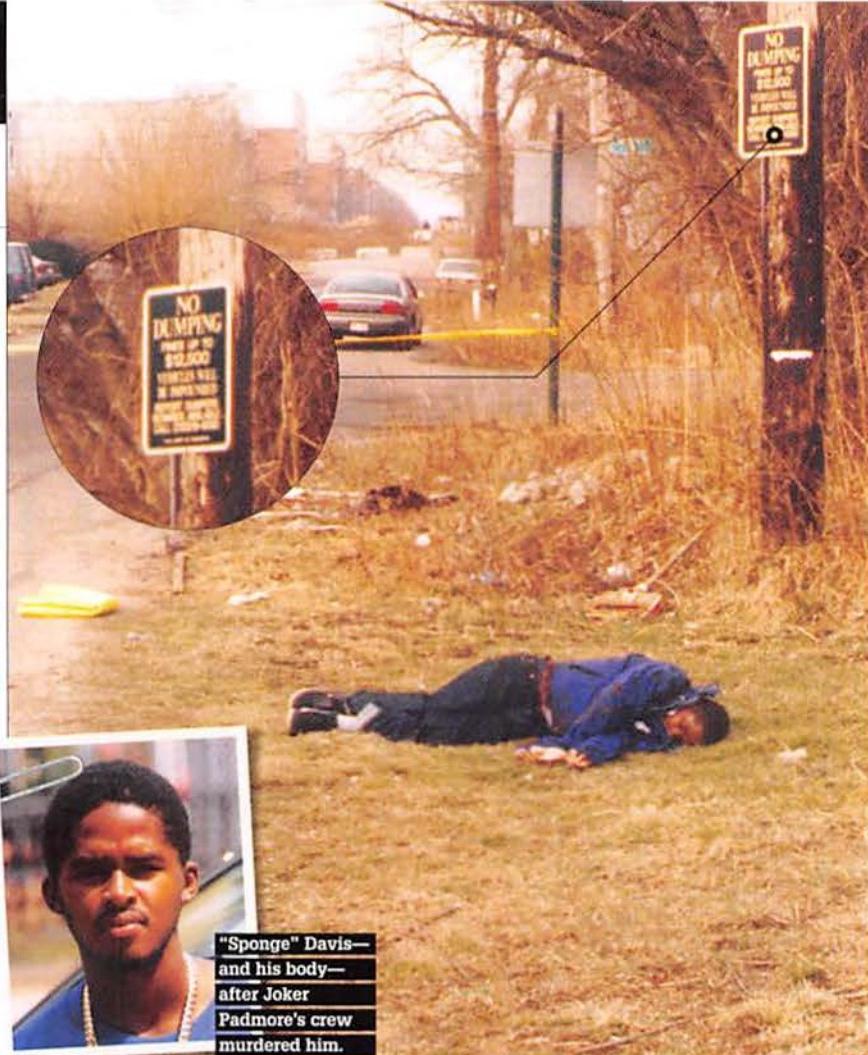
Other at-large members of the Brooklyn robbery crew gathered around the cross-dressed Joker Padmore, unable to restrain their hilarity.

Padmore earned his nickname for his ability to find a joke in anything, but for once, humor failed him.

"What do you want me to do?" he demanded, annoyed. "I got to come back to the neighborhood, don't I?"

Padmore's brazen but risible appearance amid a massive police manhunt was emblematic of a criminal career that stretched back to his junior high days. From its beginnings among neighborhood friends in East New York, Joker Padmore's crew tore through Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, New Jersey, and Long Island. They targeted jewelry stores and perpetrated vicious home invasions. Most of all, they loved to jack dope dealers.

Through interviews with Padmore's associates, as well as victims, prosecutors, and detectives, *Maxim* put together an exclusive picture of a gang that had a 10-year run of violence and mayhem, including at least 10 known homicides, before being brought down by bulldog police work,



**"Sponge" Davis—
and his body—
after Joker
Padmore's crew
murdered him.**

and whose last member was finally brought to trial in July.

The crew netted millions in cash, dope, and jewelry. Their hallmark was an intense professionalism enforced by Padmore's brilliant criminal mind. Prior to his downfall, he had only one collar, for jumping a subway turnstile.

"In another life he could have done great things," says Jack Smith, the young Harvard-educated assistant U.S. attorney who prosecuted Padmore. "He organized jewelry robberies, he did stakeouts, he was the guy who thought things through."

The crew's eight main gang members, along with a dozen other loosely knit regulars, should have been cooled out fast. But throughout the '90s it was as if Joker's crew led a charmed life. No busts, no harassment, no special task force formed to put them out of business.

THE BOYS FROM BROOKLYN

Padmore was a raucous presence in the halls of Brooklyn's PS 232, Winthrop Intermediate. By the time he was 14, he had already been tagged with his nickname.

"He was popular, because he was good times," says Carter, who grew up near the Padmore family's modest first-floor apartment in the Rugby neighborhood. "He'd always be coming up on a group, chucking somebody on the head, getting everybody going and laughing."

Though Padmore seemed to know everybody in school and in the neighborhood, his best friend was Jamil Jordan, an introspective kid who never joined Padmore's crowd.

"Jamil was the silent type," says Carter, who would often see Padmore and Jordan off by themselves. But Jordan would always drift away when Joker's other friends approached. He wasn't ready to become a follower.

In his early teens, Padmore began butting heads with his parents. His father, Vere Sr., was a hard-working electrician—and strict, perhaps because he sensed the direction his son was headed. Joker didn't like it. He dropped out of school and moved out when he was

TO PROTECT AND SWERVE

How does a perfectly clean cop turn dirtier than a Frenchy's armpit?



1. GRASS EATING

According to Thomas O'Connor, professor of criminology at North Carolina Wesleyan College, an at-risk cop will often start out as a "grass eater"—an officer who accepts small gifts from the public. ("Thanks for the cookies, ma'am!")



2. ON THE TAKE

From grass eating, it's not big a leap to accepting outright bribes for overlooking minor violations. After all, if those "thank you" cookies turn into nooky because some sweet lady doesn't want her car towed, who's really hurt?



3. MEAT EATING

Now things get dirty. After grass eating and accepting bribes, Officer Mud is becoming a "meat eater"—he's actively seeking out victims. (Tired of those badges raiding your nightclub? Pay up and they'll look the other way.)

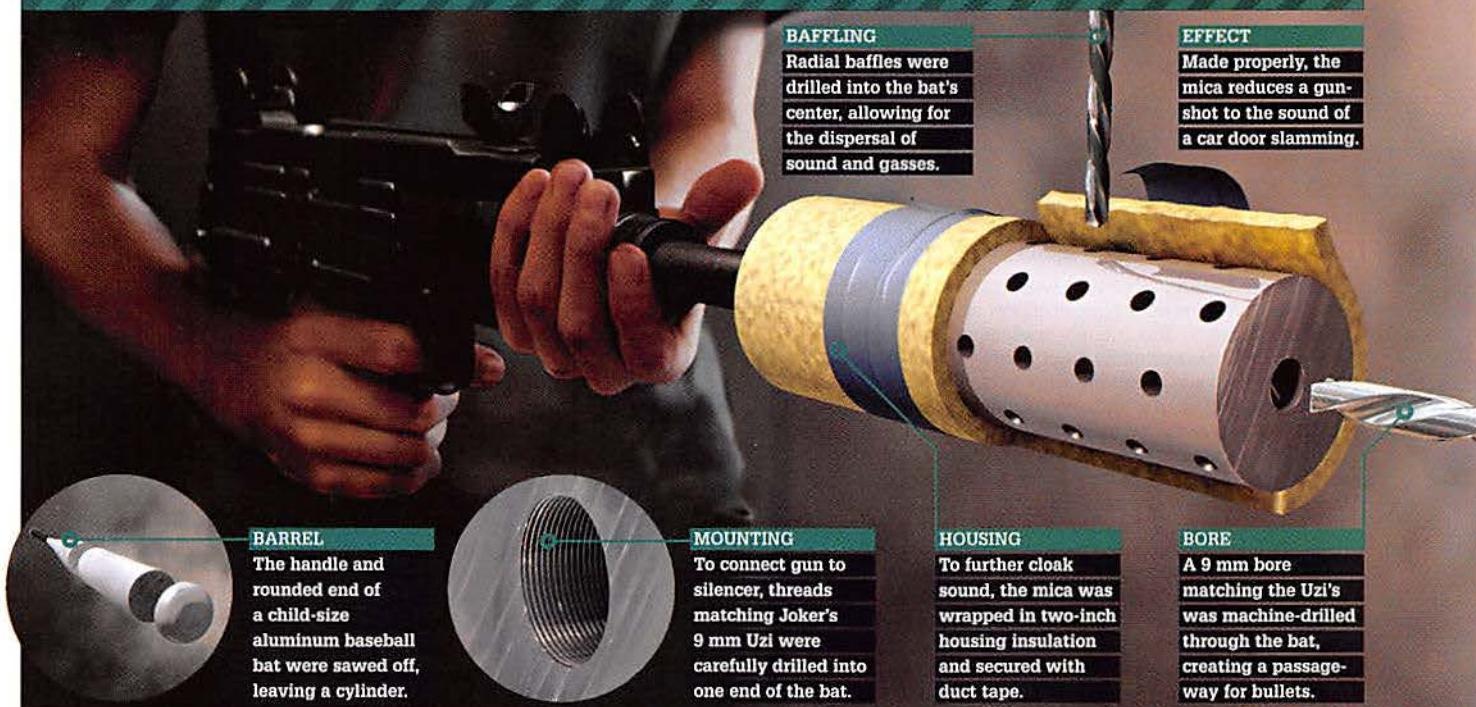


4. RINGLEADER

Finally, our dirty cop may lead associates in big-money crimes like jacking drug dealers. "Group support helps a deviant maintain a positive self-identity," says O'Connor. If a ring expands, whole precincts can sink into the muck.

SILENT BUT DEADLY*

Joker Padmore's homemade silencer, or mica, was made from little more than a baseball bat. Here's how he did it.



16, and decided to make his way in the world by robbing.

It started with chain-snatching sprees. Joker, Carter, and other 42nd Street homeys, like Prince "Tool" Woodard (who earned his nickname because of his obsession with guns) and Joker's good friend "Maf" (short for "Mafia"), would spot a guy wearing a gold chain and simply take it, sometimes at gunpoint. The gang's main muscle was the sole non-West Indian in the crew, a hulking 6'2", 270-pound black Hispanic named Francisco "Psycho" Lake. "If Jokes said, 'Go fuck with somebody,'" Carter recalls, "Psycho wouldn't stop and ask why."

The baby gangsters got \$150 or \$200 for every chain, but Joker wanted more. He devoured street-racing magazines and bought his first bike, a Kawasaki. He needed cash to support his passion.

"We taking off this gold one by one," Joker allegedly told his fledgling crew. "Why don't we go where they got a hundred, a thousand gold chains?"

THE SCHOOL KIDS GRADUATE

The young crew didn't have to look far for larger prey. In the early '90s, East Brooklyn was teeming with drug dealers, other young Caribbean immigrants who had brought the trades of smuggling and pot dealing up from the islands. The dealers trafficked in the rich, high-grade dope of Jamaica, operating from street-level outlets called "spots." One of Padmore's early targets was Keith Granger, a dealer who operated a spot on Hancock Street. Still an amateur, Padmore's first strike against Granger failed, and about two weeks later, in September 1992, Granger struck back.

Joker was sitting in a car on Nostrand Ave. with his running partner, Maf, when gunshots exploded around them. A bullet tore at Padmore but passed through the sleeve of his jacket. Maf, meanwhile, was slumped over, shot dead.

Joker's revenge was immediate and harsh. He and Psycho kidnapped Granger's son, Sheldon, and Sheldon's innocent bystander friend, Kurt Amos. They duct-taped

their mouths and eyes, bound them hand and foot, and took them to the deserted parking lot of the Linden Motor Inn, near John F. Kennedy airport.

"I parked my car a little ways away," Lake later told police, "and I was approaching [Padmore]. I saw him take [Sheldon and Amos] out of the car, put them on the ground, and shoot them in the head."

Padmore rooted through Sheldon's pockets and took his house keys. Then the crew burst in on Sheldon's parents, Keith Granger and his wife. Padmore shot Granger, killing him, and looted his house of pound bricks of pot. He left the wife bound and gagged in duct tape but alive.

JOKER'S ACE IN THE HOLE

The Granger triple homicide remained unsolved. Emboldened, Padmore's crew met almost every day in Lincoln Park, drinking 40s through straws because they thought you got higher that way, smoking blunts, and plotting "works"—armed robberies, usually of drug dealers. "Eating their food" meant stealing money and dope, "blowing the works" meant something went wrong. Everyone drove a new Lexus, and the more they robbed, the more they needed to rob to keep up their lavish lifestyles.

Padmore enlisted foot soldiers on an oil-stained garage block of Shepherd Avenue in East New York. He'd met them through street racing. His disapproving homeys from the old neighborhood labeled the new recruits "grimy niggers."

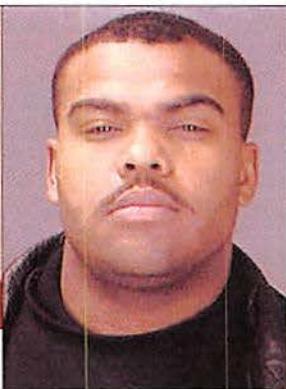
At times the two groups seemed to compete to see which could be more outrageous. Aaron "Fish" Myvett, one of the Shepherd Avenue thugs, boasted that as a child he once put a rat in his grandmother's soup. Rumor has it Psycho Lake responded in kind, once getting down in the middle of 42nd Street and humping a German shepherd from behind, just to justify his nickname. In the summer of 1996, Psycho gave guided tours of his basement, where he kept the mutilated body of "Jimmy," a dope dealer he had murdered and stashed in a 50-gallon drum. ▶

I saw him take them out of the car, put them on the ground, and shoot them in the head.'

GANG OF NEW YORK



Vere Padmore (left) and
Francisco "Psycho" Lake



Rasene "Fox" Mynton,
one of the crew
members in the van
when the Sponge Davis
murder occurred



Padmore became obsessed with planning and surveillance, and with the use of gun silencers to mask the group's activities. One of the group's trademarks was "micas," homemade silencers made from aluminum baseball bats that they'd attach to assault rifles and submachine guns. To make use of all that firepower, Joker needed drug spots. That's when he reached for his ace in the hole.

Padmore's old grammar school classmate Jamil "Germ" Jordan was still a shadow presence in his life, a guy other crew members saw but rarely interacted with.

"They were always huddled together," Carter says of the pair. "We never knew what they were talking about."

In 1996 Jordan took his civil service exams, and the next year he became a cop in the 77th Precinct, in nearby Crown Heights. Ten years earlier, the precinct had been home to the "Buddy Boys," one of the largest police corruption rings in New York City history.

"Did Jordan become a cop to become a true cop?" Christine Howard, the FBI case agent who investigated Joker's crew, wonders to this day. "Or to try to hide things he wanted to get into?"

According to Carter, "Jordan never even spit on the sidewalk without Jokes knowing about it and telling him he could do it."

Whatever Jordan's motivation for joining the NYPD,

**Psycho kept
the mutilated
body of a
murdered
drug dealer
in a 50-gallon
drum.**

there was no question he was useful to Joker, who jotted down the license plates of luxury cars as they passed through the neighborhood. He had Jordan run the plates for addresses. Jordan also checked the police computers and gave Padmore locations of drug spots or dealers that might be vulnerable to robbery. And toward the end of 1996, they quietly began hatching an audacious plan.

A COP ON THE ROCKS

In January 1997, Jordan took a new partner. Anthony Trotman was a different breed of officer from Jordan. Like others in the crew, he had an island background—his people were from Barbados—but the Trotman family was well-established in Brooklyn. Tony had a brother who was a bank vice president. While Jordan got mediocre reviews, Trotman had a spotless record as an NYPD patrolman.

That was surface. The deeper reality revealed a profoundly troubled man. Five years earlier, Trotman's son, Anthony Jr., was taken to SUNY Health Center in Brooklyn for treatment of sickle cell anemia. It was supposed to be a simple procedure, a routine hookup to a heart-lung monitor to check the three-year-old's vitals. But a nurse allegedly plugged the electrodes attached to Anthony Jr.'s chest into an electrical outlet. The resulting electrocution sent the boy into a coma and eventually a vegetative state.

"I saw the change in Tony after that," says Valerie Amsterdam, a lawyer and longtime friend of the Trotman family. By the time he partnered up with Jordan, the two shared what could be charitably characterized as a situational approach to police ethics.

Once, a proverbial little old lady stopped the two officers on the street to ask for directions. Trotman said they looted her purse, stealing jewelry and \$200 in cash. Another time, they encountered a DOA and robbed the corpse. "I did disgusting, terrible things," Trotman would later admit.

Jordan introduced Trotman to the crew in the spring of 1997. "I knew Padmore was robbing drug dealers and that he had grown up with Jordan," Trotman recalled.

"Jordan caused Trotman to go bad," Howard says unequivocally. "They would be working on patrol, and Jamil would get a cell phone call from Padmore and Lake, saying, 'Come meet us over here.' They'd meet at the park, and Padmore would pull up in a Lexus with the Rolexes, with the bling-bling on and wads of cash going around."

Jordan slowly showed his partner the good life Padmore was offering, hinting around. In late July 1997, Padmore laid it out to Trotman: a jewelry store robbery, just across the city border in Garden City, Long Island. Padmore had found the target by searching the Yellow Pages for stores advertising Rolexes, his favorite watch.

Padmore and his crew had already robbed the place five months earlier and gotten away with diamond jewelry and Swiss watches, including 20 Rolexes. Did Trotman want to come along this second time around? Or, as Padmore always phrased it when inviting crew members on a ►

FASHION FELONS

These dudes may have worn panties, but they cross-dressed to kill.



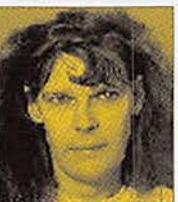
MRS. ED

Back in the '50s, Eddie Gein kept his propensity for cross-dressing secret—along with his penchant for robbing graves, having sex with corpses, and eating them. Police eventually found the remains of 17 women in his home.



THE THAI TYSON

Retired boxer Picherd Saenkaew cruised Bangkok nightclubs in a traditional Thai dress, then beat up and dismembered male tourists. "I had to kill 'em so they couldn't cancel their credit cards," he told police after his arrest.



BAD STRIP

After getting a sex change, Glen "Leslie" Nelson was Philly's most butt-ugly stripper and truck-stop prostitute. She headed off to jail in 1995 in her favorite blue go-go outfit after shooting two cops investigating child abuse claims.



WHO YOU CALLING A GIRL?

In Olde England, the real men weren't. Take Moll Cutpurse: She dressed like a guy and had quite a rep as a highway robber, having shot a general and killed his two guards when they hesitated to turn over their gold.



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GONE IN 36 SECONDS

Joker's crew was fast—but not fast enough to avoid video capture.



1. The entry: Crew members burst into H.L. Gross Jewelers through the front door.



2. The smash: They break open display cases with hammers. Trotman uses a gun.



3. The grab: Watches and jewelry are snatched up—fast. The take: \$1 million.



4. Exit, stage left: The crew rushes back out the front door. Total time: 36 seconds.

works: "You want to go fuck with me?"

Trotman said he would.

At 8:40 A.M. on August 1, Trotman signed out of the 77th precinct, where he was on scooter patrol. He joined Padmore and Lake, and two other crew members, pulling a dark windbreaker over his police uniform.

"Down, everybody down!" Padmore screamed when the five ski-masked gunmen burst into H.L. Gross jewelers.

Padmore had mapped out the moves beforehand. The high-end loot went to the captains: Rolexes for Joker, diamonds for Psycho. They smashed the cases with hammers, the shattering glass sounding like gunshots. As a lower-ranking crew member, Trotman was allowed to sweep up only the less-expensive goods. With his service revolver he smashed his targeted display case, full of TAG Heuer watches. The quintet of thieves were in and out of the store in 36 seconds, with \$1 million worth of swag.

"Fast and fat" was how a laughing Joker liked to put it.

RATTED OUT

On March 26, 1998, more than a half-year after the second H.L. Gross robbery, NYPD detective Jim Harkins interviewed a potential informant in the 71st Precinct station house. The guy had been caught with just a bag of weed, but he was spilling his guts to avoid an encounter with New York's draconian Rockefeller drug laws.

"I could tell you about robberies," the informant suddenly said. He knew a guy who "did a million-dollar jewelry store heist." The informant gave Harkins chapter-and-verse details of the second Garden City robbery.

"There was a dirty cop with them," he added.

"How do you know he was a cop?" Harkins asked.

"I saw him once in a police car."

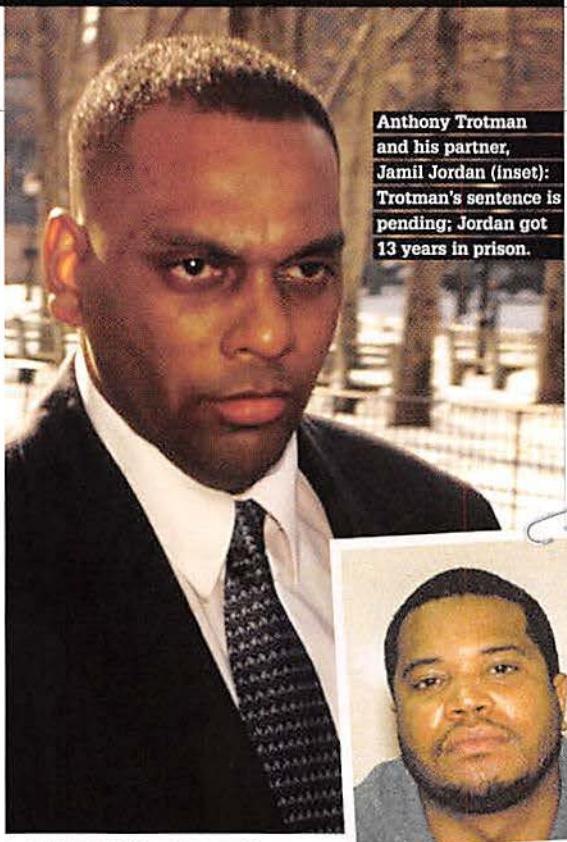
The detective's heart fell. Harkins was a squared-off guy, a family man who didn't drink or smoke. His wife was an NYPD detective, too. Now his case was a lot uglier.

Harkins reached out to Nassau County police and found himself talking to an old-school detective named Jim Dempsey and his partner, Tom Goodwin. The three detectives pulled the jacket of the name the informant had given Harkins.

Padmore, Vere. Street name, Joker.



'There was a dirty cop with them,' he said. 'He was in on the robbery.'



Anthony Trotman and his partner, Jamil Jordan (inset). Trotman's sentence is pending; Jordan got 13 years in prison.

A KIDNAP AND TORTURE

Padmore and Trotman kept busy. Trotman participated in a kidnapping-torture-extortion move against an alleged Bronx drug dealer named Leon King. It was a trademark Padmore job. Trotman fitted him out with a blue NYPD windbreaker and wore a police jacket himself. They went in heavy, carrying .45 autowholes.

They waited outside King's apartment until he rolled up in his gray BMW. King was from the Caribbean, too, and wore his salt-and-pepper hair in dreads.

Sporting his police jacket, Joker rushed the BMW and smashed the driver's window with his gun. He smacked King and bundled him into the back of the crew's blue Chevy van, where Trotman snapped his police cuffs on him.

"Where's the money at?" Joker asked calmly. He tapped King's skull with the barrel of his .45, not hitting him, really, just letting him know the potential.

"Officer, officer," King moaned.

"Shut up," Trotman said. "We're not cops. Get it through your head—you're being kidnapped."

They drove King to the basement apartment of Fish Myvett, where things turned ugly. Padmore duct-taped King's eyes and mouth, and the crew gang-beat him.

"I kicked him a couple of times," Trotman admitted. "He's being whumped, right?"

But King refused to give up the location of his money stash. Fish heated an electric clothes iron and pressed it into King's bare shoulder.

"I didn't see them bring [the iron] in," Trotman later said of the torture, "but I did hear King yell."

Trotman decided things were spinning out of control. "I've got to get back to work," he told Padmore. "I've got to pick up my wife." There was a roll call at the 77th Precinct soon, and he had to make it.

It was Trotman's last works with the crew. King got off lucky. After he forked over \$20,000 in cash, the crew dropped him off in Queens, bruised but alive.

JOKER GETS PINCHED

Detectives Harkins, Dempsey, and Goodwin moved fast. A month after Harkins received the tip on the jewelry job, Goodwin arrested Padmore. "We got him in bed with a ▶

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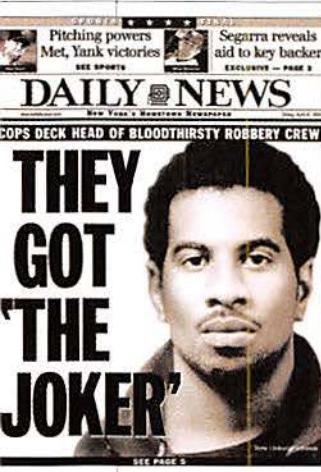
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GANG OF NEW YORK



Above: Padmore gets the front page. Far right: Broken jewelry cases from the H.L. Gross robbery. Inset: Fish Mygett.

broad, with his bare ass up in the air," Goodwin laughs.

Incredibly, Joker made bail. "The judge looked at his arrest record," Harkins says. "All he saw was the conviction for subway fare beating." Padmore's parents put up their home to make the \$1 million bond.

It was the last Harkins saw of Padmore for nearly two years. Joker jumped bail and holed up in New Jersey with Pepper, the girlfriend he called his "babymama," and the couple's infant child.

Joker showed up in drag in his old neighborhood, spreading the alarm. "You all ought to cut your dreads and leave back for Miami," he warned them. "It is hot. Everything, everything—they know what's up."

But the crew did not rest.

Sponge Davis was a Guyanese pot dealer who ran a West Indian restaurant on Nostrand Avenue. The crew heard he had upward of half a million dollars stashed in a safe in his house.

On February 25, 2000, Padmore associate Kingsley "Lee" Bernard drove the blue Chevy van to Davis' Brooklyn block, 82nd Street off Avenue L. Lee was a handsome six-footer, but he was cocky, impulsive. The other crew members were leery of him.

Lee didn't have long to wait. Davis left his apartment. Lee Bernard approached him.

"What's wrong with this little man?" Lee crooned.

As the rest of the crew looked on stunned, Lee lunged at the pot dealer, lighting him up with his .45 automatic. Fish Mygett heard the five popping shots, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom. One bullet plowed through Davis' lungs and nicked his aorta, then exited and stuck in his clothes, where detectives found it later.

The crew was incensed. "The works is already blown!" Fish cried. "We have to leave!"

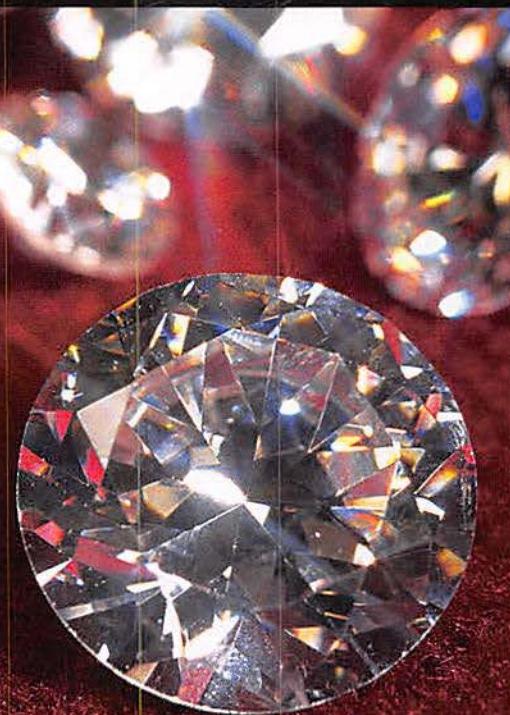
They bundled the bloody body into the back of the blue van and raced back to East New York.

"Why did you have to shoot the guy?" Fish demanded. "You killed the little man!"

"He was going for his gun," Lee said.

"You hit him five times with a .45," Fish said, disgusted.

They dumped Davis' body in a bleak industrial landscape on the Brooklyn-Queens border. Lee plundered the corpse, taking a Rolex and prying a gold ring off Davis' finger. Fish ripped a gold chain from his neck, then Lee wiped his body with alcohol in a shoddy attempt to remove fingerprints.



JOKE'S OVER

"It was only a matter of time," Trotman sighed when he saw Harkins at his doorstep early one morning in January 2001. "I knew you guys were coming."

Trotman had already been dismissed from the police force in August 2000 for lying in federal court about the details of an arrest. But when he answered the door in his bathrobe, he was still wearing his police badge on a chain around his neck. Harkins arrested him, and he willingly began giving up his criminal life to Harkins, spilling details of the H.L. Gross robbery and other jobs.

But he didn't want to give up his partner.

"He's my best friend," Trotman sobbed, but Harkins finally prevailed on him to turn on Jordan. Francisco Lake was cooperating, too, as well as Fish Mygett.

But for two years, while his crew members were going down one by one, the ringleader was in the wind.

Padmore's babymama, Pepper, finally provided the break. She called Harkins from a pay phone in Manhattan's financial district to tell him to stop



It was a wild chase, through backyards and commercial lots.

trying to find her. He and other detectives slogged up and down the nearby buildings, showing Pepper's photo to everyone they met. "Oh, yeah, that girl," a receptionist finally responded. "She works right here." Harkins then tracked Pepper to a shabby apartment in Montclair, New Jersey. On April 4, 2001, a force of FBI, NYPD, and Montclair police closed in.

Joker instantly saw he was about to be nabbed. He pushed Pepper and his baby into the path of police and took off running. It was a wild chase, through backyards and across commercial lots. Harkins lost track of his quarry several times. More units of Montclair police were brought in to search the area, and a helicopter illuminated the scene with blue-white halogen light.

Finally Harkins caught sight of Padmore's bright red jacket underneath a rust bucket Buick parked on Claremont Avenue. Harkins alerted other police, then carefully approached Padmore's hiding place. After more than two years on the lam, Joker Padmore was taken without a fight. In his apartment, police found a fully loaded Uzi equipped with a street-made silencer.

Even though they had never met, Joker addressed Harkins familiarly. "Oh, Jim, I'm glad it's over," he said from where he was handcuffed in the back of the squad car. "Every time I looked around, I was seeing you."

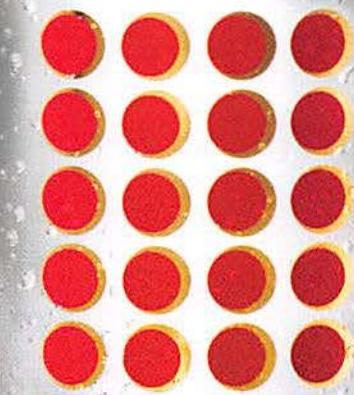
At his sentencing hearing on Valentine's Day 2003, Joker was grinning and upbeat. He and Pepper had been married in a jailhouse ceremony. "Apparently, married life is agreeing with you," Judge Frederic Block noted just before he sentenced the leader of Brooklyn's most violent robbery crew to 36 years in federal prison.

"Where's Daddy going?" Padmore's three-year-old son, Aquino, asked as the bailiff led a smiling Joker away. M

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We'd go under the knife
just to experience the
bedside manner
of *Nip/Tuck*'s
Kelly Carlson.

BODY OF WORK



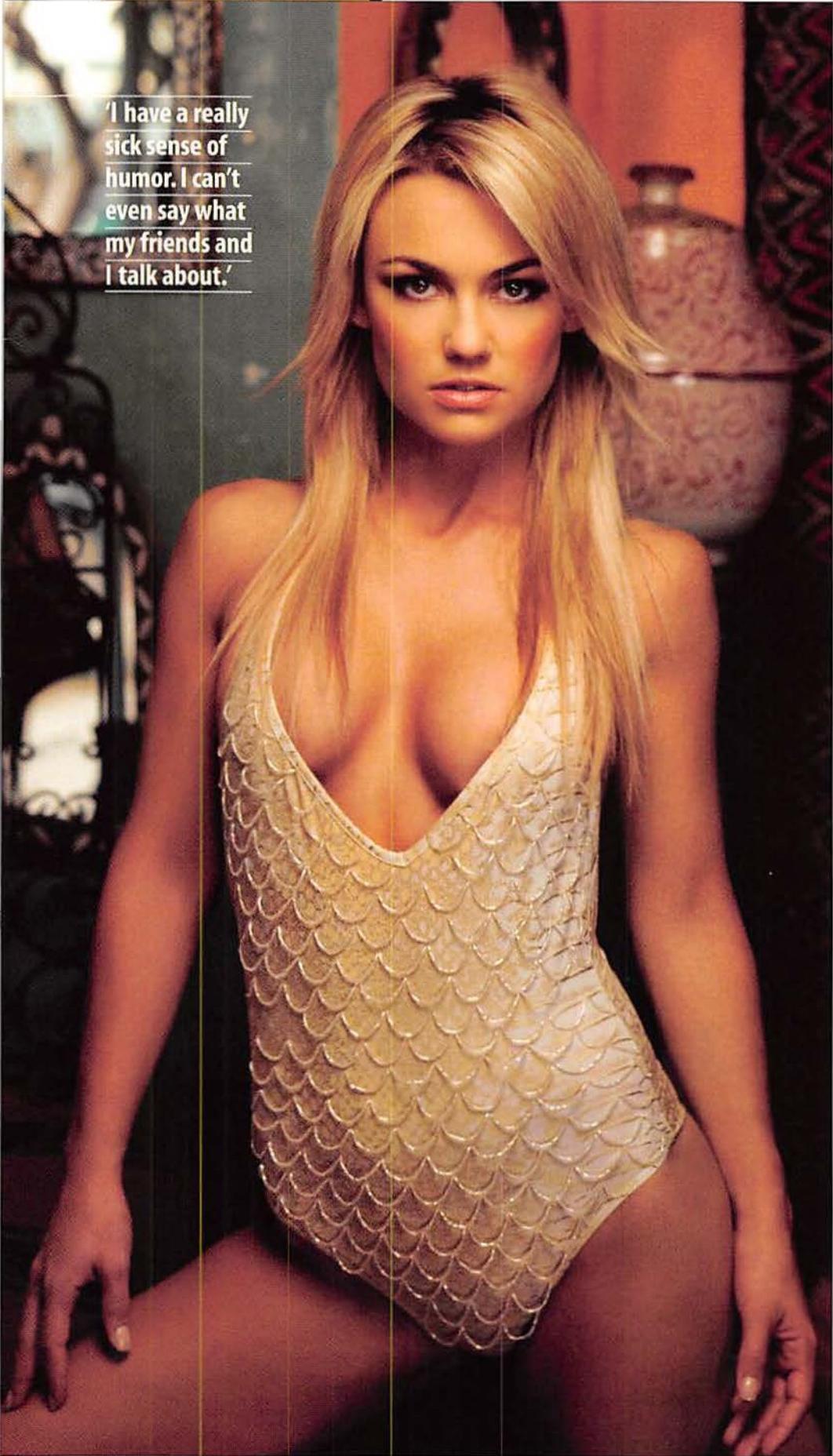


KELLY CARLSON



KELLY CARLSON

'I have a really sick sense of humor. I can't even say what my friends and I talk about.'



She's got the looks that kill: Kelly as Kimberly in a scene from *Nip/Tuck*

We'd argue that the premiere episode of FX's plastic surgery drama *Nip/Tuck* features, with no exaggeration, the greatest character introduction ever committed to film: Blonde model Kimberly sidles up to a bar, chats with smooth surgeon Christian Troy, and—wham, bam, thank you, doctor—ends up taking it from behind quicker than an *Oz* inmate, *all while the opening credits are still running*. Whew. Of course, one look at Minnesota native Kelly Carlson (the real woman, er, behind Kim) and we're going from zero to lust in a few seconds, too.

After your character's explicit first scene, were you concerned about how far the show was going to push things?

When I first read the script, I wasn't sure how I was going to get through the scene. I was horrified! Also, originally, I was just going to be a guest star. They hadn't planned on keeping Kimberly around, so I didn't think much of the future. But the show is really honest, so I didn't feel exploited doing the love scenes.

Love scenes? That's a nice way to put it. I know! I'm trying to be polite here!

Kimberly falls for that tired "I'm a plastic surgeon" line. What was the worst pickup attempt you've ever shot down?

I was at a gas station once and this short, weaselly guy in a Benz comes over to me and says, "Hi. You're very pretty, and I'd like to take you to dinner." Before I could say anything, he goes, "Look, I've got a lot of money," and hands me his card. So I go, "Well, why didn't you say that in the first place? I'll call you tomorrow!" So the next day my boyfriend calls the guy and goes, "Nice line, buddy. That was fantastic!"

Well, at least he gets points for being honest about his sleaziness.

Yeah, he just cut to the chase! That's why I had to run with it for a little bit.

So what do you look for in a guy?

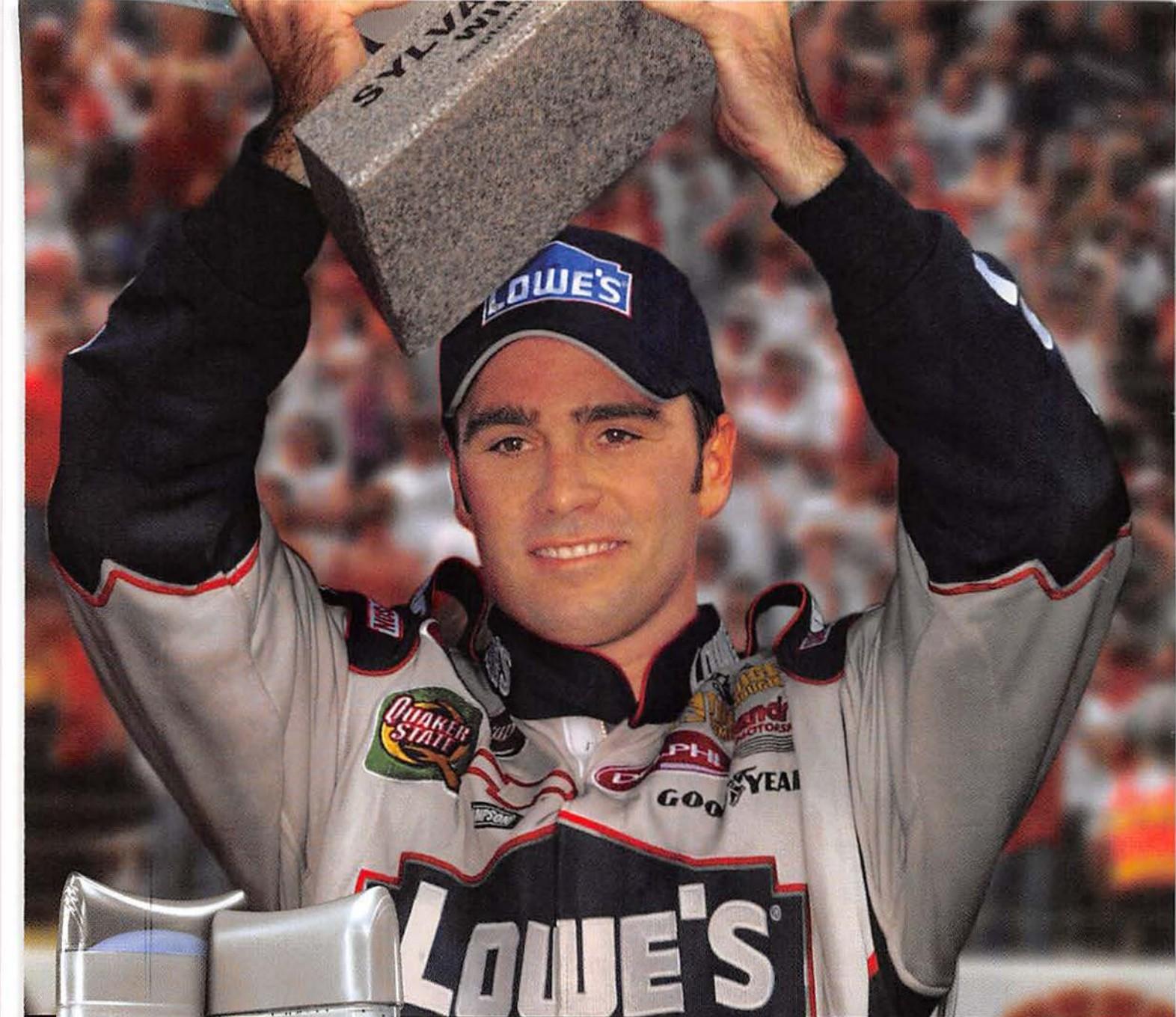
I don't really have a type. Not that I've dated all that much, but I have dated guys who were muscular and fit and guys who were skinny. You just have to be funny, really. I don't even care if you're cute. [laughs] I just have to get along with him. I have an eccentric personality, so if he has an open mind and a sense of humor, that's enough.

Great! So...call us tomorrow? ☺



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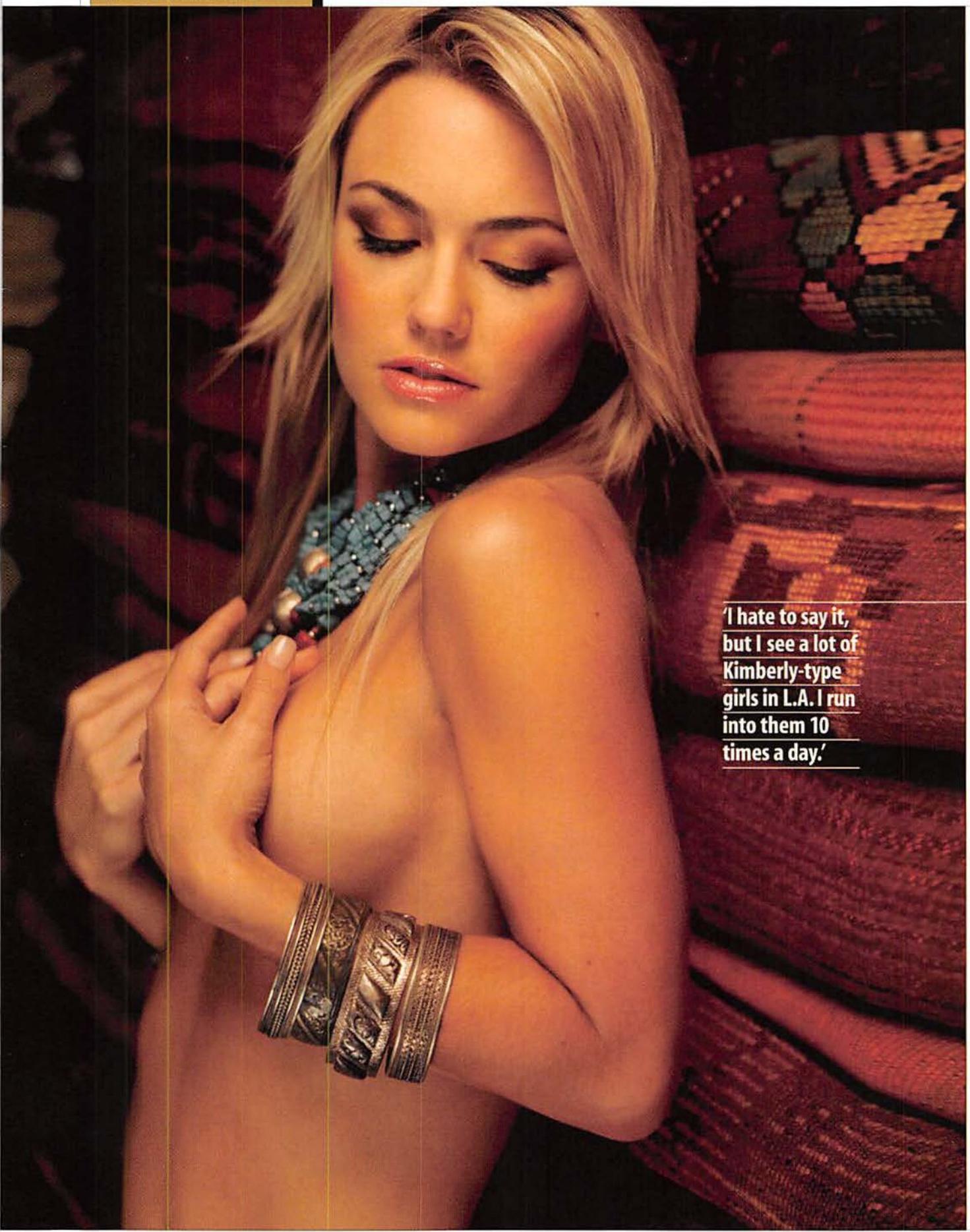
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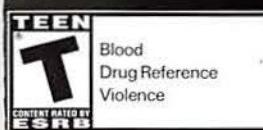


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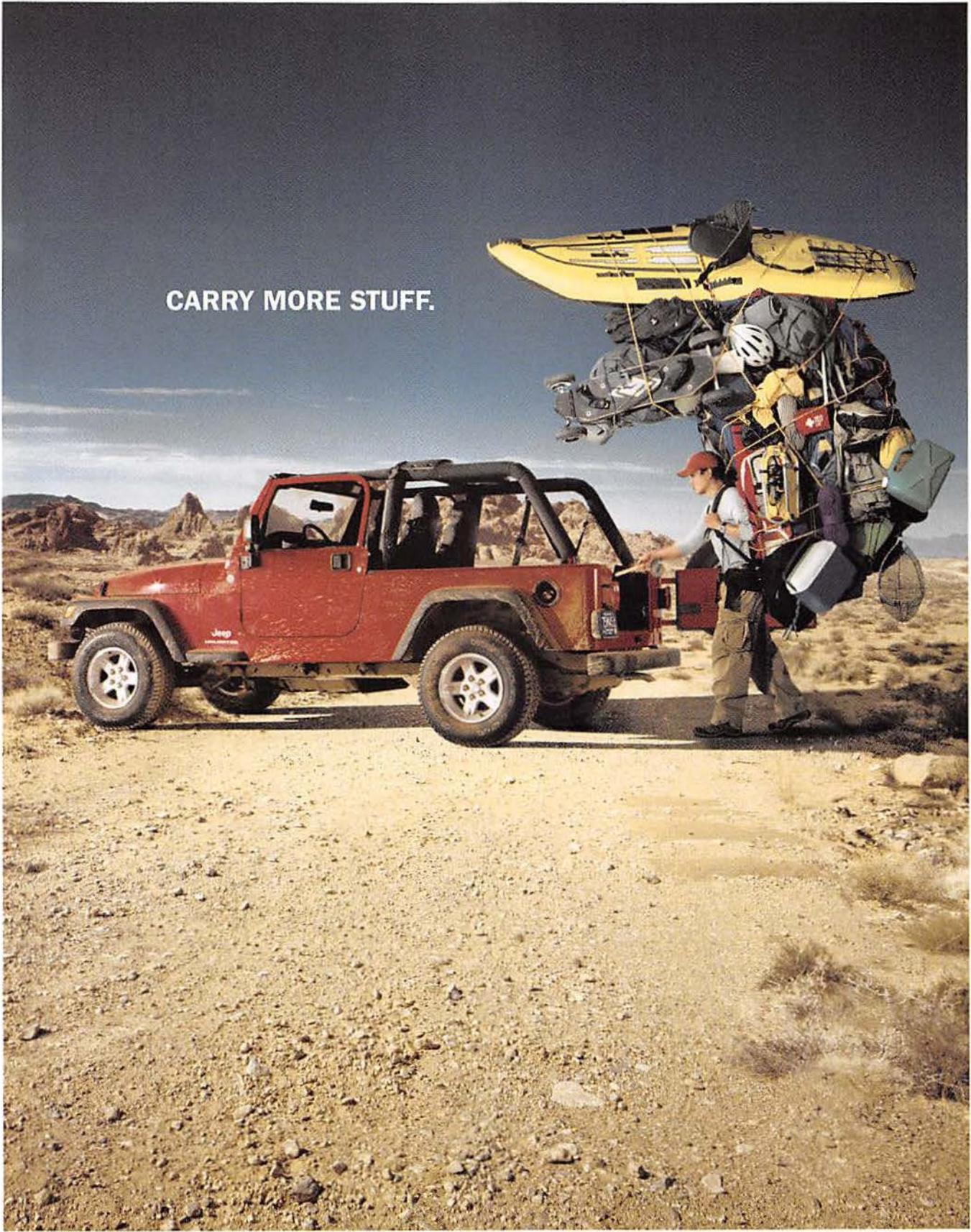


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'I love Miami,
but I would
self-destruct if
I lived there. I
barely survived
Minnesota!'





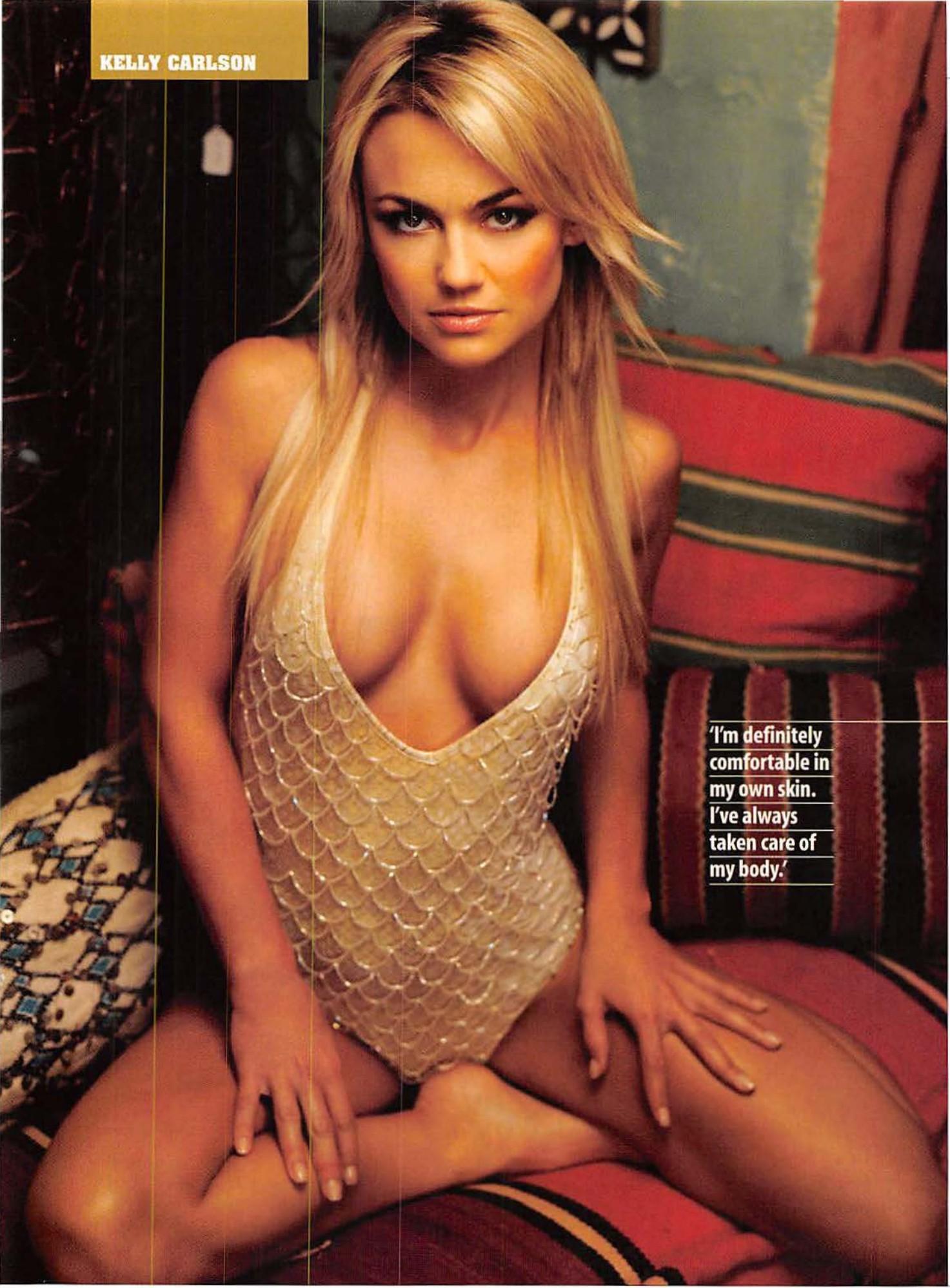
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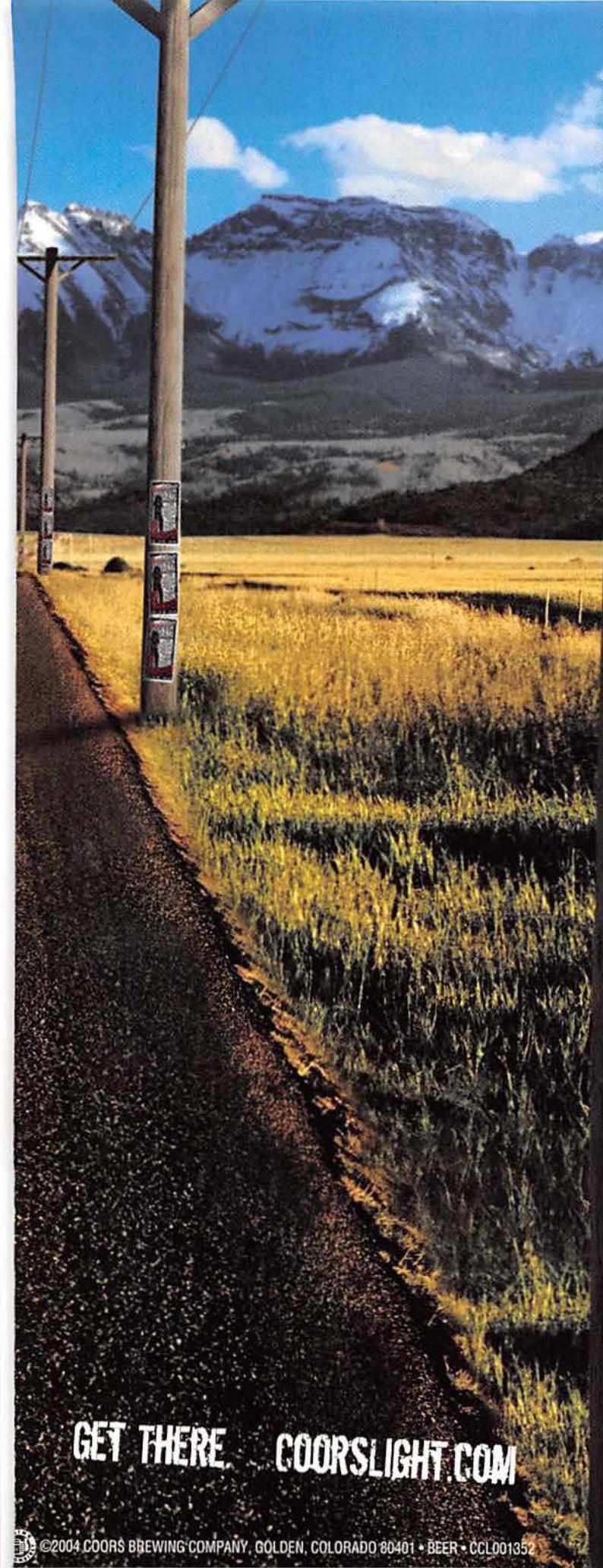
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HELL HOLE BOMB

If you're bored of the peace and quiet that usually comes with a round of golf, try teeing it up at the world's most bullet-riddled, biohazardous, backward-ass front nine. BY MARK CONLEY

**1 KABUL GOLF CLUB**

Kabul, Afghanistan These dusty links haven't seen much action since 1988, when the fairways served as a bloody battleground between mujahedin rebels and Soviet tanks. Then came the Taliban, which outlawed all sports that didn't involve summary execution. But now that those cave dwellers are pinned down by constant AC-130 gunship fire, it's game on. Just mind the abandoned Russian howitzers and the oil-slicked sand traps. The "club" also boasts armed caddies, so it's got that going for it, which is nice.

**> PLAYING IN THE ROUGH****2 CAMP BONIFAS**

Panmunjom, South Korea Accident-prone hacks should skip this par 3 in the DMZ between North and South Korea. If ax-wielding commie soldiers don't make you shit your plaid pants, try this: The place is littered with land mines. You listening, Augusta?

**4 WEEQUAHIC PARK**

Newark, NJ Like *The Sopranos*? Then you may enjoy a little urban golf in the unofficial asshole of the U.S., which serves as Tony's backyard. Over a six-month period, three bodies were dredged from this park.

**6 ORCHARD PONDS G.C.**

Erie, PA Mutant gophers make golf fun! So play this dump, former home to leaky drums of industrial waste. Busybody EPA tree-huggers have since cleaned up the mess, but rumor has it the ninth hole still glows.

**8 COMPTON PAR 3 G.C.**

Compton, CA This infamous 'hood is home to 8,000 gang members and—yes!—affordable golf. At \$6.50 a round, that's plenty of bang for your buck. And don't sweat the drive-by—those carts are pretty slow.

**3 HIDDEN VALLEY G.C.**

Norco, CA What could possibly add to the already exciting sport of golf? Whores! In June 2002, six people were arrested here when hole-in-one hospitality tents allegedly served as makeshift brothels to relieve the tedium of competition.

**5 ROYAL COLOMBO G.C.**

Colombo, Sri Lanka Sure, you could get mauled by a bear in this monsoon-prone deathtrap...but it's the freight trains traversing the course you gotta keep an eye out for. (We suggest collision coverage for your cart.)

**7 FREETOWN G.C.**

Freetown, Sierra Leone Machete attacks and civil war have left many of the caddies here limbless, but still eager to please. Plus, polio-stricken locals foraging plums make for great moving targets! OK, not funny.

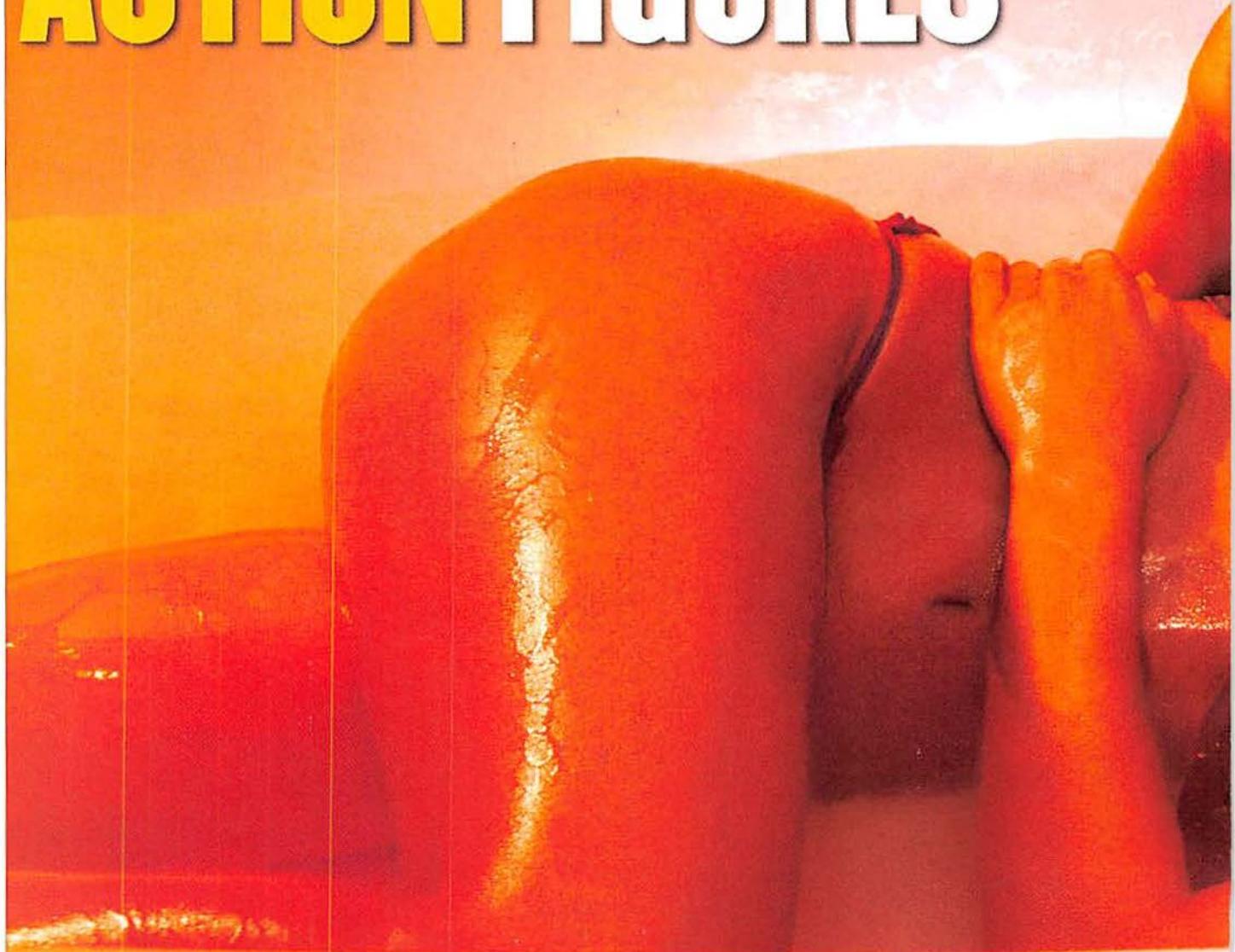
**9 SUBIC BAY COUNTRY CLUB**

Subic Bay, Philippines You know where you are? You're in the jungle, baby. So don't mind the spear-wielding tribespeople who live along the course or the adjacent ash-spewing volcano. Wild boars and monkeys wander about—but better them than old bats.



These sexy athletes—six of the world's best—have spent a lifetime honing their bodies to absolute perfection. The least you can do is gawk.

ACTION FIGURES

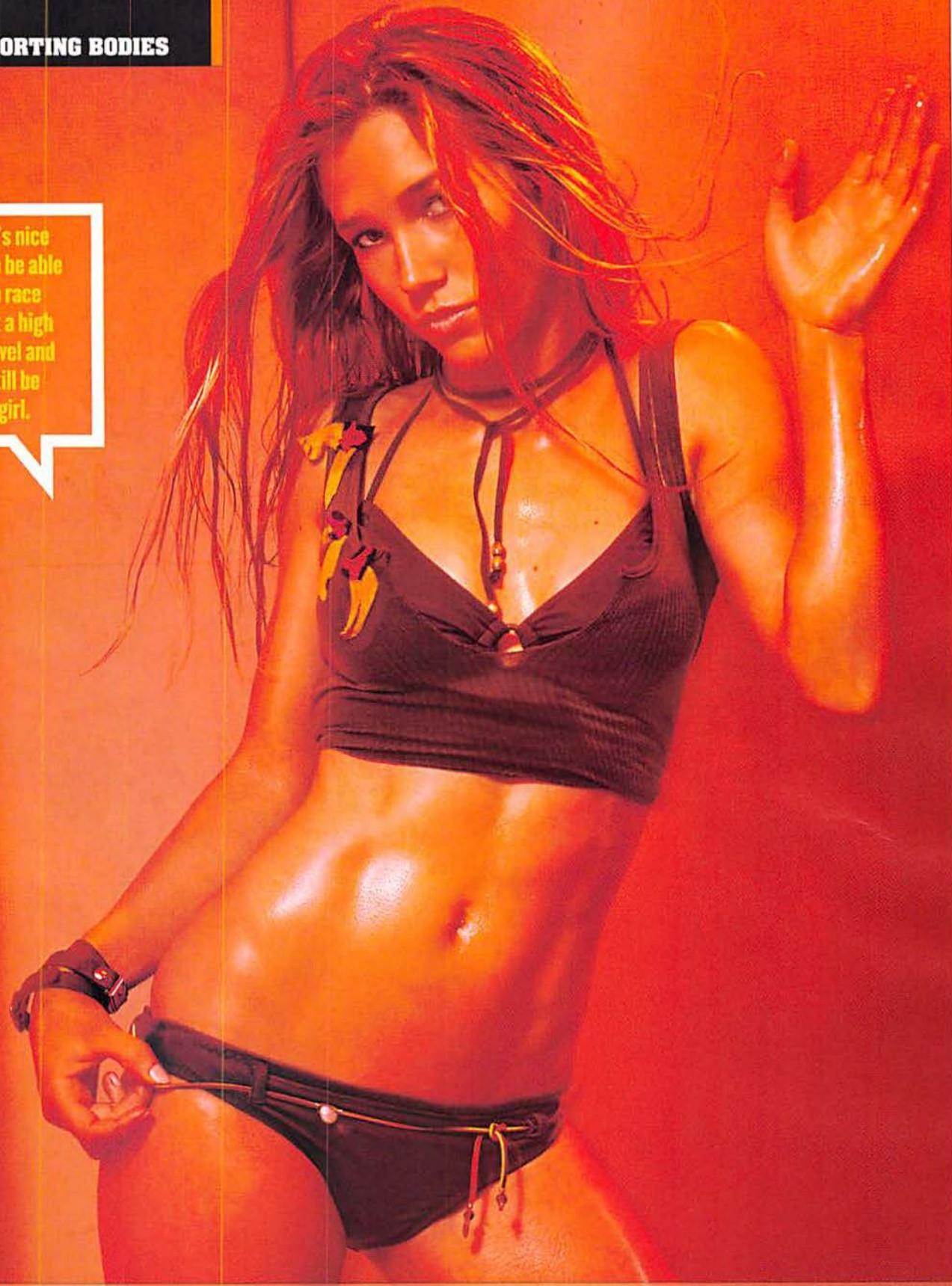


**LOKELANI MCMICHAEL: TRIATHLON**

Hottie in motion: This Hawaiian packs a punch. Loke set the *Guinness Book of World Records* mark as the youngest woman ever to qualify for and complete the Ironman triathlon (2.4-mile open-water swim; 112-mile bike ride; 26.2-mile run). Eight Ironmen later, Loke, 27, lives in a Hawaiian tree house and estimates she runs, bikes, and swims 15,000 miles a year. "I've run into everything in the ocean—from dolphins and turtles to sharks and whales," she says. "It's all part of the fun." **Game of love:** "I don't have a boyfriend, and I haven't had one in a long time," Loke admits. "A lot of male athletes can seem really conceited. They're so into themselves and *their* bodies. I'm like, 'What about me? My body is here, too.'" Oil ▶



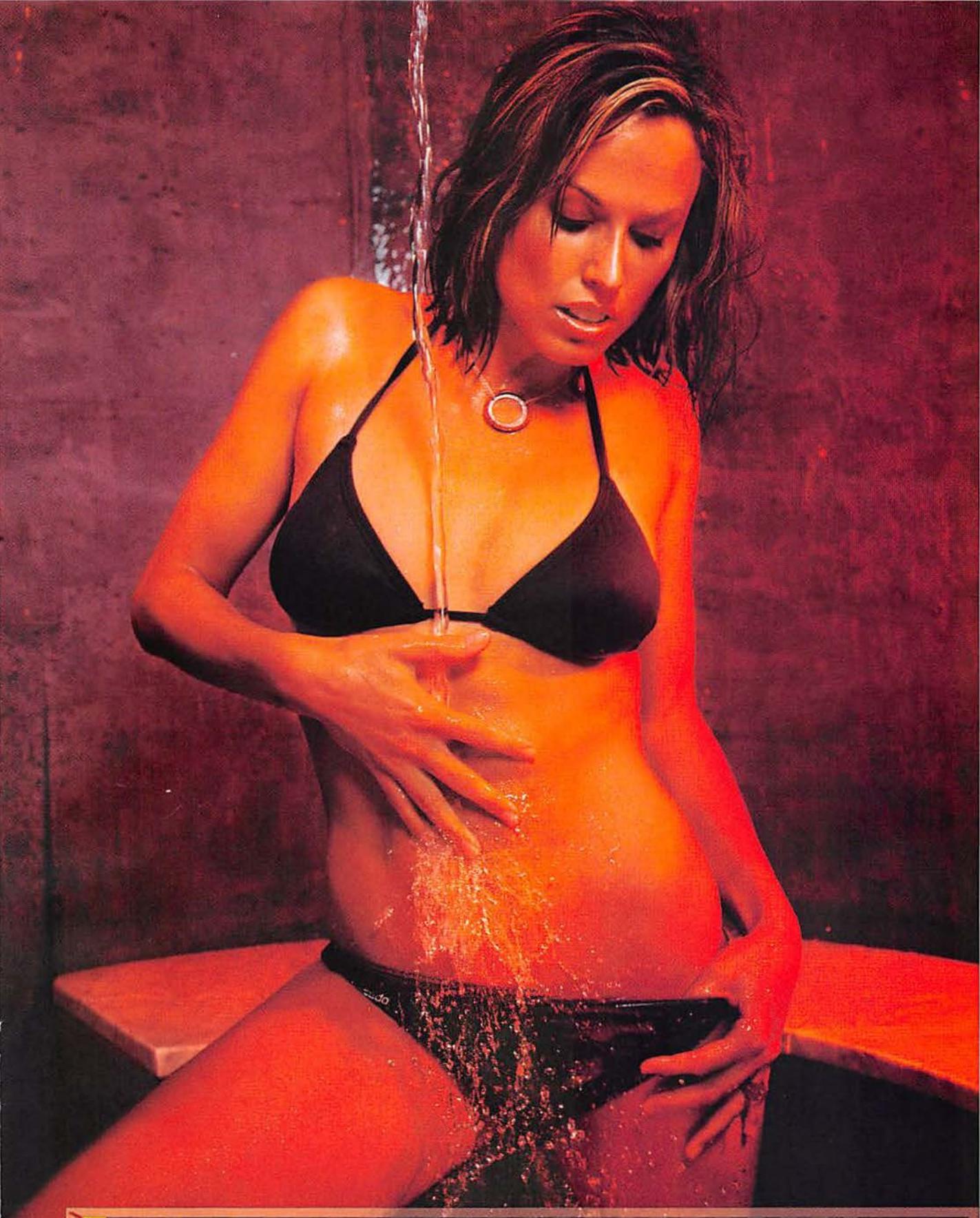
It's nice
to be able
to race
at a high
level and
still be
a girl.

**NIKI GUDEX: MOUNTAIN BIKING**

Hottie in motion: After breaking her back practicing flips on her snowboard, this 25-year-old Australian took up the equally dangerous sport of professional mountain bike racing. "I guess you can say I fell into it," laughs Niki, who's hoping to race cross-country in Athens. "Most mountain bike racers are guys," says Niki, who's been knocked unconscious several times. "Sometimes when I take off my helmet, people can't believe I'm a girl."

Perfect 10: "My body may not be the most muscular in the sport," says the former model, who now rides three hours a day, six days a week. "But I have a good power-to-weight ratio, so I'm not trying to get any bigger. It's nice to be able to race at a high level and still be a girl." ▶

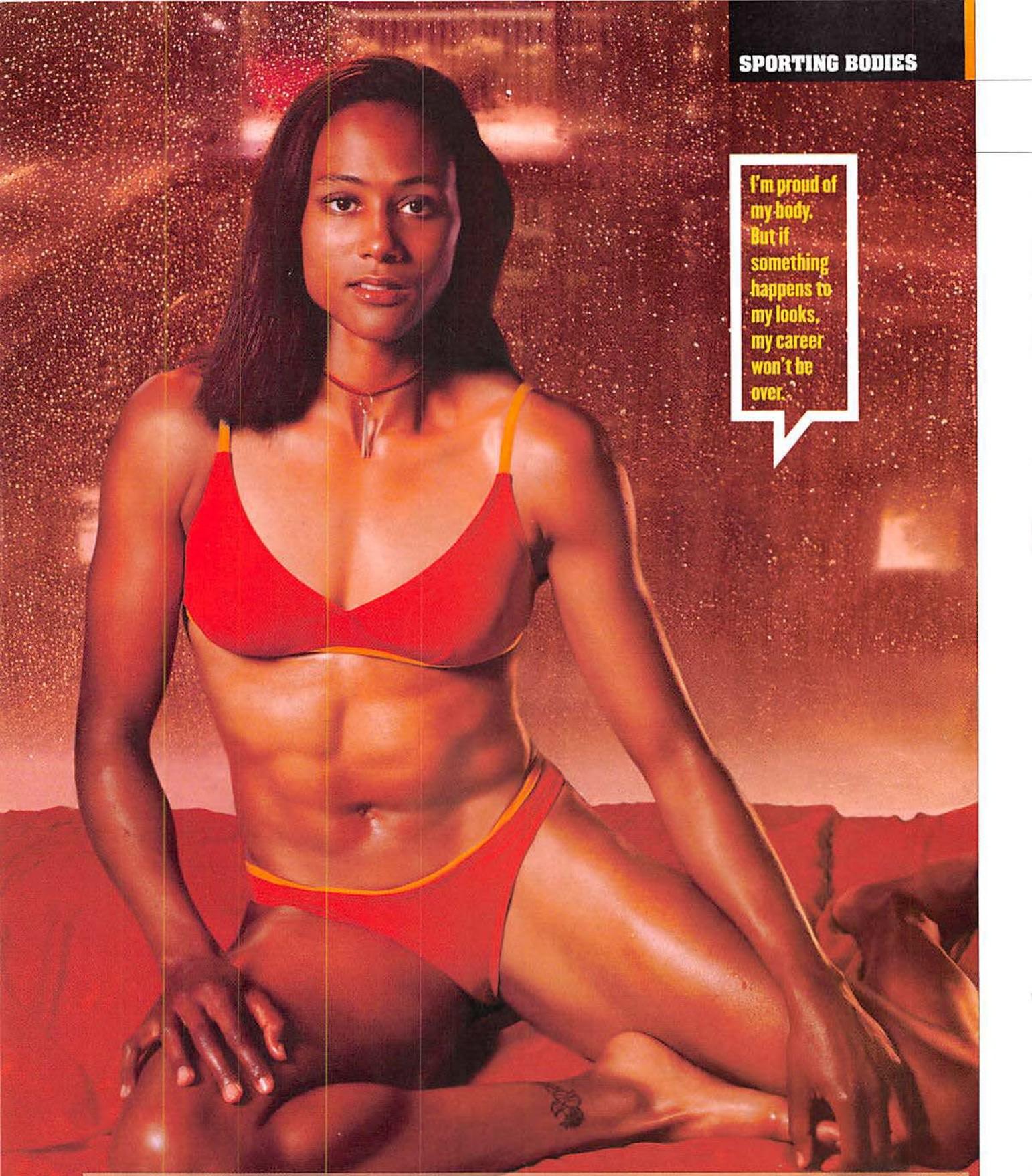




AMANDA BEARD: SWIMMING

Hottie in motion: Amanda began swimming competitively at age four, and at 14 she won a gold and two silver medals at the 1996 Olympics. She took home a bronze medal in 2000 and is now the gold medal favorite in three events (100- and 200-meter breaststroke, 200-meter individual medley). "I keep my medals in my underwear drawer," says Amanda. "So not many people get to see them." **Village people:** "The Olympic Village is definitely a good place to meet other eligible people," says Amanda, 22, a 5'8" bachelorette at the University of Arizona. "After the first week—when the swimming events are over—we finally get to go out to clubs, party, and do all the fun things we haven't been able to do for a while." ▶





I'm proud of my body. But if something happens to my looks, my career won't be over.



MARION JONES: TRACK AND FIELD

Hottie in motion: Forget Flo Jo, Serena, Mia, and all the rest—those ladies couldn't hold this woman's sports bra. Marion, the 28-year-old track phenom, is hands-down the greatest female athlete on the planet. Not only is she the first woman to win five medals in track and field at one Olympic Games (three gold and two bronze in Sydney); she also won an NCAA basketball championship and is the mother of a one-year-old boy. In Athens, Marion hopes to add five new gold medals to her collection. **Love Jones:** "I'm proud of my body," Marion says. "But I'm not in a business where my looks are the reason for my success. Luckily, if tomorrow something happens to me in terms of my looks, my career won't be over." ▶



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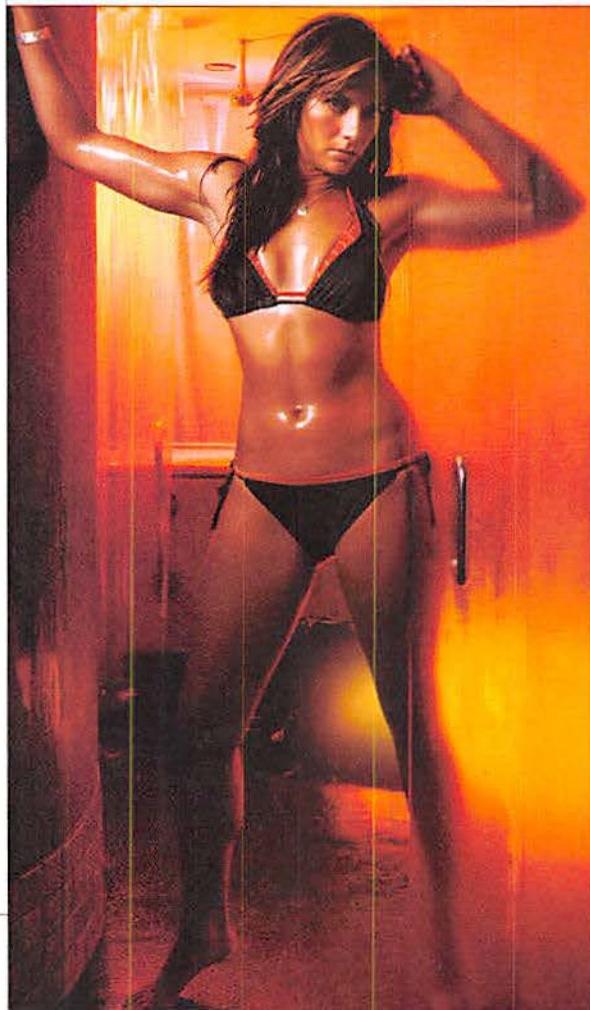
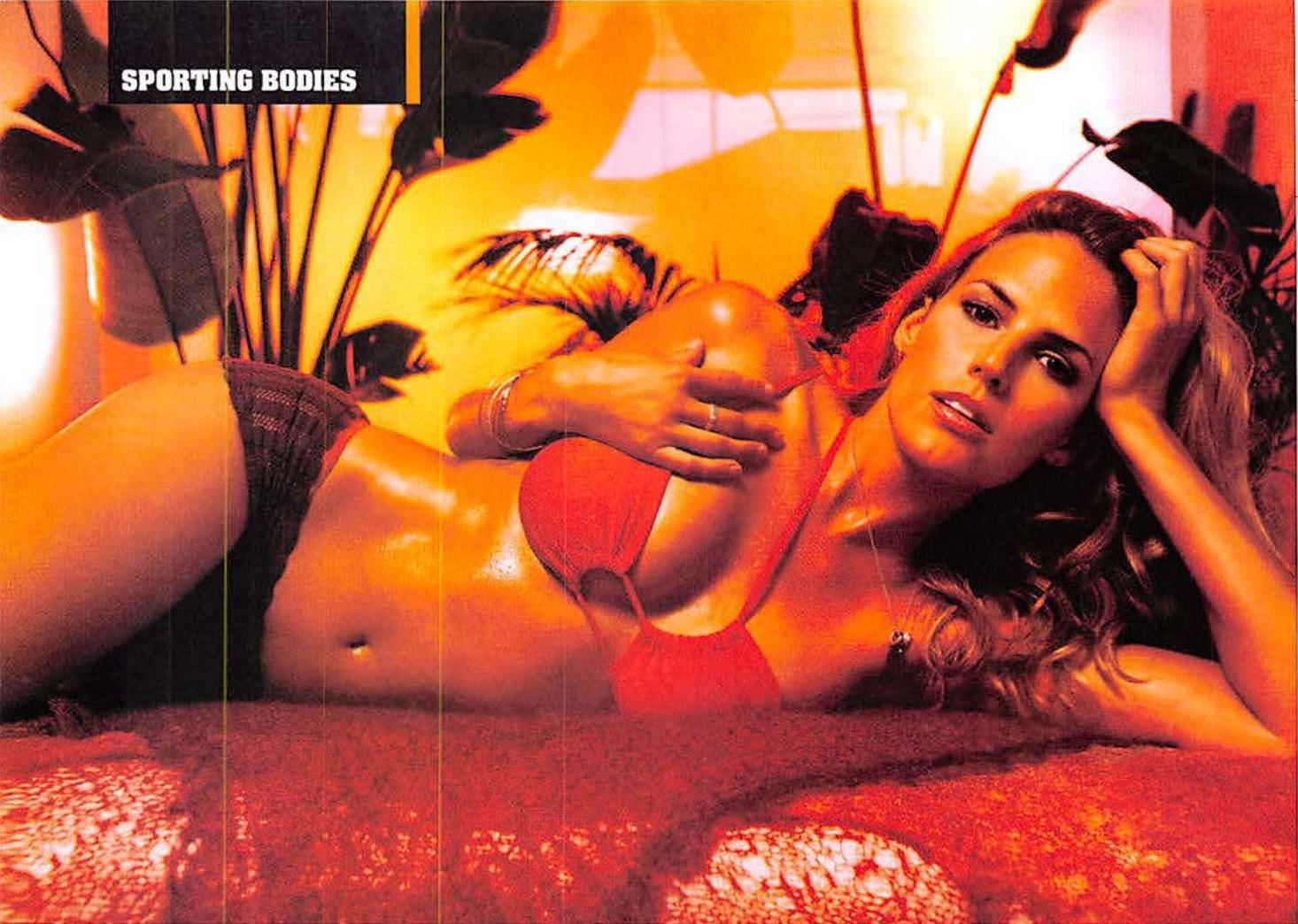
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SPORTING BODIES



MEHGIAN HEANEY-GRIER: FREE DIVING

Hottie in motion: Free divers compete to see who can submerge the deepest (read: shark-infested open waters) without an oxygen tank. Mehgan, who can hold her breath for four minutes and 36 seconds, set the U.S. free-diving record by plummeting 165 feet on a single breath. **Wet 'n' wild:** This single model from Minnesota did Keira Knightley's underwater stunts in *Pirates of the Caribbean*. "A guy once said to me, 'Maybe you don't have a boyfriend because you wrestle alligators,'" Mehgan laughs. "But I also love getting dolled up in a sexy dress and heels. If you can do both, why not?"



MISTY MAY: BEACH VOLLEYBALL

Hottie in motion: Misty and her playing partner, Kerri Walsh, recently completed a 90-match international winning streak. So it goes without saying that they are the prohibitive Olympic gold medal favorites in Athens. "I don't think it puts extra pressure on us," says Misty, who won an NCAA championship at Long Beach State and has the best first-year record in U.S. volleyball history. "We are both so competitive already that we put that pressure on ourselves anyway. We've had some matches where we definitely should have lost but really dug down and found a way to win. We always do." **Super sexy:** "Every since I did that Super Bowl commercial where we were playing volleyball in the snow, I've gotten a lot of extra attention," Misty says. "But since I make my living in a bikini already, I guess I've gotten used to it. And now that we're doing well, I'm even starting to like it." Lucky us... M



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crammed into a gizmo about the size of a potato chip. Weighing in at a superlight .5 ounces, the Joybee claims to be the world's smallest, lightest MP3 player, and until we see smaller we're just nodding our heads. Considering its petite size, the Joybee has a healthy 128 MB of memory, which will fit about two hours of music. The rechargeable lithium-ion battery can keep you rocking for up to eight hours. Slick and

simple, the Joybee shuns tons of buttons and readouts, opting for one input/output for its earphones and USB, a volume, and a navigation button. And the slutty little Joybee is bi—it supports both PC and Mac. (benq.com; \$99)



Oh, to be a diminutive consumer electronics product

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Wrist sherpas, fist mittens, and tricked-out boards... This is the best Grab Bag ever!

BY JOHN WALSH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA



POOL OF ROCK \$600

Synchronized swimming practice ho-hum? Dunk in this aquatic speaker—it employs the same technology used to train those crazy whales at SeaWorld. Party time! (clarksynthesis.com)

CAMP CHAMP \$182

Remember that time your family tied you to a tree in the middle of the woods and left you for dead? You wouldn't have spent your feral youth eating bugs and wearing a fern loincloth if you'd had this three-ounce GPS device. It marks your location via satellite, then helps you navigate back to civilization. Who says you can't go home again, besides Mom? (garmin.com)



KNUCKLE PILLOWS \$80

There's nothing quite like a left hook to get your point across. Individually crafted and inspected in the USA, each Everlast boxing glove is a premium leather rhetorical device of the highest caliber. Three kinds of foam and a special shock-absorbing grip promote metacarpal safety. (everlastboxing.com)





ROBO ELTON \$500

Well, sure, you could use this thing to learn how to play the piano—the display lights up to teach you chords and whole songs. But the fun starts with the karaoke features and a jug o' hooch. While the lyrics scroll by on the LCD, wail your lonely heart out into the built-in mike. (yamaha.com)



ABSORBING GAME PLAY \$20

Your pink starfish will quiver with excitement at the five arcade-style games housed in this disturbingly cute controller. Just plug its RCA nubbin into any TV and bond with SpongeBob. (jakkstvgames.com)



LICKETY STICK \$96

Hey, dumpling ass! Why can't you skate? The supershocks on this hybrid on- and off-road skateboard are made to cushion the landings of aggro trick riders, but the overweight will appreciate the sturdy construction and chunky rubber wheels. Shred it, chubs. (jumpboard.net)

PEAK TIME \$550

You look at your wrist and see room for a watch. Tissot envisions a mobile weather station, complete with a thermometer, barometer, compass, and altimeter. Never again be stymied when a chap buttonholes you on Everest and demands the current elevation. (tissot.ch)



SOUND GARDEN

Which of these five boomtastic outdoor speakers is right for your backyard? Ask Thumper, the magical lawn gnome!



1 WALL WAILERS

Secure these cute little buggers to an outside wall and let the tunes pour out the way water does through their novel self-draining ports. B&W's WM 4 weatherproof speakers are perfect for small yards and drowning out cats in heat. (\$200 each, bwspeakers.com)

2 ROLLING STONES

Think of all the hilarious "rock on" jokes you and your turner cellmates can make over luke-warm piña coladas. These two-way, coaxial rock speakers are enmeshed in a high-tech nylon that renders them high-waterproof. (\$220 a pair, speakercraft.com)

3 PET SOUNDS

Let the whole neighborhood know about your unrequited love of Matchbox Twenty with RBH Sound's AWS-6 all-weather speakers. They have UV-protected ABS cabinets, a one-inch Mylar dome tweeter, and a 6.5-inch cone woofer. (\$350 a pair, rbhsound.com)

4 TWIST & SHOUT

Alert the squirrels: Friday night is hetero Abba night, poolside with SoundTube's XT800. These beasts are built to last through deluges and downpours and are ideal for golf courses, parks, and really large backyards. (\$360 each, soundtube.com)

5 MUSICAL MOUNTS

Dance in your backyard like a human jackhammer on PCP with Polk Audio's Atrium 53 series of weather-resistant speakers. The rust-proof, wall-mountable hardware is made of stainless steel and brass. (\$370 a pair, polkaudio.com)

> TASTE TEST

1st

DIET RIOT

We binge and purge low-carb grub. Here's the best of the worst.

ICE CREAM**Contenders:** Ben & Jerry's (5 g.*); Breyers (4 g.); Goldenbrook (6 g.)**Winner:** Breyers**We say:** Is your girl demanding low-carb ice cream? You poor bastard. While the other ice creams were powdery and bland, Breyers was sweet, creamy and, uh, vanilla-y. Now go fetch a scoop the same size as her nagging pie hole.**BREAD****Contenders:** Arnold (6 g.); O'So Lo (3 g.); Pepperidge Farm (5 g.)**The winner:** Arnold**We say:** On a low-carb diet but need to eat bread? Then you deserve the two runners-up. Bite into a slice of either and get a mouthful of oily sponge. The Arnold slice, however, tastes like bread...for a few merciful chews.**PASTA****Contenders:** Atkins (8 g.); Darielle (10 g.); Keto (5 g.)**Winner:** Atkins**We say:** Want to make an Italian cry? Wax his or her mustache. Or serve up any one of these low-carb pastas. All are dry and gummy, but Atkins' pasta had a firmness the others didn't. And its cheesy flavoring made it almost acceptable for human consumption.**THE ONCE-OVER****PANASONIC NOSE / EAR GROOMER**

Trim those nose weeds, hairball!

- ✓ Stainless-steel blade
 - ✓ Curved tip for safe spelunking
 - ✓ Water-rinsable
 - ✓ One AA battery
 - ✓ Fits in cranial orifices
 - ✓ Turns nose coke-bender red
 - ✗ Works on nads
- \$18; panasonic.com



*Grams of carbs per serving

Remember
Psycho? You owe
me one, Vince!



> SECRET SERVICE

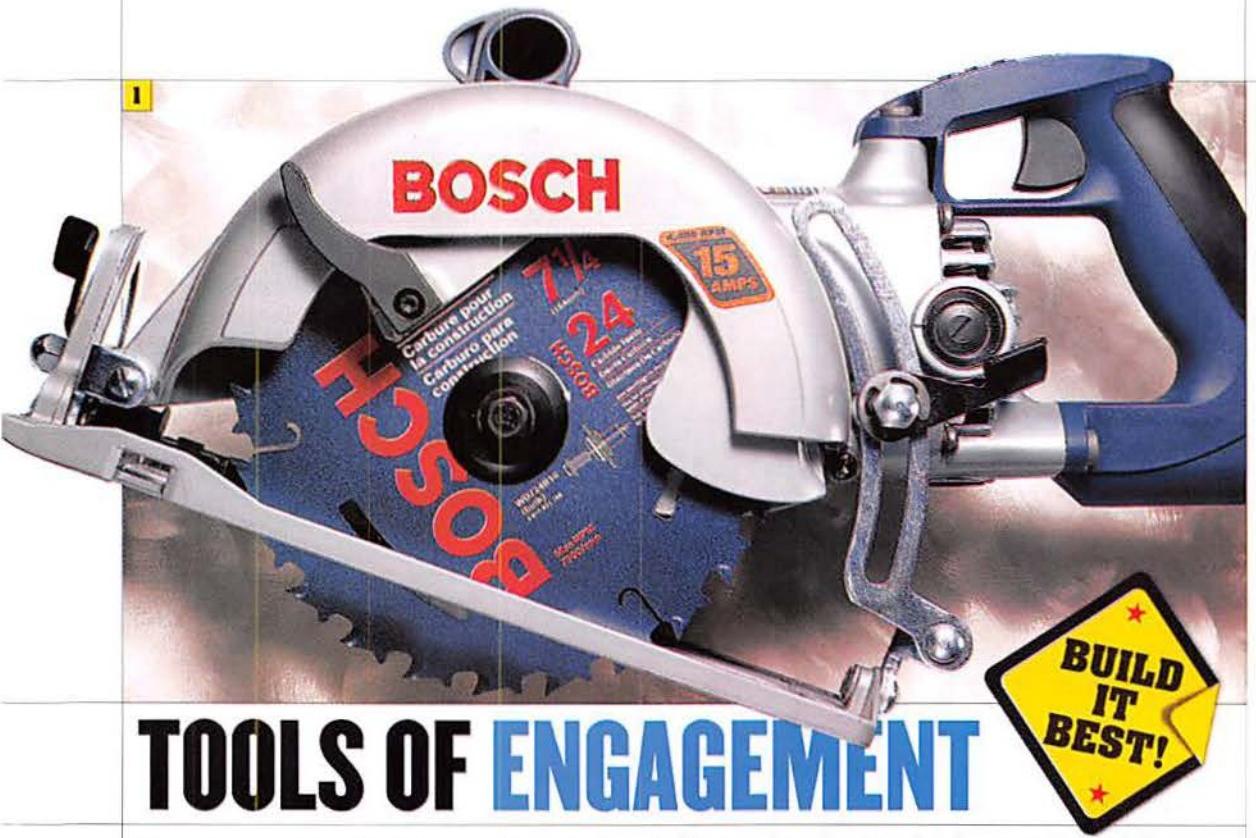
TALK IS CHEAP

It's congrats and farewell for our pal. Which speech service is best in a pinch?

 **SPEECH FOR YOU.COM****Toast excerpt:** "Unofficially, my job is to embarrass the groom, giving you all a detailed, unedited account of his life prior to this."**Eulogy excerpt:** "Jon Wilde's name, of course, was testimony to the wonderful and exciting life of this special character—one of wild adventure!"**We say:** The prewritten best man toast we picked was funny like Milton Berle's corpse. The passable eulogy for our deadbeat editorial assistant, Jon Wilde, was custom written—we revealed Jon's love of base jumping, Wicca, and spaghetti. It took a couple of days to get the eulogy, but the dead can wait. (speechforyou.com; toast, \$21; eulogy, \$95)**SPEECH-WRITERS.COM****Toast excerpt:** "Today I feel a bit like the genie in a lamp. Such genies, as you know, can grant wishes and spread happiness."**Eulogy excerpt:** "Now Jon is gone and life has lost its zest."**We say:** If cookie-cutter speeches are what you need, this site's a good choice. They got back to us almost immediately, so it's good if you have a lot of friends prone to suicide. While these aren't personalized, they're written with spaces for you to insert names and anecdotes. The fast turnaround means that when Uncle Jethro jackknifes his John Deere on a Monday morning, you can be ready to talk at his funeral/kegger the very next day. (speech-writers.com; toast, \$40; eulogy, \$31)**TESTED****BEST OF THE WEB!****LOVING EULOGIES****Toast excerpt:**

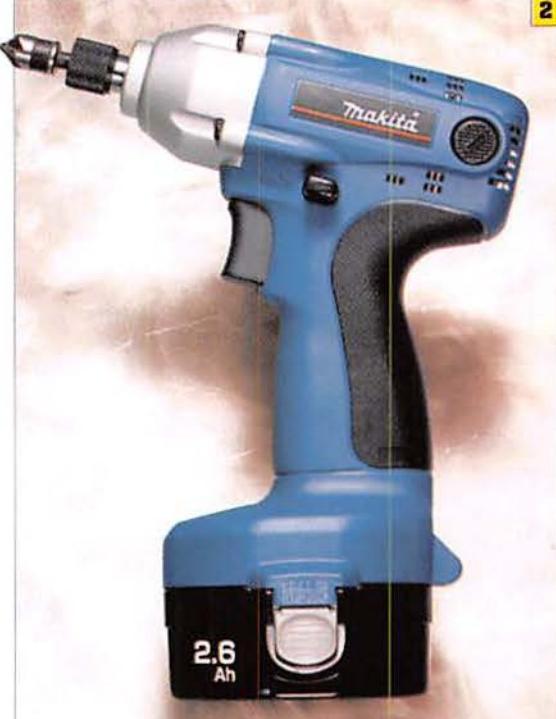
"They met in AA...and they seem to enjoy sobriety."

Eulogy excerpt: "I wish I could have told him one last time how much I really appreciated his spaghetti...and how it was really, really good!"**We say:** Although a little pricey, this service asked us a bunch of questions and spat out two speeches in less than 12 hours. They did a pretty good job of balancing all the weird stuff we threw at them, and very sincerely apologized for our loss when e-mailing our eulogy. Zing! Jon Wilde isn't really dead. He's just lazy. (lovingeulogies.com; toast, \$50; eulogy, \$50)**MAXIMONLINE.COM August 2004 149**



TOOLS OF ENGAGEMENT

The missus hooked on *Trading Spaces*? Better make sure this must-have hardware is lying around your old house.



1 SPIN CITY

You can't build your doghouse with one piece of straight wood, hoss, so use this 7 1/4-inch, 15-amp circular saw by Bosch to make perfect cuts with a bevel capacity of up to 45 degrees. Now get to work—your old lady's still miffed about all that stripper glitter. (\$190, boschtools.com)

2 DEEP IMPACT

Don't settle for wussy screw guns: Drill, screw, or mix with Makita's brutish 14.4-volt impact driver. With 1,110 inch-pounds of torque, it's just what you want in the garage when you feel like driving bolts into the side of your house at midnight. (\$250, makita.com)

3 SMOOTH OPERATOR

Tremble, splinters, before Ryobi's Corner Cat finish sander and its 10 different grit, scrub, and polishing pads that easily Velcro on and off. Don't let the size deceive you—with 12,000 orbits per minute, even your wobbly desk will have a smooth finish. (\$30, ryobitools.com)

4 SHELF LIFE

Give your slanted plywood shelves rounded, grooved edges with the Porter-Cable 1 3/4 hp, 11-amp router. It has 27,500 rpm, combining wood-chewing power with storage-space-friendly size. (\$121, woodworker.com)

5 DOUBLE YOUR FUN

Craftsman's 6 1/2-inch twin cutter saw has two blades that spin in opposite directions for smoother cuts and less sanding, which leaves more time and energy for loftier pursuits, like sawing the tops off of beer cans, or juggling hamsters. (\$180, craftsman.com)

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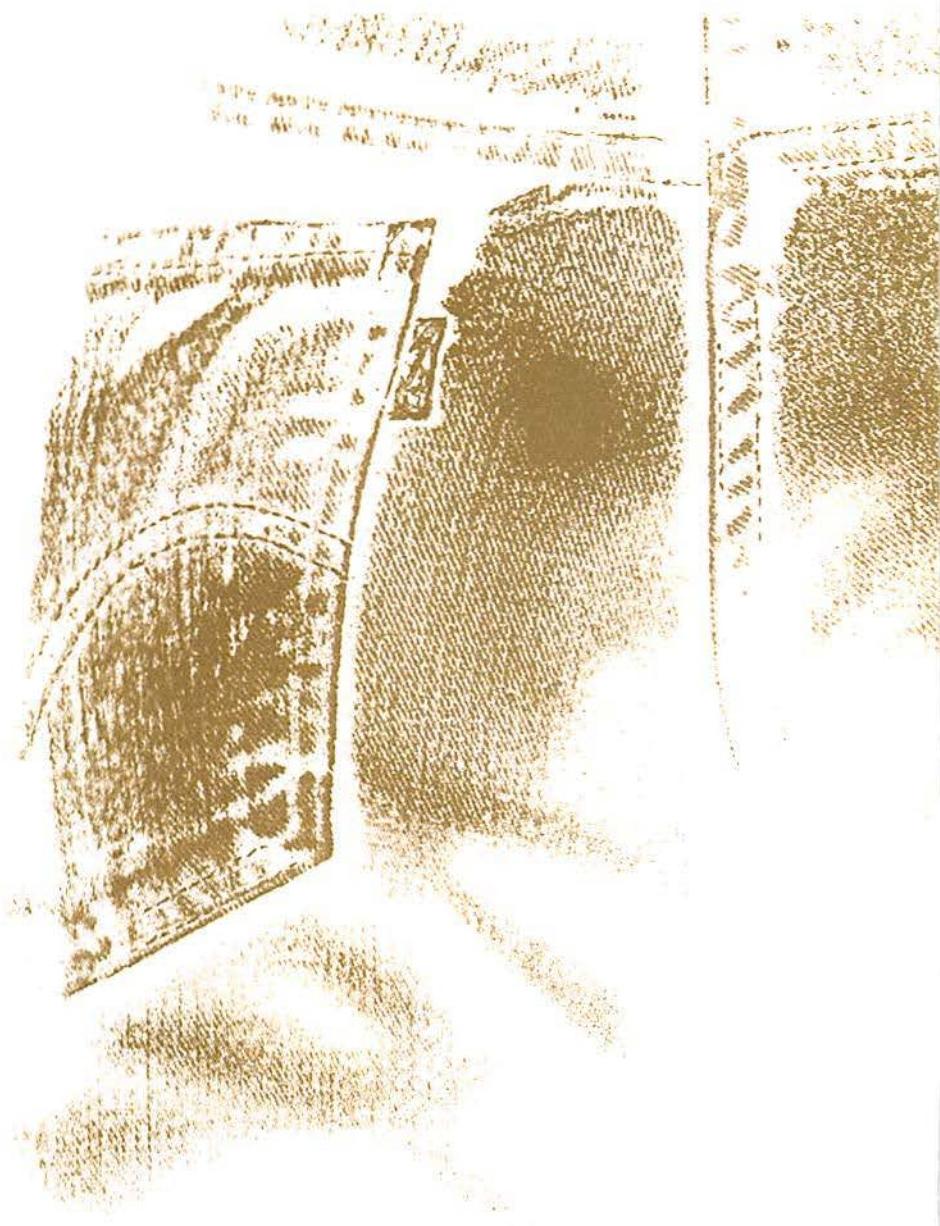


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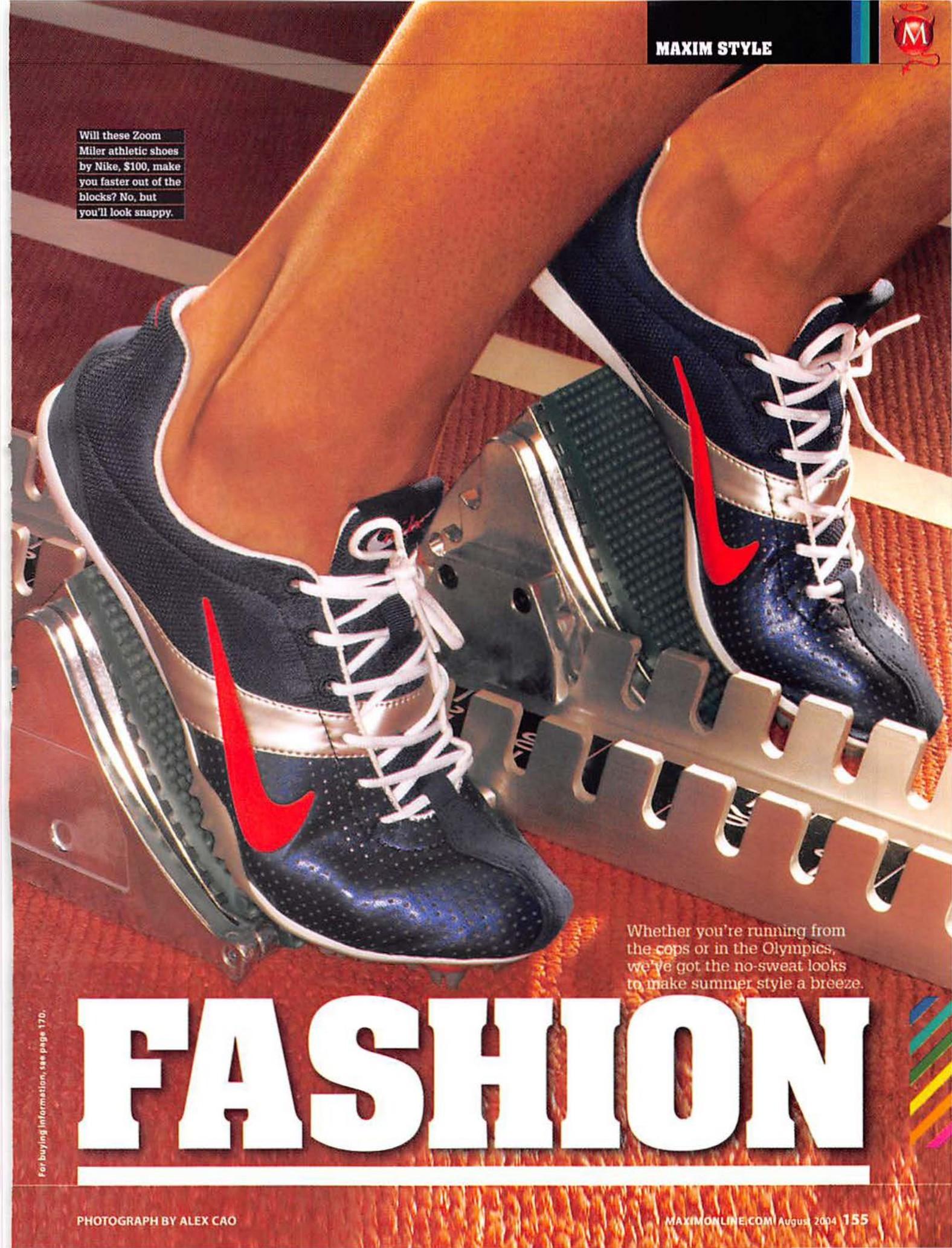


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Will these Zoom Miler athletic shoes by Nike, \$100, make you faster out of the blocks? No, but you'll look snappy.



Whether you're running from the cops or in the Olympics, we've got the no-sweat looks to make summer style a breeze.

FASHION

For buying information, see page 170.



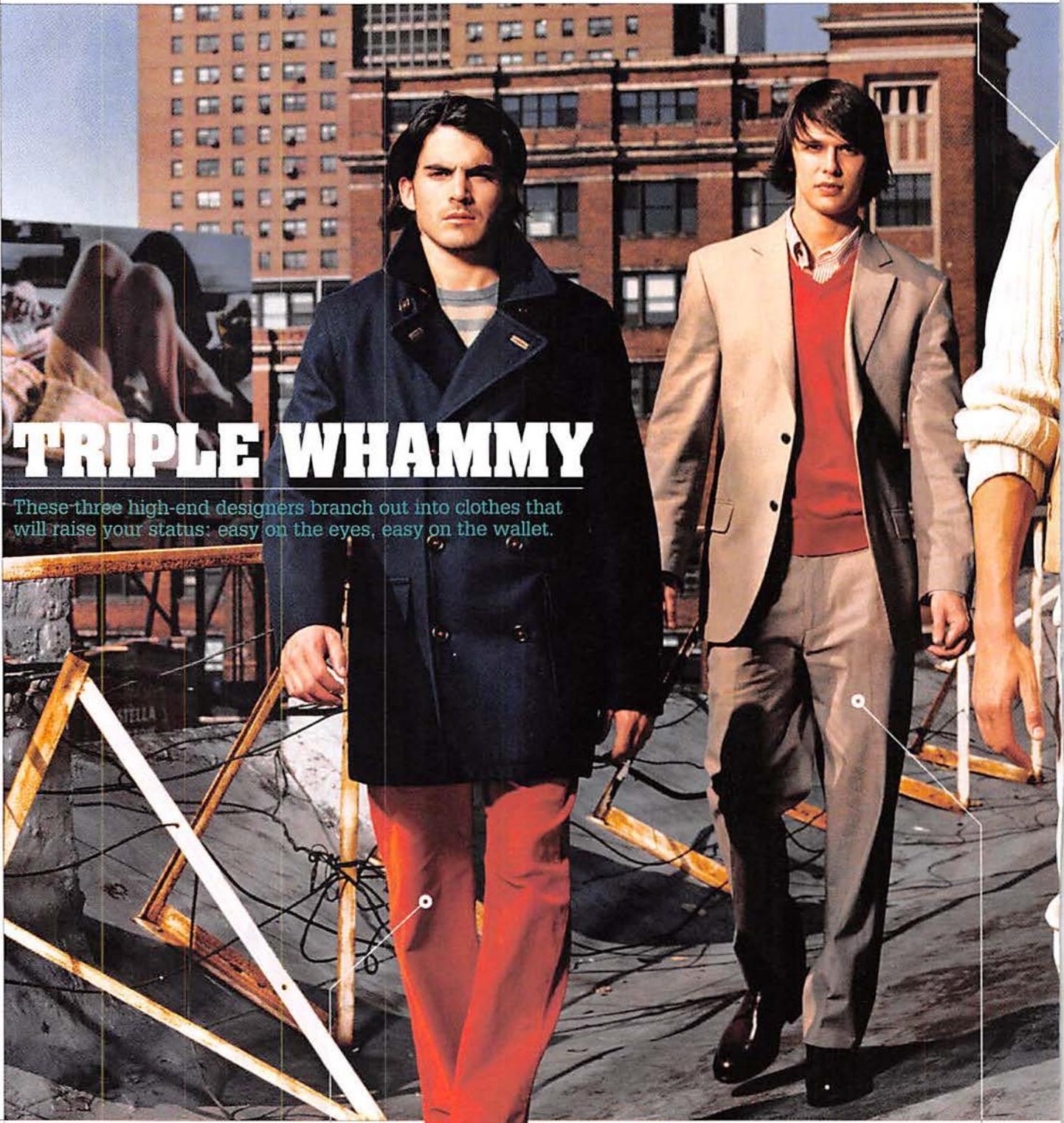
DESIGNER SHOWCASE

MICHAEL MICHAEL KORS

Quality menswear with attitude that won't cost you all your beer money.



1 Shearling vest, \$498, sweater, \$198, corduroy pants, \$70, and calfskin belt, \$45, all by Michael Michael Kors; boots, \$348, by Calvin Klein Collection.



TRIPLE WHAMMY

These three high-end designers branch out into clothes that will raise your status: easy on the eyes, easy on the wallet.

3

Peacoat, \$298, striped crew sweater, \$90, and 11-wale corduroy pants, \$70, all by Michael Michael Kors; Pasco leather shoes, \$185, by Johnston & Murphy.

4

Micro-houndstooth jacket, \$248, pants, \$118, vest, \$70, and shirt, \$80, all by Michael Michael Kors; shoes, \$185, by Johnston & Murphy Signature Series.

2

Houndstooth windowpane jacket, \$348,
turtleneck sweater, \$118, and ecru denim
jeans, \$98, all by Michael Michael Kors;
Columbo shoes, \$835, by John Lobb.



5

Shearling peacoat, \$1,595, striped crew
neck sweater, \$90, and stretch flat-front
pants, \$70, all by Michael Michael Kors;
Fould shoes, \$810, by John Lobb.

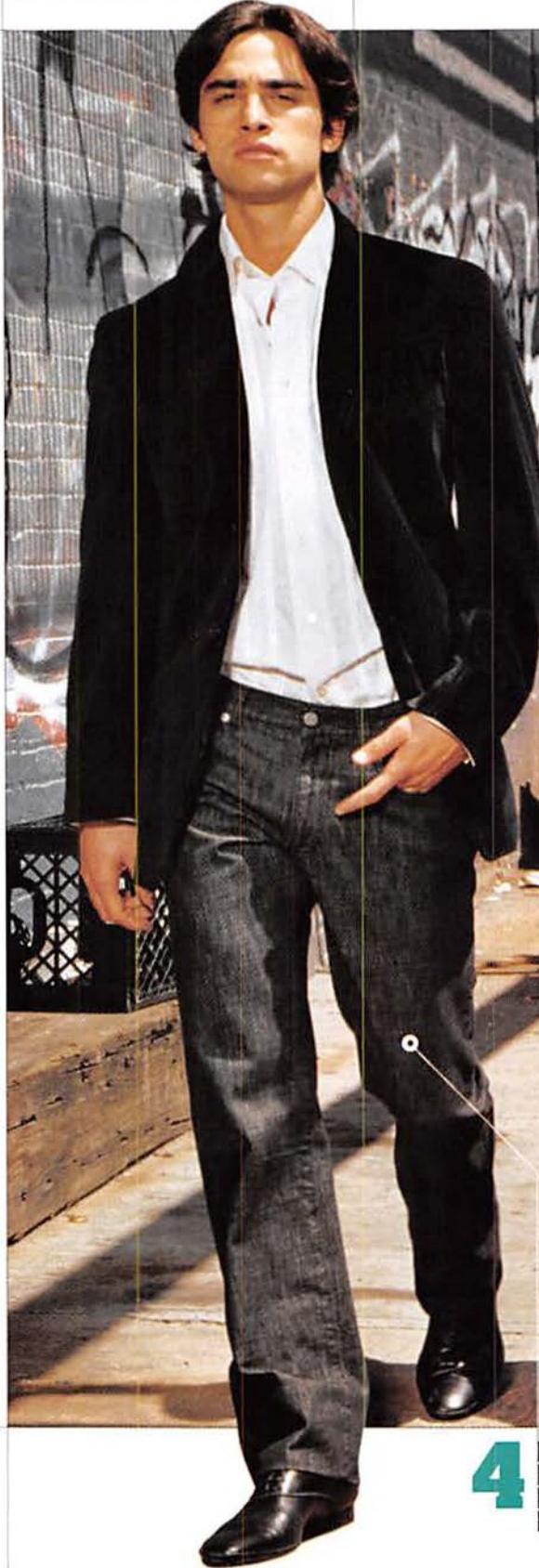
DESIGNER SHOWCASE

Z ZEGNA

Italian maestro Ermengildo Zegna's new line is relaxed, smart, and easy to wear.



1 Zip-neck sweater, \$375, and striped pants with black waistband, \$285, both by Z Zegna; plain-front loafers, \$375, by Ermengildo Zegna.



4

Velvet pinstripe jacket, \$675, dress shirt, \$160, and denim jeans, \$155, all by Z Zegna; lace-up dress shoes, \$445, by Ermengildo Zegna.

2

Trench coat, \$1,125, patterned sweater, \$550, and pinstripe pants, \$275, all by Z Zegna; loafer driving shoes, \$295, by Ermenegildo Zegna.

3

Leather jacket, \$1,325, crew-neck sweater, \$295, pinstripe pants, \$275, and scarf, \$165, all by Z Zegna; leather boots, \$595, by Ermenegildo Zegna.

**5**

Cinzato wool jacket (part of a suit), \$925, turtleneck, \$375, and denim jeans, \$155, all by Z Zegna; leather shoes, \$315, by Ermenegildo Zegna.

Styling assistance, Maria Ruocco; grooming, Amy Komorowski for Art House. For buying information, see page 170.

DESIGNER SHOWCASE

CALVIN KLEIN

High-achieving essentials for every guy
from an American master.



1

Suede goat leather jacket, \$450, fine
line shirt, \$68, tie, \$50, and stretch
pants, \$58, all by Calvin Klein; suede
boots, \$321, by Calvin Klein Collection.



3

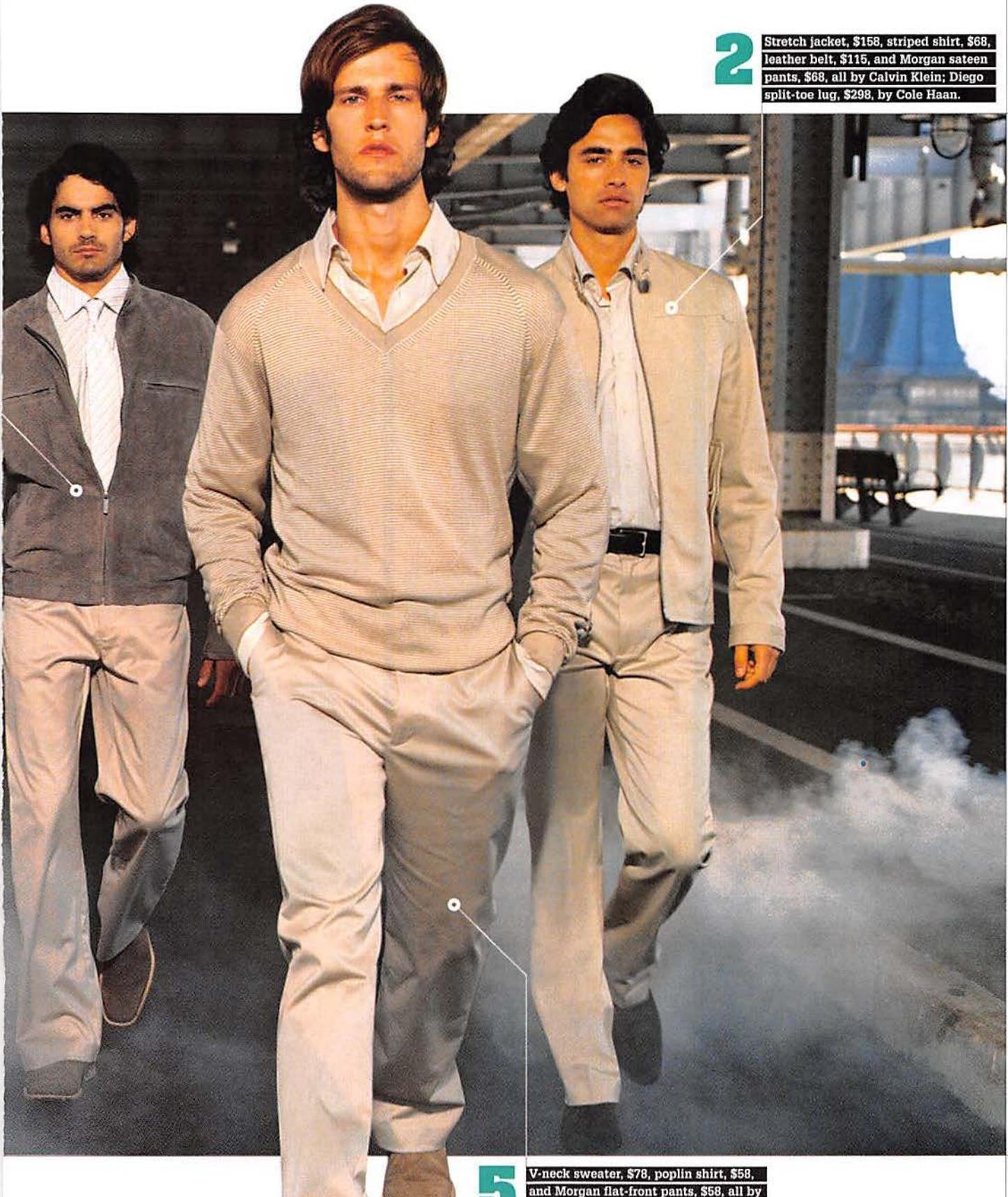
V-neck cardigan, \$72, shirt, \$78,
and pinstripe pants, \$78, all by
Calvin Klein; Chelsea boots, \$348,
by Calvin Klein Collection.

4

Bedford corduroy jacket, \$168, Bedford
corduroy jeans, \$68, and button-down
shirt, \$68, all by Calvin Klein; suede
boots, \$321, by Calvin Klein Collection.

2

Stretch jacket, \$158, striped shirt, \$68, leather belt, \$115, and Morgan sateen pants, \$68, all by Calvin Klein; Diego split-toe lug, \$298, by Cole Haan.



5

V-neck sweater, \$78, poplin shirt, \$58, and Morgan flat-front pants, \$58, all by Calvin Klein; suede boots, \$321, by Calvin Klein Collection.

ESSENTIALS



501 jeans,
\$58, by
Levi's



Jeans,
\$79, by
Guess



Classic relaxed jeans,
\$50, by Polo Jeans
Co. Ralph Lauren

THE DARK SIDE

Black is the new blue for this season's hippest jean washes.



TIP: To maintain your jeans' brand-new blackness, don't wash them after every wear; instead, air them out before putting them away. When they're filthy enough to stand on their own, wash 'em in cold water and air-dry. This also prevents shrinkage...which is important for you.



Lemmen jeans,
\$139, by
Diesel



Jeans,
\$70, by
Calvin Klein Jeans



Jeans,
\$78, by
Sean John



Swinger jeans,
\$142, by RN 80318
by Lucky Brand



Carpenter jeans,
\$50, by
Chaps Denim



Matt jeans,
\$68,
by Mavi



Jeans, \$70,
by Nautica
Jeans Company



Sambucca E-Jeans,
\$150, by
Earl Jeans

BUILDING BLOCKS

Treat your body to a little home improvement with tools that'll make you look, feel, and smell better. Chisel sold separately.

High Definition Hair Pomade, \$16, by Jack Black

All-natural men's aftershave tonic, \$13.50, by Zar

One Step Cleansing Bar, \$14, by Anthony Logistics for Men

Active Breathable Sunblock, \$10, by Neutrogena

Fresh Cooling Shaving Gel, \$3, by Nivea for Men

Stainless steel nail clipper set, \$8, by Tweezerman

Chrome-plated tape measure—ya know, for measuring stuff

Ultra Dry deodorant/antiperspirant, \$12, by Lab Series for Men

Tri-blade disposable razors, \$5, by Old Spice High Endurance

Shampoo, \$14, by MiN Home Maintenance Hair Care

Eau de toilette spray, \$13.50, by Adidas Moves Fresh for Him

GOLD STANDARD

OLYMPIC HEIGHTS

Step into the winner's circle when you sport this cool Olympics-inspired gear.



(clockwise from top left) Official watch of the United States Olympic team, \$50, by Swatch.

U.S. Olympic flip-flops, \$20, by Roots.

Olympic Podium jacket, \$80, and pants, \$55, both by Adidas.

Game Day polo shirt, \$40, and shorts, \$32, both by Reebok, and to be worn by Andy Roddick.

Swim trunks, \$38, by Speedo.

For buying information, see page 170.

Toothpaste goes extreme clean.

It's a feeling of clean like nothing else.

Extreme Clean® from Aquafresh®

As you brush, it bursts into rich Micro-Active Foam,
showering your whole mouth and killing
bad-breath germs. Then it all rinses clean away,
leaving a cool, tingling sensation that just won't quit!

And now there's new Extreme Clean Empowermint—
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TAKE THE FEELING OF CLEAN TO THE EXTREME

NEWS



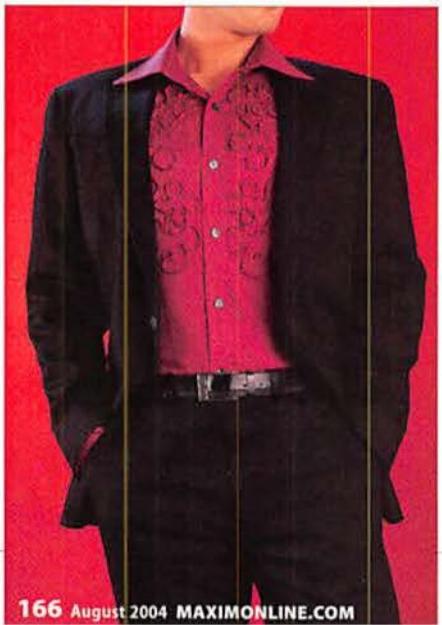
AIR FORCEFUL. Avirex's new quasi-military outerwear is sure to bring out your inner Civil Air Patrol geek. Reach for the sky in this nylon quilted vest, \$130. Visit avirex.com.

08.04

Guess who's back? Shady's back, with Eminem's new clothing line. Crank up the bass and beat the heat with a cool new scent, a head-turning dress shirt, and a watch to help you rhyme in time.

THIS MONTH'S LABEL: I-N-C

The new I-N-C International Concepts brand offers updated looks that are modern but classic enough to last for years. From \$49 to \$189, they're available only at select Macy's department stores.



BOLD FACE

Pirelli, the Italian tire maker, takes the checkered flag with its PZero Tempo Chrono Quartz watch, \$690, at stores like Bergdorf Goodman Men's Store, New York City.

HATTY ROOTS

Lifestyle clothier Nat Nast has added dress shirts, from \$125 to \$150. Call 866-367-7984.

CHILL OUT, PAL

Stay cool with Frozen Fragrance, a Davidoff Cool Water scent for men, \$40.



BRIM SHADY

Rhyme pays—especially if you're a rapper with a clothing line. The latest? Eminem, whose hats run from \$18 to \$30 apiece. Visit shadyltd.com.

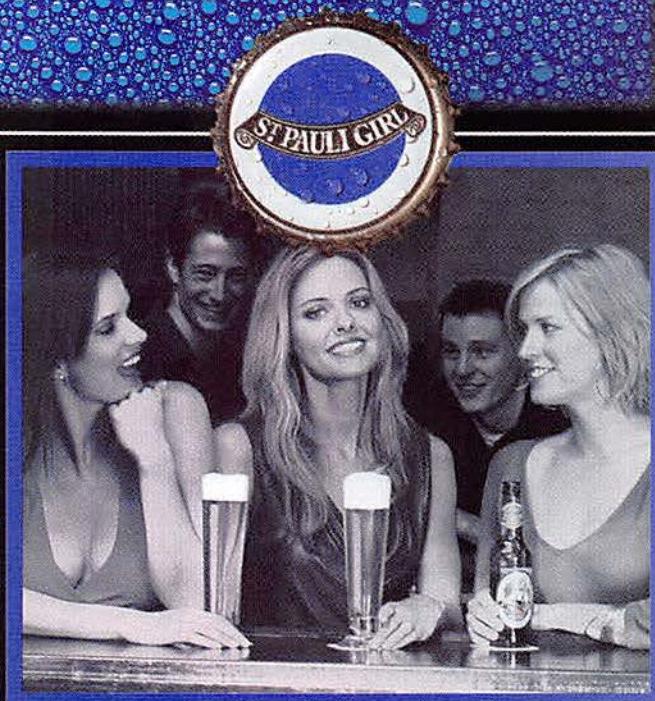


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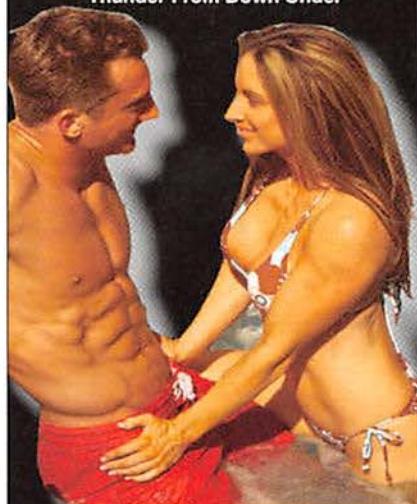
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Balding and thinning hair can impact how others see you as well as how you see yourself. You may feel older, less appealing and less confident. Toppik solves this by giving you an easy way to make your hair look thicker and more attractive from the first application.

Safe, All-Natural Protein Fibers Instantly Fill Out Your Hair.

Using the custom container, you simply shake color-matched fibers over your thin areas. These keratin protein fibers have the same organic make-up of your hair. So they naturally intertwine with your own hair making it look thicker and fuller in less than 30 seconds!

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With Toppik, you'll never be embarrassed. Toppik fibers are practically invisible, even as close as 2 inches! They never run, smear or stain, and will stay in place until you shampoo them out.

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From the first application, people will admire the difference your fuller head of hair makes. And, new acquaintances will never know you have a thinning or balding problem.

Try Toppik Absolutely Free With Our Risk-Free Guarantee.

We won't cash your check or charge your card until 30 days after the order. If you're not thrilled with the results, call us within 30 days and say "cancel." You won't be charged — not even for shipping or handling!

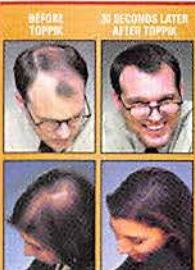
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Gray | <input type="checkbox"/> White |

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**SUSAN DREIER,
 LOS ANGELES, CA**

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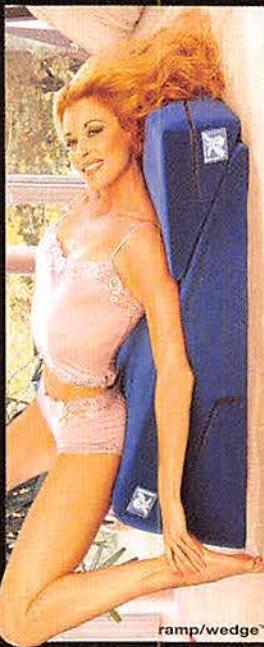
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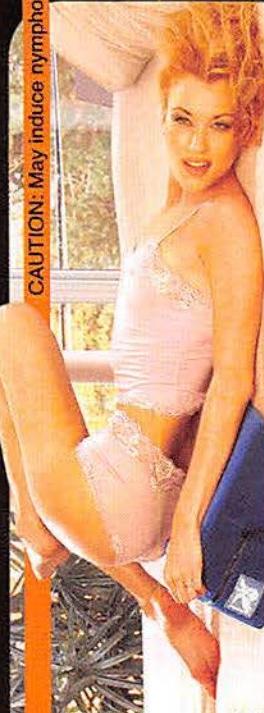
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BUYING GUIDE

FASHION OPENER

Page 155: Sneakers, \$100, by Nike, visit niketown.com.

TRIPLE WHAMMY

Pages 156–157: (from left) Coat, \$298, and pants, \$70, by Michael Michael Kors, at select Macy's stores. Sweater, \$90, by Michael Michael Kors, at select Macy's and select Dillard's stores. Shoes, \$185, by Johnston & Murphy, at Johnston & Murphy stores; select Macy's; select Nordstrom's; select Dillard's; or visit johnstonandmurphy.com. Jacket, \$248, vest, \$70, shirt, \$80, and pants, \$118, all by Michael Michael Kors, at select Macy's stores; and select Marshall Field stores. Shoes, \$185, by Johnston & Murphy Signature Series, at Johnston & Murphy stores; select Macy's stores; select Nordstrom stores; select Dillard's stores; or visit johnstonandmurphy.com. Vest, \$498, and turtleneck, \$198, both by Michael Michael Kors, at select Bloomingdale's stores; and select Lord & Taylor stores. Pants, \$70, by Michael Michael Kors, at select Macy's stores; and select Dillard's stores. Belt, \$45, by Michael Michael Kors, at select Macy's stores; and select Dillard's stores. Coat, \$1,595, and sweater, \$90, both by Michael Michael Kors, at select Macy's stores; and select Dillard's stores. Pants, \$70, by Michael Michael Kors, at select Bloomingdale's stores; and select Lord & Taylor stores. Shoes, \$810, by John Lobb, at John Lobb store, N.Y.C. Jacket, \$348, turtleneck, \$118, and jeans, \$98, all by Michael Michael Kors, at select Macy's stores; and select Bloomingdale's stores. Shoes, \$835, by John Lobb, at John Lobb store, N.Y.C.

Pages 158–159: (from left) Jacket, \$675, shirt, \$160, and jeans, \$155, all by Z Zegna, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's; and Mario's, Seattle; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com. Sweater, \$375, and pants, \$285, both by Z Zegna, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's; and Mario's, Seattle; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com. Trench coat, \$1,125, sweater, \$550, and pants \$275, all by Z Zegna, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's; and Mario's, Seattle; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com. Jacket (part of suit), \$925, turtleneck, \$375, and jeans, \$155, all by Z Zegna, at Saks Fifth

Avenue; Bloomingdale's; and Mario's, Seattle; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com. Jacket, \$1,325, sweater, \$295, pants, \$275, and scarf, \$165, all by Z Zegna, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's; and Mario's, Seattle; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com. (from left) Shoes, \$445, shoes, \$375, shoe, \$295, shoes, \$315, shoes, \$595, all by Ermeneigido Zegna, at Ermeneigido Zegna stores; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com.

Pages 160–161: (from left) Cardigan, \$75, shirt, \$78, and pants, \$78, all by Calvin Klein, at Burdine's, and Macy's West. Boots, \$348, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein stores, N.Y.C. and Dallas. Jacket, \$168, by Calvin Klein, at Burdine's, and Macy's West. Shirt, \$68, by Calvin Klein, at Macy's Jeans, \$68, by Calvin Klein, at Burdine's; Macy's West; Hecht's, Boots, \$321, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein stores N.Y.C. and Dallas. Jacket, \$450, by Calvin Klein, at Macy's; Marshall Field; Lord & Taylor. Shirt, \$68, by Calvin Klein, at Bon Marche; Burdine's; Macy's Tie, \$50, by Calvin Klein, at Lord & Taylor. Pants, \$58, by Calvin Klein, at Macy's East and West. Boots, \$321, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein stores, N.Y.C. and Dallas. Sweater, \$78, by Calvin Klein, at Bon Marche; Burdine's; Lord & Taylor; Macy's East and West; Rich's; Marshall Field. Shirt, \$58, by Calvin Klein, at Macy's East and West. Pants, \$68, by Calvin Klein, at Macy's; and Lord & Taylor. Boots, \$321, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein stores, N.Y.C. and Dallas. Jacket, \$158, and shirt, \$68, both by Calvin Klein, at Lord & Taylor; and Macy's. Pants, \$68, by Calvin Klein, at Bon Marche; Burdine's; Lord & Taylor; Macy's; Marshall Field. Belt, \$115, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein stores N.Y.C. and Dallas. Shoes, \$298, by Cole Haan, at Cole Haan stores; or call 800-201-8001; or visit colehaan.com.

THE DARK SIDE

Page 162: (first column, from top) Jeans, \$58, by Levi's, visit levi.com. Jeans, \$78, by Sean John, at Bloomingdale's; Macy's, and Burdine's; or visit seanjohn.com. Jeans, \$68, by Macy's, at Lord & Taylor; Nordstrom; Burdine's; House of Jeans. (second column, from top) Jeans, \$79, by Guess at Guess stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Jeans, \$139, by Diesel, at

Diesel stores; Rani's, Coconut Grove, FL; Untitled, Chicago; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Jeans, \$142, by RN80318 by Lucky Brand at Lucky Brand stores; or call 800-964-5777. Jeans, \$70, by Nautica Jeans Company, at select Macy's stores; select Filene's stores; and select Famous Barr stores; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nauticajeans.com. (third column, from top) Jeans, \$50, by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren, at Macy's; and Bloomingdale's. Jeans, \$50, by Chaps Denim, at SRI StageStores; and Proffitt's. Jeans, \$70, by Calvin Klein Jeans, at Macy's. Jeans, \$150, by Earl Jean, at Earl Jean stores, N.Y.C., L.A., and Miami.

BUILDING BLOCKS

Page 163: (clockwise, from top right) Pomade, \$16, by Jack Black, at Nordstrom; Bloomingdale's; Sephora; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or visit jackblack.com. Cleansing Bar, \$14, by Anthony Logistics for Men, at select Bath & Body Works stores; Barneys New York; Fred Segal; Nordstrom; Sephora; or visit anthony.com. Shaving Gel, \$3, by Nivea for Men, at food, drug, and mass merchandisers. Antiperspirant Deodorant Stick, \$12, by Lab Series for Men, at fine department stores. Razors, \$5 for four, by Old Spice High Endurance, at drug and grocery stores; and mass merchants. Spray, \$13.50, by Adidas Moves Fresh for Him, at mass retailers; fine drugstores; select department stores. Shampoo, \$14, by MIN Home Maintenance Hair Care, call 866-22-SALON; or visit min.com. Sunblock, \$10, by Neutrogena, at food, drug, and mass merchandisers. Nail clipper set, \$8, by Tweezerman, at select Ulta; Nordstrom; Lord & Taylor; and Sephora; or call 888-88PLUCK; or visit tweezerman.com. After-shave tonic, \$13.50, by Zet, at specialty boutiques; natural food stores; or call 800-361-5686; or visit zarformen.com.

OLYMPIC HEIGHTS

Page 164: (clockwise, from top left) Watch, \$50, by Swatch, call 800-8-SWATCH. Flip-flops, \$20, by Roots, at Dillard's; Nordstrom; East Bay; and Zappos. Podium jacket, \$80, and shorts, \$55, both by Adidas, visit adidas.com. Shirt, \$40, and shorts, \$32, both by Reebok, visit reebok.com. Trunks, \$38, by Speedo, visit speedousa.com.

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houseofjacques.com; book, Volker Steger/Photo Researchers, Inc.; lock, Sandia National Laboratories; submarine, Eye of Science/Photo Researchers, Inc.; toilet, Masatoshi Okuchi/Rey Features p.60: Pig's head, courtesy of American Royal Barbecue; ribs, APBL/Norman Hollands; Dr. BBQ, courtesy of Ray "Dr. BBQ" Lampe; pig dances, courtesy of Memphis in May p.62: Chicken, Getty Images; pig stove, courtesy of American Royal Barbecue; Mixon, courtesy of Myron Mixon/Dick's Old South p.63: Fast Eddie, courtesy of cookshack.com; American Royal signs, Kennan Gudjonsson p.66: Sleeping on cot, Kennan Gudjonsson; parking lot, courtesy of American Royal Barbecue; wedding couple, courtesy of Memphis in May, Lilly, courtesy of Chris Lilly p.68: Grass and blackboard (on book), Getty Images p.70: Couple fighting, Getty Images p.77: Flag, Turner and de Vries/Getty Images; meatballs, Alamy Images; Knight Rider, NBC-TV/Foto Fantasies; skydiver, EPA/STR/AP Wide World Photos; bulldog, Renee Lynn/Getty Images; Swedish Chef, ITC Entertainment/Foto Fantasies; anaconda, Ian Logan/Getty Images p.78: Collateral, Frank Conner/Dreamworks Productions; Stuart Little, Columbia Pictures/Everett Collection p.80–E.T., Universal City/Foto Fantasies; Ghostbusters, Koba Collection; Bye Bye Love, Everett Collection; Little Nicker, Everett Collection; Sherlock Holmes, Getty Images p.81: Phone, Ingram Publishing/Alamy; baseball, Everett Collection; McFarlane, Reuters/Corbis p.82: Showgirls, United Artists/Neil Peters Collection; Hellboy, Koba Collection; Alf, Everett Collection p.84: Slot machine, Steven Marks/Getty Images; Vegas skyline, Shauna Egan/Getty Images p.88: Van, Motoring Picture Library/Alamy; Flaming Lips, Rick Diamond/wireimage.com; Spiritualized, Godacre/Retna UK p.90: International Noise Conspiracy, Jeff Daly/Retna/UK p.93: Tony Hawk, Jamie Trueblood/Getty Images p.94: One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Everett Collection; Knicks logo, KRT/NewsCom p.107: Torch, Sam Kleinman/Corbis p.110: TV, Getty Images; Olympic flag, Tomasz Piotrowski/Alamy Images; Phelps, Al Bello/Getty Images; Estrada, Jamie Squire/Getty Images p.111: Cunningham, Peter Jones/Reuters/Landov; Finch, Michael Zito/SportsChrome; Gudey, Scott Clarke/Oakley; Old School, Everett Collection p.112: flag, Barros &

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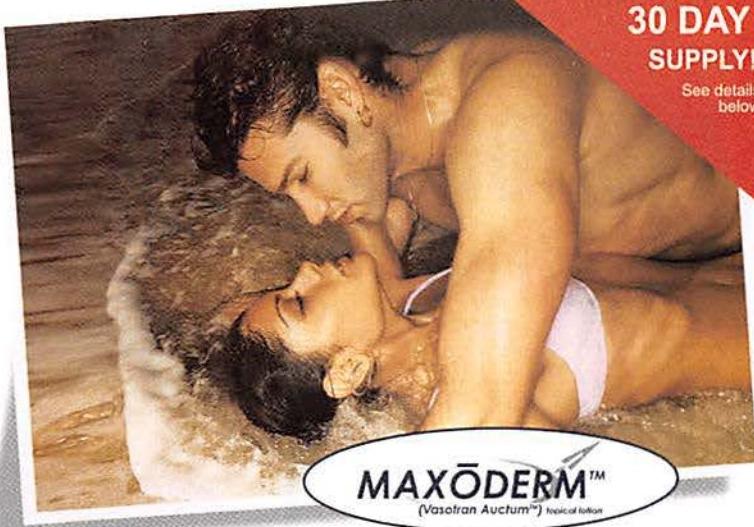
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BAR EXAM

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at maximonline.com, or just be lazy and read 'em right here next month.

1 In which country should you slur each phrase before commencing shitface?

- a. Finland b. Greece c. Japan d. Albania



Kippis! Gezur! Kampai! Yas!

3. "Baby Gays" was the first name for what?

- a. □ The rock band Queen
b. □ Q-tips
c. □ NAMBLA

4. Which actor filed a report with an airline after flying with four suspicious shitstains who turned out to be 9/11 hijackers?

- a. □ Christopher Walken
b. □ John Turturro
c. □ James Woods

5. Who croaked at 8860 Sunset Boulevard?

- a. □ River Phoenix
b. □ John Belushi
c. □ Marilyn Monroe

6. Why is everyone whispering about you?

- a. □ You just banged your secretary at lunch.
b. □ Infidelity is playing tricks with your mind.
c. □ Your secretary's name is Frank.



"I yearn for David Hasselhoff..."

2 Which hot fall 2004 fashion trend is Paris Hilton modeling?

- a. □ Fishnet tights
b. □ Bleached blonde hair
c. □ The trendy L.A. accessory: barstools

7. Which wound was not one of the eight famously sustained by Alexander the Great?

- a. □ Mace gouge to shoulder
b. □ Catapult missile in chest
c. □ Arrow in the lung
d. □ Cleaver slash to head
e. □ Sword blow to thigh

8. Which color berry is almost always poisonous?

- a. □ Red
b. □ White
c. □ Blue
d. □ Dingle



9. What does the "G" in "G-spot" stand for?

- a. □ Girl
b. □ Genital
c. □ Gräfenberg
d. □ Delicious!

10 Match each piece of intricately drawn hobo graffiti to its meaning.

- a. □ b. c. d.

1. □ "This guy's an asshole."
2. □ "Beware of dog."
3. □ "Only chicks live here."
4. □ "Five-O!"



"Daddy, please give every Maxim editor \$1 million."

11. According to an online security firm, what is the most popular log-in password?

- a. □ "Admin"
b. □ A pet's name
c. □ "Bitchesandhosandhosandpimpss"

12. Are you finally going to end it with her?

- a. □ Nope—too gutless.

13. In the ancient Greek Olympics, about how long did chariot races last?

- a. □ Two hours
b. □ One hour
c. □ 15 minutes

I HOPE THE VIA ISN'T TOO CROWDED. I'VE GOT TO BE AT WORK BY IX!



14. Why is this the last Bar Exam you'll ever read?

- a. □ It's over. You can't even get the chariot question right, 'tard.
b. □ Applesauce.
c. □ You're going to die tomorrow.

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Last month's answers: 1. a 2. a 3. 1-d, 2-c, 3-a, 4-b 4. a 5. b 6. b 7. a 8. a 9. c 10. a 11. b 12. c 13. b

"I can't believe she has on
the same phone as me."

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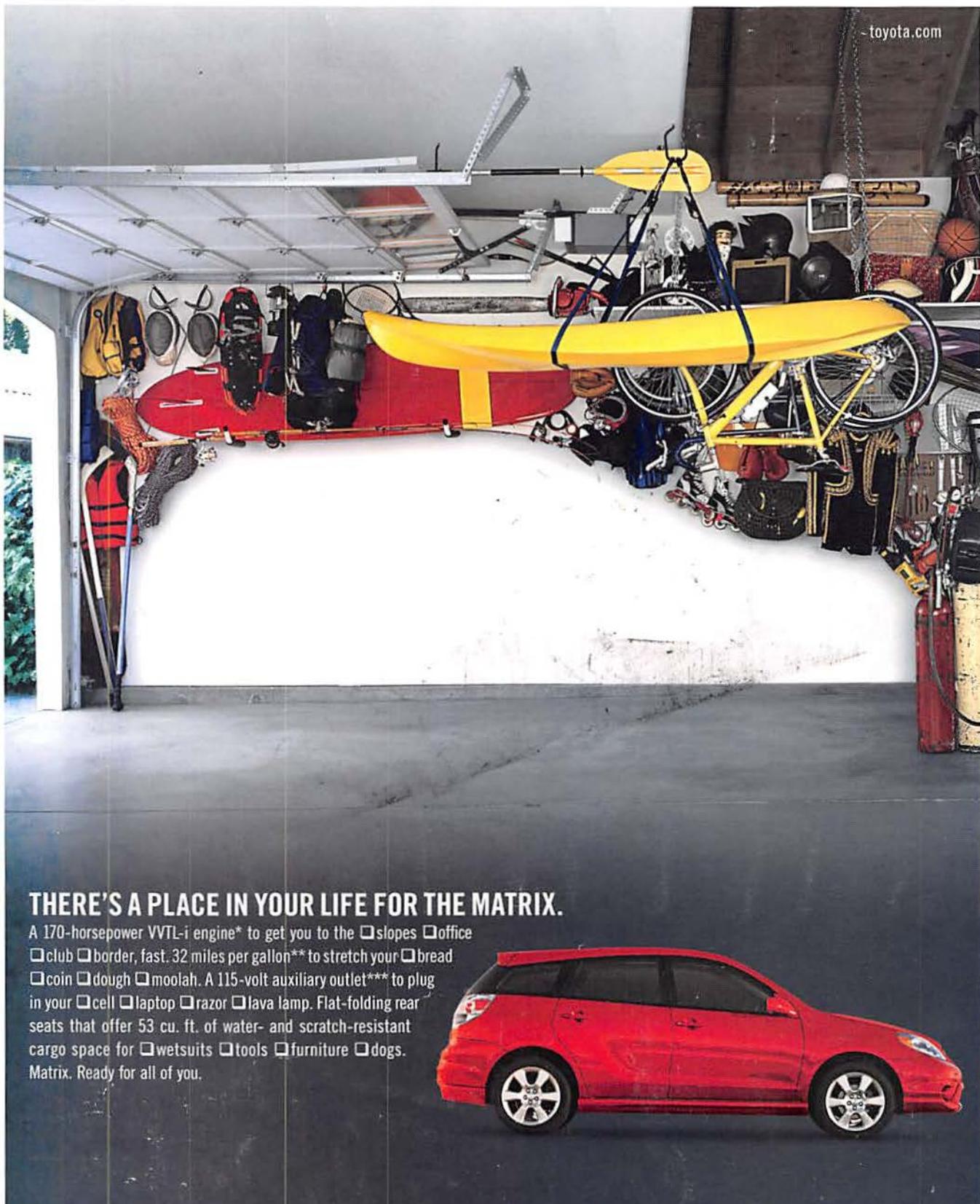


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